JOHN A. SEAVERNS

TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
3 9090 013 421 082

WILLIAM DAY'S REMINISCENCES OF THE TURF.

Webster Family Library of Veterinary Medicine
Cummings School of Veterinary Medicine at
Tufts University
200 Westboro Road
North Grafton, MA 01536

WILLIAM DAY'S REMINISCENCES OF THE TURF.

WITH

ANECDOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF ITS

Principal Celebrities.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1886.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

ERRATA.

Page 70. *For* '*Sylvanus Urban*,' *read* '*Sylvanus.*'

Pages v, 35, 38, 39, 40. *For* '*Veridas*,' *read* '*Viridis.*'

PREFACE.

The very favourable reception accorded to 'The Racehorse in Training' induces me to appear before the public again as the writer of my Reminiscences. It is a work that aims to deal in a plain fashion with matters of importance to all those who have an interest in the turf, and relies solely for its success on its truthful simplicity and its impartial mode of dealing with the diverse subjects which come under consideration. It is partly biographical, partly anecdotal; and in the portions which treat of trials and the stable, has its technical or professional side.

The biographical sketches have, I hope, in most cases the charm of novelty to recommend them, either in the subject itself or in their treatment. We must remember, in forming a judgment of individual character, that the men whose careers I venture to

outline existed in an age of sensuality and of riotous mirth, and that most of them lived uncontaminated by the pernicious examples around them. The anecdotes, when they are not on the face of them fabulous, are true, or approximately true. Some of them, indeed, may not be new, but in these cases their applicability to the subject under discussion will, I believe, readily excuse their introduction. The matters of technical detail occasionally dealt with have, I trust, the claim on the reader's attention that is due to examples which in similar cases may be safely followed. The method employed is that which, in the author's opinion, is best calculated to relieve the work from the weariness following monotony; whilst if its general merits should only prove adequate to the truth it contains, he can have little doubt of its being received with wide approbation.

W. D.

February, 1886.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. HENRY PADWICK.

PAGE

Wide interest in prominent figures on the turf—Erroneous conceptions of Mr. Padwick—His origin—Business as a money-lender—His home and friends—Introduction to racing—Trains at Findon with my father—Purchase of *Virago*, and her successes—Disappointed with *Yellow Jack* and *St. Hubert*—A successful salesman—Three horses for £22,000—No judge of racing—Instances—Mistake in parting with *Joe Miller*—Purchases *Alrediston* from me ; thought 'too good'—A story to the point—My purchase of *Blue Rock*—*Flying Duchess*—Mr. Greville repudiates a purchase—A gentleman's word, and a lesson learned—Mr. Padwick as a borrower—Sharp practice, and what it might have cost me - - - - 1-22

CHAPTER II.

MR. HENRY PADWICK (*continued*).

The business of money-lending—Mr. Padwick's clients—His share in the affair of *The Earl* and *Lady Elizabeth ;* Admiral Rous's interference—Conduct towards Mr. Whieldon ; repaid in his own coin—Entrapped by a fair borrower—A necessitous Duchess ; a loan on brickbats—Equal to the emergency—A frail client—His character, method of dealing, all on one side—How ancestral estates are lost—Attempt to sell a Derby favourite on Sunday ; disastrous result ; the favourite missing—Connection with Gully and Hill—Insatiable for wealth—His end - - - - - - - 23-34

CHAPTER III.

JOHN BAYNTON STARKEY, ESQ.

The turf injured by foolish supporters—Unaccountable disappearance of Mr. Starkey's fortune—Purchase of *Veridas*—Disastrous defeat ; 'save us from our friends'—Ownership of *Fisherman* and *Leamington*—Aggregate winnings—No large

PAGE

loser by racing or betting—Curious settlement of trainers' accounts—Propensity to bet—First transaction with Mr. Padwick—How a debt of £22,000 was created—Another deal and its result—Mr. Padwick as owner of Spye Park—Bound to ruin himself—Other examples and their lesson—Idiosyncrasies; curious 'get-up;' mode of travelling; delight in 'attending a toilet'—Personal experience of giving my name; a 'tidy' practitioner—His end, and sale of Spye Park - - - - - - - - 35-52

CHAPTER IV.

MR. JOHN GULLY.

Connection with 'The Danebury Confederacy'—Origin—Thrashes a bully—Introduction to the Ring—Fights Pierce and Gregson—Owen Swift's trial—Personal appearance—Joint ownership of *Andover*, *Mendicant*, and *Pyrrhus the First*—'Old John Day's bitter pill'—The true story; my father's real interest in these—Mr. R. Tattersall and the purchase of *Fortress* for Lord Caledon—The model auctioneer—Gully's assault on Mr. Ridsdale—A 'view-holloa' by the Bar—Duel with 'The Squire'—Interference between my father and brother; disruption of the Danebury stud—Harry Hill turned out of Whitewall—Danebury to-day—Gully and Hill's connection in racing—Silent wisdom—The bull and the red-coat—Policemen treated as nine-pins—His end - - - - 53-66

CHAPTER V.

'THE DANEBURY CONFEDERACY.'

Commissioners and their instructors—How Gully and Hill made fortunes—Laying against 'dead uns'—Gulling the public—Universal temptation—A view of turf parasites in 1832; Richardson, Bland, and others.

Harry Hill; origin—'A thimble and a pea'—Lord George's contempt—Exposed by Mr. Rayner—Disadvantages of lying—Hill's dress and diversions; loses £20,000—Frank Butler 'carpeted'—Caught on the Stock Exchange—'An economic principle'—Intestacy and disappearance of his money.

Mr. Pedley as a bookmaker and songster—Wins the Derby with *Cossack*—Subsequent poverty—An incident at Chester races—Joshua Arnold—*Saucebox* sold below his value—Mr. Turner, another of the clique—The moral, and a plea for it 67-79

CHAPTER VI.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

PAGE

My knowledge of his lordship—Purchase of *Bay Middleton*—Lameness cured by my brother—Failure at the stud—A Yorkshire view of him—His produce—Lease of *Venison*, and attempt to get him back—Not a lucky breeder—Early races and successes—Performances of *Crucifix*—Change of luck on leaving Danebury—Amount of his winnings—Race between *Grey Momus* and *Bamboo*—The running confirmed—Lord Suffield's disappointment—A rival jockey bids me win—*Bay Middleton's* Derby—Lavish entry of yearlings—*Crucifix* trial—Her breakdown—The secret kept—*Tripoli* in the Feather Plate; action of the Jockey Club—Horses run unprepared, proved by in-and-out running—*Gaper* and *Miss Elis*—Castration of *Naworth*—A comparison - - - - 80-95

CHAPTER VII.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (*continued*).

The Derby of 1839—Objection to Mr. Ridsdale's *Bloomsbury*—Lord George's defiance of the Jockey Club; brought into court; result—Lord George's motive (?)—Exposure of the *Running Rein* swindle; his interest therein—Scourges minor faults of the turf—Levanters—Conduct towards Glen the baker—His wagering on *Bay Middleton* for the Derby and on *Elis* for the St. Leger contrasted—False trial of *Cherokee*—Behaviour to Mr. Wreford—Difference with Mr. Greville—How *Preserve* simulated influenza—A coughing-bridle—Wins £2,000 from Wm. Scott on *Red Deer*—Solicitude for morality of trainers not always carried out—A race in a fog and a curious decision—Am asked to swear to what I do not know—Accuses 'The Squire' of swindling—Episode of the duel; reflections thereon—Reputed munificence, but faint proofs thereof—Takes back a gift - - - 96-113

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (*continued*).

Personal appearance—Bold riding to hounds—Curious choice of associates—Care for his paddocks—Raises Goodwood to a first-class meeting—Mode of travelling—Visits to Danebury—Performances in the saddle, and as a starter—Attitude to his parents—Army career—His superior officer cashiered—

PAGE

General disapproval of his conduct—Attacks Sir R. Peel—Mr. Disraeli and 'the stable mind'—Hasty sale of his stud—Its real value, extent, and nomenclature—Mistaken judgment of *Gaper* and *Cotherstone*—Separation from Danebury—Erroneous reports of the real cause—Ill-feeling to my brother—*Crucifix* and her clothing—Delay in settling his accounts—Triumphs of the old stable, and effect upon him of continued disappointment—Result of *Mathematician's* defeat of *Crozier;* backs the wrong horse—Melancholy end - - 114-130

CHAPTER IX.

MEN OF PAST DAYS.

The Bentinck family—The old Duke—Proud but liked—Races with Mr. Greville—*Tiresias's* Derby—The Duke offended—Incident at Newmarket—A needful correction—Newmarket then and now—Lord Henry as a sportsman—An adventure on the moors—The late Duke as Lord Titchfield—Curious dress in summer—Monastic seclusion of Welbeck—Lord George and the fair sex.

Mr. Fulwar Craven; oddity in dress—*Deception;* in the Oaks and Derby—The jockey interviewed; a neat rejoinder—Addicted to low company—Mr. Ramsay—Curious story told of the two—Anecdote of his trainer, Mr. Dilly: 'the dead alive'—Sagacious dogs: a terror to tramps; a home-comer; the signal-dog at Porchester Station—Drawing a bear.

Lord Glasgow's oddities—*General Peel* before the Two Thousand—His indifferent stud—Delight in reckless matches—Handicaps himself—Offers £90,000 against *Gaper*—Temper and ill health—Bequeaths his stud.

Lord Exeter's personal peculiarities—His racing—Insistance on trying and running his horses—*Blue Rock* proves not unbroken—Sale of his Newmarket property—Sir Gilbert Heathcote; *Amato's* Derby; a racehorse as 'a heriot'—Baron J. de Teissier—Lord Jersey's successes—His view of breeding - - - - - - - 131-157

CHAPTER X.

MR. PARKER.

Varied experiences—Commences racing—Purchase of *One Act*—Her trial and our expectations—How defeated—Forestalled and struck out—Running at Chester; remarkable dream—*Joe*

PAGE

Miller in the Metropolitan—Winnings on the Chester Cup—Mistake as to his condition—*Brigantine* another example—A perilous journey—How *Joe Miller* was ruined—*Noisy*, ill-luck in the Chester Cup—*Cedric*—*Sutherland's* luck and subsequent failure—*Tame Deer* in the Northampton Cup—Confidence of his new owner, but well beaten—*Bird on the Wing*—Her chance in the Oaks—Sam Rogers and Frank Butler—A revelation in fashionable jockeys - - - - 158-177

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PARKER (*continued*).

Joins his uncle in London—'The pace that kills'—Evenings at Owen Swift's—Buying a watch—Skill with the gloves—London 'life' as it was—A good stock—Excellent judgment of racing—An objection sustained—Jockeys and amateurs—Nearly 'done' by a welsher—An instance of enforced restitution—His belief in condition—Analogy from dog-training—Fights between 'Pincher' and 'Bullet'—Admiral Rous on *Cedric's* condition—Mr. Parker's belief in *Farce*, and our parting—His life in retirement - - - - 178-192

CHAPTER XII.

MR. FARRANCE.

Slothfulness not the happy mean—Origin and marriage—Farrance's Hotel—Patronage of Sir Robert Peel—Custom of an afternoon—Attention to personal appearance—His early racing; my own start—Horses well sold—*Maley* at Shrewsbury Steeplechase; speed and heavy ground—Partnership with Mr. Parker; successes not his own—Suspicious conduct and separation—Mysterious loss of fortune—A wretched end—Anecdotes—'The Tally-Ho' without a coachman—How a feather-bed may be lost—Mr. Wagstaff's clock—Parting with a suit of clothes—Alderman Cubitt's watch - - 193-205

CHAPTER XIII.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS.

Example needed on the turf—Danebury patricians—Mr. Harry Biggs; love of sport—His horses—*Little Red Rover*—A bit of advice—Esteem for his trainer—A night in a chalk-pit.

Lord Palmerston; his horses—*Iliona's* name: she wins the Cesarewitch—A welcome cheque—*Buckthorn's* performances;

PAGE

doubtful riding in the Ascot Stakes—Purchase of *Iliona*—His lordship's habits—Gallops to Danebury—Story of my father's visit to the House of Commons—The butcher and his bill—Other peculiarities.

Sir Lewin Glyn—Gross libel on him and my father—Mr. Farquharson—His original views of racing—As a sheep-breeder; adventure at a fair - - - - 206-220

CHAPTER XIV.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS (*continued*).

Mr. Trelawney—*Coldrenick* favourite for the Derby—Officious friends—'John Davis looked up'—The money hedged.

Mr. Wreford—Success as a breeder; system pursued; excellence of yearlings; *Wapiti*—His horses; mode of engagement; races won; family disappointments—'A dinner for three; disappearance of the goose'—A hot breakfast and a hot pudding—Shooting in Devonshire and Wiltshire compared—The sheep and the Downs—A sad old age.

Sir E. B. Baker; complacence when beaten; removal to Woodyates.

Sir J. B. Mills; easily satisfied; story of another philosopher and a lazy trainer—Gout *v.* fishing—Visits to Danebury; love of cocking - - - - - 221-235

CHAPTER XV.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS (*continued*).

Lord Howth—Acuteness in racing—His help in purchase of *Sultan*—A thorough sportsman—Hawking—Shooting at Boveridge—A novel 'get up'—A spoiled servant—Lord Sligo; Lord Glenlyon; Mr. Pryse-Pryse.

Mr. Ralph Etwall—Appearance—Does much on limited means—His stud and winnings—Success in coursing—Remarkable purchase of greyhounds—My first red coat—Objection to vails to servants—Management of *Wild Dayrell*—Confidence of the stable—Expatriation—A visit to Cholderton.

Lord Dorchester—Produce of *Little Red Rover* mare—*Buccaneer*—*Cruiser*—A body of wise men—My father at Danebury—Love of his profession—A brief spin with the hounds - - - - - - - 236-249

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SWINDELL.

PAGE

Origin—Takes to the turf; shrewdness and reticence—His first 'coup' with Mr. Merry's *Chanticleer*—Horses—*Weatherbound* in the Cambridgeshire; extraordinary trial; his confidence and the Admiral's disbelief—Sir Joseph Hawley's opinion of *Beacon;* beat by *Bevis*—The match with the baronet; the latter pays forfeit; diamond cut diamond—*Brocket* runs for *Ruby;* how *Ruby* was kept Derby favourite—Exposure of a dishonest trainer.

Character—Employment of touts; generosity; business capacity—The Burton Brewery—How we parted—Attitude to his trainer—Rectitude—Non-interference—Instances of coolness—Love of a good story—Examples—Adaptability—Prudence—Last days - - - - - 250-277

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAINERS WITHOUT TRAINING.

Training at haphazard—The brothers Stebbing—Own *Flatcatcher* and other good horses—Accidental success and ultimate failure—Barber and Saxon—First association—Horses owned conjointly and separately, and their doings—Mistakes in selling—Oaks victory and subsequent decline—Saxon and the thief.

Mr. Thomas Parr—First start—His patrons—A large stable and few runners—Love of plating—A mystery; how was it done?—Training from a hayloft—Sale of *Fernhill* and *Isoline*—Embarrassments—A lucky release—Bovine appearance of *Rataplan*—Disappointment in the St. Leger—Misuse of good horses; *Saucebox*, *Fisherman*, and others—*Mortimer's* defeat at Chester—Curious excuse—How he got *Weathergage;* unexpected performances and curious treatment—Errors in training—A word for George Hall - - - 278-300

CHAPTER XVIII.

'LORD OF THE ISLES.'

Doncaster Town Moor—A search for a yearling—*Lord of the Isles* bought for Mr. Merry—Trial—Wins Lavant Stakes at Goodwood; *Paradigm* a good second—The 'owner's friend'

*

PAGE

—Comments on my riding—My brother put up for the second race—An invisible difference—Mr. Merry at Woodyates—Remarkable scene—Detailed trial for the Two Thousand—The race—Rival owners and trainers ; heavy wagering—In the saddling-ring—Mine wins—The owners after the race—The Derby—*Kingstown* mysteriously backed—Why did *Lord of the Isles* lose ?—A jockey's opinion—The real facts - - - - - - - - 301-312

CHAPTER XIX.

A TRIAL FOR MR. MERRY.

I try *Hobbie Noble* for the Cambridgeshire—Difference of opinion as to weights—Results—Why he beat *Joe Miller*—Treatment before the race—How it was lost—Another trial ; *Weathergage* for the Cesarewitch—A difference of opinion as to distance—Something about Mr. Merry and his satellites—His success at cocking—An old cockpit—Regret on his leaving the turf—Buchanan and 'Tass' Parker—Characteristics and associations—Buchanan's betting—Loses himself in a lawsuit against his employer—Different ending of the two men—A doubtful gift—'Betting on a certainty ;' but the biter bit - - - - - - - - 313-325

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.

Eccentricity of manner—*Chorister's* St. Leger ; a reminiscence of 'the old Duke'—The late Duke—Better known as Lord William Powlett—Shrewdness in a bargain—Bad luck in racing—Some of my 'deals' with him—I sell him *Cedric*—A long bargain, but a huge relief—Points left open, and their settlement—Sale to him of *Promised Land*, and purchase of *Dulcibella*—An intricate negotiation ; satisfactorily brought off—Insurance money—Sam Rogers on the transaction—Absurd charge of collusion—How Sam made a mistake—I claim and keep *Romulus*—His chances spoiled—A young man's gratitude - - - - - - - - 326-342

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAINERS AND JOCKEYS—A COMPARISON OF THE OLD AND THE NEW.

PAGE

Change inevitable—The new school—Advantage taken of improved educational facilities—Improved social position—Imitation in amaranthine pleasures of their betters—Travelled experiences—'The sea-horse'—Increased duties—Rapid advance from stable-boy to trainer—'Success is genius'—Changed habits—Greater care of health—Relaxation—Absurdity of early rising—Advantage of the jockey's control of horses—Legitimate gains from stable secrets—Trainers properly set right in trials—Marvellous horsemanship—Carping owners—Improved habits—The whole secret of training revealed by a light-weight jockey.

The modern stable—Added cares of the trainer—His needed absence safeguarded—The vet. and the head-lad in sickness—Condition balls and others—Flowers supersede the dung-pit—Improvement in food and drink—Suggested additions—Clemency of jockeys towards owners—Apology for treating the subject - - - - - - 343-381

CHAPTER XXII.

ZACHARIAH SIMPSON, ESQ.

Excellent position as a banker—Perverse misuse of it—An example at Newmarket—Turf career—Our joint ownership of horses.

Traducer in the Two Thousand—*The Gillie's* dead-heat with *Brick*—The trial and the race—*Manrico*—Getting a horse out of a well—A bet luckily recovered—Partial stud successes—How a breeding establishment may be ruined—Curious disposal of yearlings—Other costly occupations, and result—A fortune saved on a pound a week—The teeth-test with chickens and horses—How *Delilah* lost and won her pedigree—Social attributes - - - - 382-402

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TRIALS.

Trial at Woodyates and Shipton, and performances in the race of the following: *Allbrook*, *Hobbie Noble*, *Weatherbound*,

PAGE

Catch 'em Alive, *Sultan*, and *Foxhall*—*Foxhall's* wonderful victory—Compared with *Tristan* and *Iroquois*—Need of a 'stayer' in the Cambridgeshire—Value of trials—Story of the fraud as to weight in *Catch 'em Alive's* year—Jockeys in trials—Jockeys and 'stable-boys' in the saddle contrasted—Instances and their teaching - - - - 403-420

CHAPTER XXIV.

'PROMISED LAND' AND 'DULCIBELLA.'

Happy Land—Purchase of *Promised Land* and joint ownership with Mr. Robinson—How entered—Initial disappointment—Improvement—Backed for the Derby—Beats and is beat by *North Lincoln*—Two Thousand trial and race—Receives forfeit from *Musjid*—How I lost the Derby—The candid friend again—My 'emaciated' condition—Horne Tooke and 'Old Smith's bullocks'—Incidents in the Derby—My confidence unabated—A stereotyped answer—Wins the Goodwood Cup—Beat in the St. Leger.

Despised *Dulcibella*—Trial of *Killigrew*—Helping a friend—*Dulcibella's* trials—Mr. Copperthwaite's belief in *Bevis*—Public view of *Sutherland's* chance—The Cesarewitch—My dun pony second—*Killigrew's* running—A grateful jockey—*Dulcibella's* subsequent doings - - - - 421-448

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. THOMAS ROBINSON.

Glee, by *Touchstone*—*Young Trumpeter* and horses jointly owned—Sale of *Conductor*—Characteristics—A luncheon at High Wycombe—As a story-teller—Examples: 'The farmer and his wife' 'British brandy'—A levee at Newmarket: Mr. Robinson in the chair—'The changeable foxhound puppy'—An octogenarian breaking a colt—A tremendous jump—Perilous coachmanship—Energy in old age—'A bright beacon for imitation'—CONCLUSION - - - - 449-466

WILLIAM DAY'S REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

MR. HENRY PADWICK.

Wide interest in prominent figures on the turf—Erroneous conceptions of Mr. Padwick—His origin—Business as a money-lender—His home and friends—Introduction to racing—Trains at Findon with my father—Purchase of *Virago*, and her successes—Disappointed with *Yellow Jack* and *St. Hubert*—A successful salesman—Three horses for £22,000—No judge of racing—Instances—Mistake in parting with *Joe Miller*—Purchases *Alrediston* from me; thought 'too good'—A story to the point—My purchase of *Blue Rock*—*Flying Duchess*—Mr. Greville repudiates a purchase—A gentleman's word, and a lesson learned—Mr. Padwick as a borrower—Sharp practice, and what it might have cost me.

The world is ever curious to learn all that can be learned of the characteristics of those who have cut a figure in it. In no section of society does this eager thirst for information exist to a greater extent than in that which comprehends the sporting, and especially the racing, element. The sayings and doings of the leading turfites are carefully recorded, to be reproduced at all appropriate seasons; and often,

it is to be feared, without that exactness which adds real value to the records themselves. In adding my quota to the mass of information thus obtained, I feel, therefore, that I shall be addressing a sympathetic audience; the more so because I can relate incidents of which I have personal knowledge, without having resort to fable, and freed from the risk of inaccuracy. With most of the characters that I shall venture to introduce I have been on friendly, if not intimate, terms; whilst my facts, when not within my own knowledge, have all been gathered at first-hand.

Amongst the notable characters connected with the racing world within the last three decades, none stood forth more conspicuously than did Mr. Henry Padwick. I may say I knew him well. The success of his string of horses trained at Findon by my father, Mr. John Barnham Day, was remarkable. Besides, I had many personal dealings with him; whilst to me he would unbosom himself on occasion as though to his closest friend. Of no man in a similar position have more erroneous notions been held. He has been represented as a modern Shylock, a nineteenth-century Machiavelli; and his character and habits surrounded with an impenetrable veil of mystery. Yet he was, like most of us, but a human being, with some of the failings and some of the virtues of humanity. He, at all events, achieved a notoriety which will render all that may be set forth concerning his idiosyncrasies and his actions of a double value;

and in this sense justifies the prominence I give to one who made and left his mark upon the time in which he lived.

Mr. Padwick may be said to have shared with the late Mr. Frederick Swindell, of Brighton, the reputation of being the most successful man on the turf in his day. He was born in Horsham, Sussex, at which place his father was a butcher. He was not, as we know, the first example of an exalted rise from such an origin. His birth, if homely, proved, indeed, no drawback to his getting on in life. He had one advantage; he was carefully educated, the result being shown in the acquirement of the manners and tastes of a gentleman. He was brought up to the profession of the law, and in due time became a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of his county. Indeed, I may say, he never looked better than when he appeared in uniform with cocked-hat and feathers at the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, at which, in his official position, he was in attendance on Prince Albert. He had all the advantage of a good presence; for though short in stature he was of handsome and pleasing appearance, and was quite the finished gentleman in the suavity of his manner, and with the power, when he liked, to make himself the best company in the world.

Henry Padwick gave to the study of the law, I suspect, only that attention which it suited him to give for the practical aims of his life. He certainly

never followed it as a profession. The business he devoted himself to was money-lending, which he carried on in a much larger way than any man of his day. He had his own method of transacting business, and would take for securities things that the staid banker would reject as too risky. And he was justified in the result, for he amassed a very large fortune. He commenced business in Davis Street, Berkeley Square; there, at all events, I first became acquainted with him—a house as well known to needy politicians, noblemen, minors, and the owners of ancestral but encumbered estates, as is Capel Court to City men who must have the excitement of gambling in some form—the danger of which, I may add, Mr. Padwick, astute as he was, learned to his sorrow at one period of his life. As a money-lender Mr. Padwick had, I need scarcely say, many more customers than he chose, or indeed was able to supply, despite the large resources at his back; for he worked other capital besides his own. From Messrs. Hill and Gully, when the latter had money, and from sundry private banking firms and joint-stock banks, both town and country, he received liberal supplies. To these the 10 per cent. which Padwick could afford to pay, was an irresistible bait when money was at 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; not that it is to be supposed the money was advanced without ample security in the shape of deposit of mortgage-deeds, or at least bills with the

endorsement of approved names. His thoroughly business-like habits soon won him the confidence of these capitalists, so that he could from one source or another command an unlimited supply of the precious metal. His success led to an early move from Davis Street, to a more pretentious abode, No. 2, Hill Street, Berkeley Square—a house he resided in until his death.

In his home Mr. Padwick lived luxuriously. He was particular in his selection of a *chef,* and his table was almost burdened with every delicacy of the season that money could purchase. He set up also as a *gourmet;* and indeed his taste in wine was excellent, and his cellar expensively, if not extravagantly, supplied with the choicest vintages. Of this custom I ought to have a grateful recollection, for he once made me a present of some 1820 port, and of some madeira that had been to Calcutta and back twice. I do not pretend to be a connoisseur myself, but have sufficiently often partaken of his hospitality to speak with some authority of his judgment. As he used to say to me in his characteristic way, 'I can poison myself much quicker and cheaper than by drinking bad port.' His affability and generous disposition soon brought him a host of friends; or I should perhaps more advisedly put it, added immensely to his stock of acquaintances. For I am reminded of the story of the gentleman who, when boasting of his numerous friends, was told 'that whilst the church itself would not hold his acquaint-

ances, his friends could be put in the pulpit without inconvenience.' At all events, one thing I can affirm—Mr. Padwick knew everyone that was worth money, or that had it to lend, or that wanted to borrow it.

Mr. Padwick commenced racing in 1849, when he ran his horses in the familiar black jacket and orange cap, and assumed the aristocratic *nom de plume* of Howard. He began by buying a large number of yearlings, for most of which he paid high prices. These were sent to Danebury; but not one of his, nor indeed of any others sent there that year—over forty in number—proved worth anything, except *Prestige*, and she only won for him three races of moderate value the following year. Such ill luck would have daunted any but the most enthusiastic; but it redoubled his ardour. From that time he became the man of the day amongst turfites. At all the best yearling sales Mr. Padwick was to be seen, my father by his side, giving 1,000 guineas for this and 1,200 guineas for that, and fairly astounding the ring of would-be buyers by the prices he bid. *Yellow Jack* and *Queen's Head* were bought out of the Queen's or Mr. Greville's sale for these sums exactly, if I remember rightly, the mare fetching the most. His horses did not remain long at Danebury after this, being transferred in 1853 to Findon, where my father had still the management of his now small but choice stable. Mr. Padwick had bought a property here and built some excellent stabling, and from it he

raced with extraordinary success—such success as he never had before or after, or indeed as scarcely any-one else has ever enjoyed.

It was at Findon that *Virago* was trained in 1853. She was bought for Mr. Padwick by my father privately from Mr. Stephenson when a yearling for £300, but had to go through the sale-ring at Doncaster, when he once more, ostensibly, became her owner at this figure or thereabouts. I remember my father saying, before he bought her, that he had seen the finest yearling in the world, and that he should buy her for Mr. Padwick, cost what she might. He did, and she turned out the best three-year-old in England, or indeed in the world. She was by *Pyrrhus the First*, out of *Virginia*, by *Rowton*. She was a beautiful, rich, but rather dark coloured chestnut, with a little white on her off-hind pastern, standing about sixteen hands high, very powerful and lengthy ; a small and generous head, with a short straight neck, but a little upright in her fore-legs ; very quiet, and having fine temper. Take her all in all she was a splendid mare, and quite as good as she looked. She ran only once as a two-year-old at Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting ; winner to be sold for £80, and unplaced. I should remind my readers that in those days it was only the winner that could be bought or claimed, or she would not have run, as her merits were too well known at the time to her party, to run the least risk of losing her. As a three-year-old she commenced her victorious

career by winning the City and Suburban and Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, a thing never done before or since on the same day. In the latter she beat *Muscovite*, a five-year-old, at 21 lb., and he won the Cesarewitch Stakes easy, carrying 8 st. 3 lb. The same year, at York, she won both the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman Handicaps ; the 1,000 Guineas Stake at Newmarket ; the Goodwood Cup and Nassau Stakes ; the Yorkshire Oaks ; the Warwick and Doncaster Cups—winning ten stakes out of eleven, of the collective value of £9,750, beating seventy-six horses and being herself only beat in one race (T. Y. C.) by *Ellermire*, a two-year-old and very fast, at York August meeting.

Virago's defeat on this occasion may, I think, be readily accounted for. She had already run and won so many long races that her speed must have been a bit diminished, and it was an entire mistake to run her at all over so short a course. But then the owner had to be considered ; and Mr. Padwick could never keep a horse in the stable if he thought he had the least chance of winning a ribbon—in which idiosyncrasy he followed the practice of that renowned and original trainer, Mr. T. Parr—of whom more later ; and I may add, of the late Mr. Osborne. *Virago*, I should name, was tried at Findon before the Epsom Spring Meeting with *Little Harry*, a five-year-old, at 10 lb., and beat him easy two and a quarter miles, myself riding the old one, who was second, and the rest beat

a long way. This at least proved how good she was, if we may take it that she was *Little Harry's* equal at even weights, and he afterwards won the Ascot Stakes, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., beating *Kingston*, the same age, at 7 lb., and fourteen others. In the winter of 1854 she went a roarer; yet in the spring of the following year won the Port Stakes at Newmarket, beating *Acrobat*. After this she gradually got worse, and never was again a winner, though she ran well in both the Royal Hunt and Ascot Cups. Ultimately, after running ingloriously unplaced in the Craven Stakes at Goodwood in 1855, she left the exciting scenes of the turf, where she had so often been victorious, for rest at the stud, but proved the reverse of a success. Lord Stradbrooke bought her of Mr. Padwick after her last race at Goodwood for £500. Had it not been for her roaring she would have fetched four times as much. She was the dam of *Thalestris*—which, carrying a light weight, won the Cesarewitch for Lord Coventry—probably the best she ever bred. She died in 1869.

Mr. Padwick owned other good horses. Amongst these was *Scythian*, bought of Colonel Anson after being beat at Goodwood, who won many races, including the Chester Cup of 1855, on which Mr. Padwick landed a good stake; *Cheval d'Industrie*, *Little Harry*, *Theodora*, *Vaultress*, *Eclipse*, *St. Hubert*, *Kangaroo* and *Alvediston*. *Yellow Jack* and *Queen's Head* I have already named. Of these, just as *Virago*

was his best, *Yellow Jack* and *St. Hubert* were the unlucky ones. As for the former, it is true a glorious future appeared to be before him when he won as a two-year-old at Newmarket; but the next year he was actually second in every race he ran: to *Fazzoletto* for the Two Thousand; to *One Act* for the Chester Cup; to *Ellington* for the Derby, and to *Fly-by-Night* for the Ascot Derby; to *Rogerthorpe*—his (Padwick's) own friend Hill's horse—for the Goodwood Cup; and finished up his awful career by running second (shall it be told!) even to Barber's horse, *The Prince of Orange*, in a Sweepstakes £200 each, at Doncaster. *St. Hubert*, another good horse, never absolutely won Mr. Padwick a race. For the Two Thousand he was backed for a heavy stake with odds of 7 to 4 on him, when he ran second to *Lord of the Isles*, beating *Kingstown*; and again with odds on him he was beaten at Goodwood, and never ran after. *Eclipse*, another of his horses, ran a dead-heat with *Beadsman* for the Newmarket Stakes, and divided. *Beadsman*, however, beat him in the Derby. I therefore presume *Eclipse* could not stay, or must have been unwell on the day they met for the big event. He was afterwards sold to Mr. Ten Broeck. He never, however, did anything for his last purchaser, beyond receiving forfeit on a small match; and was sent to America, where, I believe, he got some fair stock.

We have seen that Mr. Padwick exercised special

discrimination, not perhaps unaided by good fortune, in his purchases. I have now to show that the same shrewdness or good luck attended his sales. *Kangaroo* was the sensational horse at Newmarket when he beat the Duke of Beaufort's *Koenig* and eighteen others for the Newmarket Biennial in the Craven Meeting; and the Marquis of Hastings purchased him of Mr. Padwick for £11,000, the highest price ever given for a three-year-old in this or any other country, so far as I have been able to ascertain. Strange to say, though I imagine a very sound horse, *Kangaroo* never won a £50 race after, being no doubt a bad one, and not within twenty-one pounds of a racehorse. He started for the Derby at 1,000 to 10, and was beat easily in that and other smaller races. Again, another of his horses, *Elmsthorpe*, which won him the Molecombe at Goodwood and the Rutland Stakes at Newmarket, was sold to Mr. Geo. Whieldon for £3,000; and, unluckily for his new owner, died mad, just after he had purchased him, from disease of the brain, which was found on a post-mortem examination to have softened to a semi-fluid state. And if, with his purchase of *Oulston*, Mr. Elwes was rather more fortunate—for he afterwards won him the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, and so brought him back some of the £8,000 he gave Mr. Padwick for him—yet in no other race did he carry his new owner's colour to victory.

These, it may be said, are some of the extraordinary

incidents in racing for which no satisfactory account can be given by anyone. Nevertheless, in these transactions Mr. Padwick may be adjudged the salesman without an equal, in having got rid of three horses in training for the extraordinary sum of £22,000, or an average of £7,333 each; and not only credited with having thus secured a small fortune, but also with the judgment shown in selecting the time for parting with them—just when they had done all the good they were likely to do for him or anyone else, and had shown public form sufficient to enhance their value in the eyes of eager purchasers.

Nevertheless, with all his acumen, Mr. Padwick was not a good judge of racing. His study had been the study of mankind and the state of their exchequer, rather than the merits of his horses and where to place them with the best chance of success. One instance that came under my own observation will serve to show this disability on his part. In the spring of 1861 he came to see *Alvediston*, who was then very big (if any of my horses in training were ever thought to be so), not having to run early. On his return the next day he wrote and expressed his wish that the horse should run shortly after at Epsom in the Woodcote Stakes. I reasoned with him on the impropriety of doing anything so indiscreet; but to entreaty he remained inexorable. The horse ran, was well beaten, and he lost his money, as he richly deserved to do. He then arranged that the horse should be

kept for his Stockbridge engagements. But the resolve had no sooner been made than it was broken. For suddenly, at all risks, he would have him run at Ascot, where he was sent about three parts fit, having had but a hurried preparation. Luckily he just won the New Stakes; plainly showing, as I have before said, all that Mr. Padwick wanted was to see his horses kept running. The condition they were in was to him of little consequence, notwithstanding that he was sure to back them for a good stake. Now this was not, in my opinion, the action of a clever, nor, indeed, of a discreet man.

In another instance, that of *Joe Miller*, he showed a similar faulty judgment. When this horse was two years old, he was the property of Messrs. Padwick, Parker and Farrance. I thought well of him, and backed him for his race at Stockbridge, as they did. Here he met *Chief Baron Nicholson* (called after the presiding genius of 'the Coal-hole') and *Kingston*. At the distance, I thought the former would win easily; and as I did not want to be second, or run up a good third, I did not persevere with my horse, knowing I could not win. The result was a dead-heat between *The Baron* and *Kingston*, the former, through want of condition, standing still in the last hundred yards. This I told Mr. Padwick. It was run off, ending in a second dead-heat and a division. This result would go to prove that the condition of *Chief Baron Nicholson* was as good as that of the

other. But I hold that the pace was not so good in the second race, of which a dead-heat was made owing to the riding of my brother Alfred, who was up, carefully nursing the horse to the last and coming with one rush. That this was so, was proved in the following year, when *The Baron* beat both *Kingston* and *Joe Miller* easily in the Derby, running third to *Daniel O'Rourke* and *Barbarian;* a race, however, which seemed to have upset him, insomuch that he could beat nothing after, and was indeed beat in turn in a canter at Stockbridge by the others.

Joe Miller was second to *Frantic* for the Goodwood Nursery Stakes, and would have won had he not been shut in opposite the stand. Yet Mr. Padwick would not see his merits even here, and asked Alfred to ride him for the King John Stakes at Egham, when he was last. Now the latter, it pleased Mr. Padwick to conclude, was his true form ; that, in short, the horse was good for nothing, and that he would be wise to get rid of his share in him. Mr. Francis Clarke (the 'Argus' of *Bell's Life* in those days), a friend of all parties, was called in to say what Mr. Padwick's share was worth, and he put it at £750, or about double what it would have fetched at public auction. Yet, as it turned out the next year, this proved to be but a tithe of his value ; for he won among other races the Chester Cup, beating forty-two other horses, and the Emperor's Plate at Ascot, in which *Voltigeur, Hobbie Noble,* and six others were behind him, £3,830

being the value of the stakes. Fortunately Mr. Padwick backed him for the Cup, and thus had a little salve to his hasty indiscretion in parting with him.

I have referred to the mistake he made with *Alvediston*. In connection with his purchase of this animal from me, at the time being known as *The Crossfire Colt*, Mr. Padwick's subsequent attitude was characteristic if original. In the autumn of 1860 he came with Lord Westmoreland to buy two horses—*Schism* and *The Crossfire Colt*. His lordship took the former for £1,500, and Mr. Padwick the colt for £600, with the proviso that £400 more should be paid on his winning £1,000—a sum duly paid over the New Stakes at Ascot. *Schism's* performances were well known, and from them his lordship could judge of her value, and in taking her at the sum as usual committed no error in judgment; for he recouped himself the outlay, and a considerable sum besides, in winning the Handicap in the Second October Meeting over the Cesarewitch course no great time after. But with *The Crossfire Colt* or *Alvediston* it was a very different thing. Here Mr. Padwick took my word, and believed him to be what I thought and said he was; and he was not disappointed. For after winning, as before related, the New Stakes at Ascot and a Stake at Stockbridge, he refused £6,500—a sum I strongly recommended him to take, as I thought the horse was too furnished and small, to improve much with age. Mr. Padwick, however, would not take

less than £7,000. On the second day he ran a dead-heat with Mr. Merry's *Costa*, which stake was divided, and was then sold for a very much less sum and left me —only winning once at Goodwood after—and finished his career ingloriously by being beat, as an aged gelding, in a Selling race, winner to be sold for £20.

Whether or not Mr. Padwick thought, to use an inelegant but apt illustration, I had 'set a sprat to catch a mackerel,' and sold him a horse for £1,000, knowing him to be worth £5,000 at the time, in the vain hope of inducing him to give that sum or more for one not worth a guinea, and conceived me to be as well versed as himself in an art in which he was so eminently proficient, I am not prepared to say. But as he never bought another of me, I presume he was not well pleased with his meditations on the subject, and thought himself deceived. However, we always remained friends in the common acceptation of the word.

This easy assumption by Mr. Padwick that deception of any kind was practised in the matter, irresistibly brings to mind the story of the astute young gentleman, who having freely anticipated his fortune, applied to a rich uncle to oblige him with a temporary loan of £1,000—a request readily assented to. With a deep ulterior motive, the money was promptly repaid, with thanks. The nephew concluded he had hit upon a veritable gold mine. The ready compliance with the first request; the straightforward

repayment of the advance—gave assurance doubly sure that the dear, generous old uncle could deny the nephew nothing. So a second application was confidently made, this time for the loan of a couple of thousand. To the nephew's great astonishment the request met with a flat refusal.

'No,' said the uncle; 'you deceived me.'

'How?' answered the nephew hastily. 'I repaid you punctually.'

'Yes, indeed,' retorted the other; '*but I never expected you would.*'

One word more concerning the sale of *Alvediston*, which horse had been called after the place where I was living. The sale was duly set forth in the local paper, and a Mr. H. Parham, a farmer in the neighbourhood, wrote to me and inquired, 'if I did not want to farm it myself, would I be good enough to ask Mr. Padwick if he would give him the offer of it to rent?' I need not say Mr. Parham was not a racing man.

Of other dealings direct or indirect with Mr. Padwick, I call to mind the following: On the occasion of his purchase of Lord Exeter's stud by private contract, the horses were resold by public auction, or in other ways. One of them, *Blue Rock*, I bought as a yearling for ten guineas at Tattersall's. He proved a good investment, winning the Great Eastern Handicap, the Cup at Shrewsbury, and other races. The then Lord Anglesey was also fortunate in buying at

the same time and place the *Flying Duchess*, which, after winning a nice stake or two for him, was in my stud at Alvediston, and later became the dam of the famous Derby winner *Galopin*, now such a fashionable sire at Blankney, where he is located with Mr. Chaplin's prince of stallions, *Hermit*, whose dam, by the way, *Seclusion*, was also with me as a yearling. On another occasion I bought with him Mr. Simpson's yearlings, forty-five in number, at £40 each. But long before the day appointed for their resale by public auction, he withdrew from the contract; and rather than hold him to his verbal engagement, I took them over myself. The sale, which took place at Alvediston, was a fair one, and I had no cause to regret the course I had taken; and as to the result of it, no one was more surprised perhaps than Mr. Padwick himself.

In connection with this sale, I should mention one, to me, very disagreeable incident. When Brother to *Seclusion* came up to the ring, a horse on which I had put a reserve of 1,000 guineas, asking my brother John to bid to that price for me, I noticed that he went beyond that figure, and when some one had bid 1,050 guineas, he bid 1,100 guineas for him, at which price, as I afterwards learned, he had bought him for Mr. C. C. Greville. But this gentleman refused to take him. He declared that 'he was told I had run him up' (which was utterly untrue), and 'that he was not worth the money' (a thing he could not

possibly have known). He begged my brother's acceptance of a hundred-pound note for his trouble, and asked him to keep the horse, which John did, and won a race or two at Newmarket with him, though he was never very good.

I must say that Mr. Greville's action on this occasion was a great surprise to me. He was just the last person in the world that I should have thought would have been guilty of anything of the kind. For supposing, which is quite possible, that instead of one horse, he had instructed my brother to purchase ten horses at the same or even a larger price, the latter would as undoubtedly have faithfully executed the commission, as Mr. Greville would as assuredly, I may take it, have repudiated the whole transaction without regard to the result, which might have been my brother's ruin. This is one instance, of which I fear there may be too many, when the word of a gentleman unfortunately is not always to be taken in its bare simplicity; and proves that in this, as in other things, 'the great ones of the earth' will be found very much like the rest of mankind.

This was the first time I found Mr. Padwick run from his word, in which I had implicitly trusted; for had he not trusted me in the same frank way in the purchase of *Alvediston?* and could I let 'ingratitude so besmear me' as to be less confiding in him? However, it taught me a lesson that has been useful in after life and to the present day. We have all

heard of 'A horse kicking, a dog biting, and a gentleman's word without his handwriting;' and I should no doubt have had a proper stamped agreement, attested by an independent witness. The lesson, at all events, saved me £500 shortly afterwards in another transaction I had with him, an account of which will fitly find a place here.

In my dealings with Mr. Padwick, I have been both a borrower and a lender. His charge to strangers was 50 per cent., rising sometimes, as in the case of poor Starkey, to 500 per cent.; but to friends he would charge the not very unreasonable rate of 20 per cent. He was willing himself to pay 10 per cent. for the use of the needful funds, and at this rate I once lent him £2,000 on his own bill of exchange. It was just after *Weatherbound* had won the Cambridgeshire, when I was of course in funds; although I mention the fact merely to show the method of repayment, and that whilst it was easy enough to part with the money in one sum, it was only recoverable in driblets, and after considerable trouble in gaining repossession of it at all.

The last instalment of the loan, now represented by his acceptance for £500, was falling due, when he came all the way to Woodyates to settle it. As he could just as readily have concluded the matter by sending me, through the post, his own cheque crossed to my banker, the method adopted somewhat excited my suspicion, as in the end it served to create con-

siderable distrust. He dined with me, and was to sleep at Woodyates; but the subject that brought him there was not broached until we were just preparing to go to bed. Then he began with perfect nonchalance.

'Oh! William,' he said, 'I have Mr. Isaacson's bill for £500. It falls due on the 4th'—laying it on the table as he spoke. 'Here it is, and it is as good as a Bank of England note. Have you mine by you?'

I replied in the affirmative, and added that I had no doubt Mr. Isaacson's name would be good enough with his endorsement added.

'Yes,' he said, in the most innocent way; 'but for private reasons I would rather not have my name appear to it just now; and your bank, you know, will take it with your endorsement.'

I had, however, my own very particular, if not private reasons, causing me to decline to take the bill without his signature; and ultimately he endorsed it, and the matter was concluded, he taking one bill and I the other, when we parted for the night. Both the drawer and the acceptor of the bill he gave me proved to be, as I suspected at the time, although they were strangers to me, men of straw, and in a few days the bill came back dishonoured; on being apprised of which Mr. Padwick promptly sent me his cheque for the amount. I should add that the acceptor, Mr. Isaacson, within a week shot himself with a pistol at

Datchet ; and had it not been for my precaution in having Mr. Padwick's valuable autograph to the document, I should assuredly have lost the money. Some may think Mr. Padwick would have seen me through. But I suspect he would have treated it, in his pleasant way, 'as a matter of business;' and if I had been foolish enough to take an unendorsed bill, would have left me to stand the racket of it.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HENRY PADWICK (*continued*).

The business of money-lending—Mr. Padwick's clients—His share in the affair of *The Earl* and *Lady Elizabeth;* Admiral Rous's interference—Conduct towards Mr. Whieldon; repaid in his own coin—Entrapped by a fair borrower—The Duchess of N——; a loan on brickbats—Equal to the emergency—A frail client—His character, method of dealing, all on one side—How ancestral estates are lost—Attempt to sell a Derby favourite on Sunday; disastrous result; the favourite missing—Connection with Gully and Hill—Insatiable for wealth—His end.

I HAVE given two instances of my dealings with Mr. Henry Padwick in which everything was not entirely above suspicion. Yet, in justice to his memory, I should add that both before and after, I had many important business transactions with him in which there was no cause whatever for distrust. The rates of interest charged were no doubt always high. But this is a matter with which I have nothing to do; nor do I think other people had much right to complain. For it should be remembered that it is the borrowers who seek the money-lender, and not he who goes to them. There is no compulsion. If they

think his terms too high, they can decline them and go elsewhere. The usury laws have long since been abolished, and if the money-lender is not generous, he is, it must be recollected, carrying on business at very considerable risk, and must exercise care in the way he thinks best suited to his own interest, which of necessity precludes any great regard for the interests of others.

I do not wish to champion in the least a fraternity I dislike. Yet I think it more often happens that men are injured through their own innate stupidity or carelessness, than by the extortionate charges of the usurer. When the friendly banker and family solicitor refuse further advances, then recourse is had to the money-lender, whose timely aid has saved many a one—that is, when the money so raised has been judiciously applied to business purposes. And in such cases, if the extra risk which he runs be taken into account, no one would grudge the lender a little interest beyond the current rate.

Mr. Padwick had for his clients the shrewd and the simple, the noble and the ignoble ; and though on the whole he must have had the best of his business transactions, yet it cannot be doubted that at times he met more than his match 'and caught a tartar.' He assured me that he lost over £17,000 (cash lent) by the late Duke of Newcastle, and much more by other specimens of the august type of borrowers. The part he played in the case of the notorious *Lady*

Elizabeth and her stable companion, the equally memorable *The Earl*, does not concern me, or perhaps anyone else, so long as the owner, the late Lord Hastings, was satisfied. And that he was satisfied, his manly letter written at the time amply testifies. In fact, the affair gained its unpleasant and prominent publicity entirely through what I feel constrained to term the imbecile officiousness of the late Admiral Rous, in writing a hasty and ill-judged letter to the *Times* on the scratching of *The Earl* in that year's Derby, for which Messrs. Padwick and Hill were generally held responsible. It was this letter that drew from Lord Hastings the reply I have mentioned, and cost my brother John £800 to defend himself against its injustice. As for the Admiral's part in the matter—to say the least of it, he had no occasion to have anything whatever to do with it; for his valuable opinion not having been asked, he need not have given it. His interference was, indeed, in strict keeping with his fondness for censuring some one, and zeal for reforming turf abuses, or what he considered such, without waiting for proof of any kind. Of this curious predilection on the Admiral's part it may well be said: 'All's not offence that indiscretion finds and dotage terms so.'

Amongst Mr. Padwick's most gentlemanly and pleasant visitors on business was Mr. Whieldon, of Wyke House, Gillingham. Unlucky, as others have been, this gentleman failed to meet his engagements,

and fearing the consequences, left his native land and reached the shores of France—in safety, as he fondly supposed. But guess his astonishment to find that, on reaching the hoped-for asylum, he was immediately taken into custody and incarcerated in a French prison, little better than a dungeon. It appeared that one of his creditors, Mr. Padwick, had been equal to the occasion, and ostensibly selling his debt to a Frenchman, secured the arrest of the debtor. This was, however, no greater penalty than anyone may look to be called upon to pay who has dealings with a sharp practitioner ; and what money-lender does not fall within the category? Nevertheless, as what follows will tell us, Mr. Padwick, with all his smartness, received, in turn, a Roland for his Oliver.

I should preface what I am about to relate by observing that Mr. Padwick had one weakness. He was, in his own opinion, a gallant of no ordinary type, the very personification of chivalry, and handsome and bewitching as Cupid. Whether driven to the step by actual need, or merely prompted by anger to revenge the wretched treatment which her husband had received, Mrs. Whieldon, fascinatingly dressed, called on Mr. Padwick at his house in Hill Street, and besought his aid in a very delicate and most important affair. The lady was possessed of considerable personal attractions, aided by most charming manners, and also had the assistance, in her design, of the possession of property apart from her husband. It is

needless to say that in the hands of this special pleader and excellent judge of character, the astute money-lender had no chance. He was not proof against the influence of such charming *naïveté* and eloquence, and the favour sought was no sooner named than granted. Eight thousand pounds on mortgage was business to him, and, on an emergency of this kind, the rate of interest was a matter of no consequence to the lady. A cheque for the amount was drawn on the spur of the moment, and the bargain concluded—save the mortgage, which was to follow.

His charming visitor having left him, Mr. Padwick indulged in a pleasant reverie, having for its subject the short and exciting interview just ended. But suddenly waking to his customary sober, business-like habits, he prudently and immediately sent to stop payment of the cheque; only to learn, with great disgust, on the return of the messenger that it had already been presented and paid. He now began to see that he had been cajoled into the belief that the lady had been acting in her own behalf, instead of at the instigation of her husband. The upshot of the affair was that he lost his money, and was very sore about it. Ever after, in referring to the subject, he declared 'he always felt a pain in his stomach when it crossed his mind.' This anecdote, as most others I relate, I give without embellishment or mutilation on the authority of Mr. Padwick himself; and in its truth I thoroughly believe, as I do in that of the following

alarming incident, in which a fair one was again a borrower, though to his great delight it ended harmlessly.

A necessitous Duchess called on him with her casket of jewels, which, for safety's sake, she had sealed with her own signet, which latter, in the hurry, she had left at home. It would therefore be impossible to see them ; but as the casket contained valuables to the extent of something like £50,000, her word might be taken that it was ample security for a loan of £5,000 ; and as it was viewed in the same generous light by Mr. Padwick, he advanced the trifle. Time wore on, and the money was not forthcoming as expected. Wanting it for other purposes, the lender grew impatient at the numberless trivial excuses made, and ultimately resolved to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the contents of the box. Mr. Padwick skilfully contrived to have just a peep, and, horror-stricken, saw enough to convince him that instead of jewellery, it contained nothing but small brickbats. But here his self-possession was equal to the occasion, for, carefully refastening the box, he adroitly managed to get repaid, by holding out the alluring bait, 'that at any other time her Grace could always have double the sum on giving a few days' notice.' I need not say that when the money *was* paid over, he gave up the so-called security with marvellous alacrity.

Report credits Mr. Padwick with having had yet

another fair client of prepossessing appearance, and manners most irresistible. Nellie Holmes was a well-known character, who by her condescending behaviour not only gathered riches together, but contrived to raise herself from obscurity to the Peerage, and became in Rotten Row for many seasons the observed of all gentleman observers. Like other fair, frail ones, she died in poverty; and her experience of this life was probably much the same as that of most of her compeers, one of utter barrenness in the effort and result—

'To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.'

At all events, if rumour be believed, one of these fair creatures was in the days of her affluence a fortunate acquisition to the gallant money-lender's list of clients. For she left in his hands the sum of £10,000 for safe keeping at the usual rate of interest, 10 per cent., which undoubtedly would be well taken care of till wanted, and made to bring forth increase in the interval.

Moving in all grades of society, Mr. Padwick never seemed out of his sphere. In the company of either sex he was always welcome, for he was irresistibly suasive and plausible. He was witty and clever, although, no doubt, he often found himself with others who knew more than himself. He was, however, impatient under defeat, and accustomed to deal with the suspicious, became suspicious himself. I do

not know whether the failing was inherent in his character; but it was one that he cherished to the end, leading him unfortunately into both loss and trouble. Necessarily, in his calling he was no stranger to litigation. Yet he must have always been well advised to work behind the scenes, for I do not remember his appearance in the witness-box, where many of his craft are too often seen to their disgrace. He did not believe in the adage, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' for he was both. Indeed, to borrow with one hand and lend with the other to his own advantage was the one object of his life, to which all other motives were made secondary. I do not profess to be able to describe exactly his *modus operandi;* but I should think the following would represent what he would consider a good transaction, and one dear to his heart. The advance of a few thousands at the outset would soon be doubled and trebled by accumulated interest and expenses into a formidable sum. To this would be added a few race-horses at his own prices, some houses perhaps, or a few acres of land of which he wanted to be rid; and these would form the sole consideration for which the title-deeds of an ancestral estate would pass from the hands of the luckless borrower into his own. In this, or a similar way, he became possessed of Spye Park, one of the most beautiful and romantic estates in Wiltshire; and of how many more nobody knows, although Mr. Forbes Bentley, the purchaser of Mr. Padwick's

stud, and of his house and stables at Findon, could probably enlighten us on the subject.

I had almost omitted to mention one incident illustrative of Mr. Padwick's eagerness for 'a deal' in horseflesh, and its curiously unfortunate result. In the last days of my father's management of Findon, Mr. Padwick came on a Sunday with a party to see his Derby favourite, *Belgrade*, at exercise. Now my father of late years, like myself, never exercised his horses on Sunday. But Mr. Padwick was urgent. 'It would make,' he said, 'thousands of pounds difference to him if his friends saw his horse out and his beautiful action when extended, instead of seeing him merely in the stable, picture as he was'; or, as the dealers would say, 'his very shadow on the wall was of untold value.' My father would not give way.

'*Belgrade* is your horse,' he said, 'as well as the rest, and you can do as you like with them. But if you take them out, Goater may go with you if he likes, but you must excuse me.'

This was enough. *Belgrade* and a few more were at once taken to the Downs and cantered, when a scene occurred which Mr. Padwick could never have forgotten to his dying day, nor his astonished friends either. Galloping with an old horse, *Belgrade* became frightened at nothing, or at nothing that could be seen. Generally of a docile disposition, he now became suddenly unmanageable, and dashed off at a furious

rate down a steep hill, little short of a precipice. The boy in a fright threw himself off, and the horse was left to pursue his headlong career. Goater on his hack and the gentlemen in their carriage went madly after him. But all to no purpose. *Belgrade* soon outdistanced them and was lost to sight, after divesting himself of his saddle and bridle and every particle of clothing except his boots. As nothing could be seen or heard of him, Goater returned in the evening to relate the catastrophe to my father, intending the next morning again to scour the country in search of the missing Derby favourite. This trouble he was, however, saved; for some one called to know 'if a horse had been lost, as one was caught in his yard late last night, and was now in the end of the barn tied up with a halter.' A man was soon sent with clothing, and the horse was brought back in a terrible plight.

Thus ended Mr. Padwick's attempt to show off a Derby favourite on a Sunday, with a view to his advantageous sale, simply preventing a result he could easily have attained on any other day. Whether the horse was good for anything before, or whether the Sunday gallop ruined him, I never heard; but certainly he was never good for anything after. And it was Mr. Padwick's last visit to Findon on a Sunday whilst my father trained for him.

Mr. Padwick was at heart a gambler. He was as great an adept at cards, betting, or dice as he was at racing, or even in his special business. Of this gambling

propensity he gave sufficient proof on one occasion. He won on *Virago* as a three-year-old £80,000 in bets, and lost this immense amount or more the same year on the Stock Exchange, on information that an astute City man would have scouted as slender as a thread. He was undoubtedly a confederate with John Gully in *Andover* and other horses, and was even reputed to have been connected in the same way with the redoubtable Harry Hill, although my brother John always assured me there was no truth in the latter report. He was often at Danebury when Hill was there, which fact may have given rise to the rumour. The three were often seen on the race-course in company, although both Gully and Hill were too clever to accompany Mr. Padwick to the gaming-tables at the different race-meetings and other places, to whose incomings he must have been a mine of wealth.

He trained at Whitewall, Danebury, Epsom, and other places; but never with the success he attained at Findon, where shortly after the episode above related, my father, on retiring from active life, was succeeded by Mr. William Goater, an unpretending but accomplished trainer and an estimable man, who did him justice with the rest of his clients. Mr. Padwick had other trainers, and his restless spirit was always seeking some new venture for the useless purpose of adding further store to his accumulated wealth. But virtually his racing career was at an

end. He had but few or no good horses afterwards, nor cared to give much in making further purchases.

He was undoubtedly a most successful and exceedingly clever man; but the risk he was continually running in his multifarious and gigantic transactions made him irritable, and even his doubtful pleasure could have been but 'restless ecstasy,' whilst his disquietude must have been often lasting and painful. A complication of diseases, gout (to which he was a martyr), and bronchitis, brought his fitful life to a close in the autumn of 1880 at his town residence, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, after suffering much pain, leaving a wife and son to lament his loss.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN BAYNTON STARKEY, ESQ.

The turf injured by foolish supporters—Unaccountable disappearance of Mr. Starkey's fortune—Purchase of *Veridas*—Disastrous defeat; 'save us from our friends'—Ownership of *Fisherman* and *Leamington*—Aggregate winnings—No large loser by racing or betting—Curious settlement of trainers' accounts—Propensity to bet—First transaction with Mr. Padwick—How a debt of £22,000 was created—Another deal and its result—Mr. Padwick as owner of Spye Park—Bound to ruin himself—Other examples and their lesson—Idiosyncrasies; curious 'get-up;' mode of travelling; delight in 'attending a toilet'—Personal experience of giving my name; a 'tidy' practitioner—His end, and sale of Spye Park.

In the previous chapter I have described the career of one of the most successful men of his day upon the turf. Now in turn, and by way of contrast, I may give a brief outline of the life of one of the most unfortunate of those who have ever had to do with racing. Yet in describing Mr. J. B. Starkey as unfortunate, I must be careful to say that he was the origin of all the trouble he brought upon himself. We have been told that knowledge is nothing to him that is not known by others to possess it: and that perpetual

levity, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Amongst the numerous and varied characters who have figured in the racing world, no doubt many have shown the possession of wisdom and subtilty. Yet the existence of these qualities will scarcely, I think, equal the rival claims to notice of the folly, the indiscretion which in the same arena has 'made virtue itself turn vice when misapplied;' and every attempted display of knowledge has proved but a betrayal to greater errors in the prosecution of chimerical and immature schemes.

In the racing community there exist two classes of men, whose aims, though diametrically opposed, are yet equally injurious to its true interests. The first class comprises those impecunious adventurers and reckless gamblers who, having nothing to lose but a thing, their possession of which no one will ever discover—character, to wit—stop at nothing that will bring 'grist to the mill.' The other is the thoughtless gentleman, who, having all the attainments needful to make racing and the racecourse a scene of enjoyment as great to others as himself, yet for the lack of discretion mars the most praiseworthy intentions, to the detriment of the sport itself. Indeed, I am not prepared to say that the latter is not, unconsciously, the more harmful of the two. For he sets an example followed by those who look up to him as a pillar of the turf, and one of its most honourable supporters. The adventurer, pure and simple, on the other hand,

is a character too well known to have the power to influence either the sport itself or other people. So long as he keeps within the pale of the broad rules which regulate racing—and the peculiar shrewdness of the class enables it generally to manage to do so—whatever the adventurer may do is little noticed and certainly not openly canvassed.

Mr. John Baynton Starkey may be taken as an illustrative example of the class I refer to—the racing gentleman who, if he possesses the power of discriminating between good and evil, for some fortuitous or unaccountable reasons elects to follow the latter. For the short time he was with us no man could have been better known, or more universally respected, until the period of his utter collapse, when it was discovered that he was shrouded in embarrassments and unable to pay his way or face his troubles. Then he presented the pitiable spectacle of the man who has inflicted loss on all with whom he has been connected, without the palliation of becoming so reduced through unavoidable misfortune. Mr. Starkey was well educated, generous to a degree, if eccentric to folly. To this eccentricity perhaps his downfall may be attributed. He was markedly unostentatious in his mode of living, and had no apparent means of spending £1,000 a year; and yet in the course of some half-dozen years he managed to get rid of a fortune of £300,000, or at the rate of £50,000 per annum. This is almost incredible. And as he raced, his mis-

fortunes have naturally been attributed to following sport in this form. Yet I think I can show that its thoughtless votaries, such as Mr. Starkey was, do more injury to the repute of our national pastime than all the avowed gamblers and unscrupulous schemers that are its real plague-spots. For I can prove beyond doubt that in his connection with the turf Mr. Starkey was by no means, at any time, a heavy loser.

Amongst other horses, he was the owner of *Veridas*, which he bought at Mr. Blenkiron's sale. He bought her, it may be said, almost by accident, or at all events on the spur of the moment. In his good-natured way he did not, as he said, 'like to partake of his host's hospitality without making a bid for something.' And he showed this sense of gratitude in action better than words. For when the animal was brought into the ring he made the only bid, £210, and to his surprise and dismay the hammer fell, as he himself nearly fell too at the shock. The first use he made of this good animal was to his own destruction and heavy loss. In the Danebury Nursery he had another horse running, *Land Tax*, which he had backed for a lot of money. But he entered the mare also, according to his own account, to make a field, which was already large and respectable enough for the purpose; and she came and won, whilst *Land Tax* was second. I really believe he was rather pleased than otherwise with the result. At all events, he

appeared delighted, as we may be sure were the fielders; but not so his friends and followers, who were dreadfully crestfallen at such an unlooked-for and disastrous result.

Fisherman again, though he ran in the name of Mr. T. Parr and Mr. Higgins, as well as his own, belonged, Mr. Starkey assured me, to himself; and I think it very probable it was so. In four years he won sixty-nine races of the value of £10,517, and was sold for, I believe, £1,500 to go abroad. If to this £12,000 we add £3,000 for the winnings of *Land Tax*, *Veridas*, and his other horses, it would give a total gain of £15,000. Moreover, I have Mr. Starkey's authority for believing that *Leamington* was always his. He ran, it is true, in Mr. Higgins's name, as did *Fisherman* at times also. But as there were extensive monetary transactions between the two gentlemen, it is fair to assume that when the horses passed into Mr. Higgins's hands for money advanced, and from him to Mr. Starkey, most likely for a deferred payment in the shape of a bill not met at maturity, they would ostensibly reappear as Mr. Higgins's property; and in spite of the many changes of ownership, they would really always have remained the redeemable property of Mr. Starkey, as he always positively asserted they were. *Leamington* won the Chester Cup twice, besides other large stakes, and was ultimately sold to go to America, where, like another expatriated horse, *Buccaneer*, who got *Kisber* in

Austria, he became the sire of a Derby winner in *Iroquois.*

If we value *Leamington* and his earnings at the moderate figure of £10,000, we have a total of £25,000 as representing Mr. Starkey's winnings. Thus it appears that racing in itself could not have cost him anything, or perhaps I should say ought not to have done so. And this more particularly because he was never known to have backed a horse for anything above £10, or at the outside for a pony—except on *Veridas* at Stockbridge, when, as the plungers say, he plunged like the rest of them. But generally he was content to put on a couple of sovereigns; and often his horses ran without his having a shilling on them. If they were fortunate enough to win, if only a £50 Plate, he was as pleased as though he had won a thousand, not seeing or recognising that in exposing a good horse he had thrown away the chance of winning ten times that amount. On such races, at all events, his winnings must have exceeded his losses. In short, I may say he raced but a few years with a stud that might have been purchased and kept the whole of the time for about £20,000, and, judiciously managed, might have recouped its owner both capital and expenditure and a large sum by way of profit—and did, in fact, as I have shown, return Mr. Starkey more than this amount in stakes. And yet we find the turf loaded with the opprobrium of having, in this brief time, ruined an intelligent, generous, and

wealthy young man, for I do not think he was more than twenty-six or twenty-seven at the time of his collapse.

We must look, therefore, to some other cause than racing to find the source of this gentleman's unmitigated ruin. I may observe that in one minor respect, and true to his character, he never handled one shilling of his winnings. The cost of training, stakes, and travelling—necessarily heavy, with now and then the loss of a bet kindly put on for him by his trainer, would just nicely balance the bill. He was thus saved the trouble of ever having a debtor and creditor account submitted for his inspection; just as his trainer, Mr. T. Parr, was saved the trouble of making out a document so complicated and useless. Nevertheless, it is a regrettable incident that, for the ease of one man, an account so amusing and instructive should have been lost to the rest of the world. The curious items in it, extending over four years, would doubtless have been intensely edifying—an account which would have been set forth with methodical order and admirable perspicuity; yet in the algebraic characters defining the problem, would have formed a puzzle that would have defied any mathematician of less ability than Colenso himself. So that, after all, the reader, by a mystical figure of speech, 'in its great loss will lose but little.'

The habit by which Mr. Starkey really lost himself, was his eccentric propensity to borrow from irregular

practitioners. Before ever he commenced racing, he made a lucky hit, as he himself phrased it, in the discovery of a rich friend in the money-lending way of business, as pleasant as he was polite, and as generous as he was obliging, from whom he borrowed £16,000; and was equally fortunate in getting rid of the liability through the assistance of another disinterested member of the same gracious fraternity, as he afterwards expressed himself to me, 'satisfactorily, on my own terms.' These satisfactory terms were more or less the following: The £16,000 he had borrowed, or rather, I should say, had become liable for, to a Mr. H——. Wishing to pay him off, he called on Mr. Padwick with a view of obtaining his assistance in doing so. With the instinct of his craft, the latter soon discovered that, in actual cash, Mr. Starkey had received but little; and at once offered Mr. H—— his cheque for £12,000 for the bills representing Mr. Starkey's debt. With the usual preliminary story that 'he had had to borrow the cash from an unconscionable old rip at a high rate of interest, and would lose money by the transaction if he took off a farthing,' and with well-feigned reluctance to the last, the offer was accepted and the matter ended. Well may Mr. Starkey have exclaimed that 'Mr. Padwick was his friend, for he had saved him £4,000,' for apparently and actually he had done so; and well may his generous feelings have been awakened, as shown in what followed.

'Now,' said Mr. Padwick, 'what am I to have for my services? I leave it entirely to you to say what I am entitled to.'

'Ten thousand pounds,' was Starkey's laconic reply, without any reference to a ready-reckoner to assist him in the computation.

And so the matter was settled. It may appear a large sum for such services; but we must not forget that Mr. Padwick had actually saved him nearly half of it, besides paying the amount which Mr. Starkey would assuredly have had to provide. Of the truth of the above there cannot be any reasonable doubt. I have had the facts as set forth substantially represented to me in good faith by each party at different times, with seeming satisfaction to both.

Mr. Starkey once paid me a visit and stopped the night at my house; on which occasion he informed me that he wished to raise a little money, and asked my advice as to the best way of doing it. I recommended him to go to my bank (the Wilts and Dorset, head office, Salisbury), where I told him he would find an agreeable manager who knew how to take care of himself, and I did not doubt would be equally solicitous for his welfare. There I said I believed he could, by lodging his deeds, get anything he wanted at 5 per cent. Mr. Starkey thought the plan a good one, and said he would act upon it. But the next morning he fancied he would rather have it of Mr. Padwick—or, as he called him, 'Old Paddy'—than of

any banker. It did not occur to me at the time that the deeds were probably deposited with that excellent personage for the loan of £22,000, representing an actual payment of £12,000 before mentioned.

Another method by which Mr. Starkey added to his liabilities was the ingenious plan by which he increased his stud—a plan entirely of his own conception, dispensing with cash and represented by a deferred payment with his autograph attached. He would generally get this document done through one of his friends, by the simple process of handing it on to three well-known West End money-lending firms. In the end he had to apply to his friend Mr. Padwick for a loan; when the following colloquy took place:

'I want £10,000, Padwick.'

'What for? Racing, I suppose?'

'Yes.'

'You can have it if you will take my stud. I am tired of it, and have too much business to be able to attend to it.'

A seemingly moderate price for the little stud was named, and at once agreed to; and the £10,000 advanced. With this advance added to the sum already due, interest and other accumulations and the horses thrown in, the debt may now be set down at about £50,000. The little stud consisted of *Drogheda*, a blind stallion, half a dozen brood-mares, a like number of horses in training, including *Theodora* (after she was useless as a racehorse, of course). The new owner

was singularly unfortunate with them. I think the whole were a failure; but this, of course, no one could help, not even the generous seller.

From what Mr. Starkey himself told me, I should think that from first to last he never received from those friends who so generously helped him in every time of need, much, if anything, above £50,000 in cash and £5,000 in horseflesh—a statement borne out by what his chief creditor himself has told me. And yet for this trivial sum his ancestral estate of Spye Park passed from the hands of this misguided man to those of his trusted friend Mr. Padwick, who, on the same authority I hear, ultimately sold it for £275,000, leaving its owner without sufficient means to pay his debts, beside a small annuity previously secured for his widow and children. I believe that at one time £300,000 was offered and refused for the estate. The offer, I am perhaps correct in saying, was made on behalf of the Prince of Wales before the purchase of Sandringham was decided upon. At the time its owner proudly said, 'He would never go out of it till he was carried to the churchyard.' But he thought better of this, or Mr. Padwick did so for him; for it was the latter who made the bargain for the sale of the property. For a long time before that event, the legend—

'Henry Padwick, Esq.,
'Spye Park,
'Wilts,'

might have been seen blazoned in a defiant, bold hand, on all the carts, waggons, etc., on the estate ; and every head of cattle, horses, sheep, or swine, had been transferred into the same gentleman's name. Curiously he, Mr. Starkey, seemed rather proud of this. I know when I was visiting him for some shooting, he pointed the name out to me with an air of great satisfaction, saying :

'There, they will be safe now.'

'Yes,' thought I, 'safe surely enough ; but safe for some one else, not you.'

This brief history of his career will justify what I have said concerning the greater injury done to the repute of the turf by men of his weak type, than by even the most designing scoundrels. Mr. Starkey kept few servants, neither hunters nor carriage-horses, and saw no company, and yet contrived to get rid of a princely fortune. I am satisfied myself that he would as readily have got rid of it over half-a-dozen cows, or some sheep and pigs, or even a dog, as over horses and racing, if he had only the coveted assistance of his money-lending friends. No ; he did more harm to the turf by his ill example than racing ever did to him. The moralist tells us that 'Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care.' But what example did Mr. Starkey set ? or who shall say how many were led astray by following in the

path in which he foreran? Men such as he, and Forbes Bentley, and Wyndham of Fellbrigg Hall, and, in olden times, Mytton, who 'set his shirt-tails on fire to drive away the hiccups,' did more injury to racing than all the sharp practitioners of a degraded type. The late Lord Maidstone is another instance. A few years ago he fell into the hands of equally obliging friends, who gave him, in exchange for bills for £2,000, a box of cigars of the full value of a five-pound note, quality and condition unguaranteed. Gentlemen at least should be a little more discreet in their public deportment for the good of those socially beneath them, and as a tribute of respect to their equals. Mr. Starkey, early doomed to the fate of an unsuspecting and foolish man, lived only to feed the rapacity of sharks; and in the end had to leave his wife and family to the tender mercies of a rude and suspicious world, whilst, hopelessly ruined and despondent, he himself sought refuge in a distant land.

I think I have said enough to show that men can lose fortunes without keeping a large string of horses, without betting, without the infatuation of gaming, and, in other respects, without expensive habits—a mystery only to be accounted for by the possession of an innate stupidity akin to madness. And I hope sufficient has been said to deter the rising generation from following in footsteps that surely lead to ruin. If money be wanted for reasonable

pleasures, let the would-be borrower go to his own or some other banker. Never mind how unpleasant it may be to hear a homily from a crotchety old fellow on the value of money, and the certain ruin attending dissipation; but pocket the affront with the money, and make the latter last as long as it will, rather than risk being in the power of those who live for nothing beyond adding to their miserable store by the destruction of their fellow-beings.

But I must have done with moralizing. My readers will be better pleased if I can give them a few personal reminiscences of a remarkable, if unwise, character. His very dress 'proclaimed the man.' It was scarcely neat enough to deserve the epithet of 'horsey,' if it aspired to that description. Imagine a drab-coloured frock-coat of coarse fabric, a very long waistcoat, breeches and gaiters of the same material, or long black boots with hunting-spurs, the whole shadowed by a billycock hat in excellent keeping to dwarf his diminutive figure, which was nearly as broad as long. Apparelled thus like a groom, he always for companionship carried a large hunting-whip with a big lash. For economy's sake he travelled to the different places he wished to visit on a black cob, something like an ancient pack-horse, as he took his wardrobe with him, not a very extensive or valuable affair, in saddle-bags fastened across the saddle, making with his own weight some sixteen stone—a burden not inconsiderable, if insufficient to bring him under

Martin's Act for preventing cruelty to dumb animals. His friends must at times have been startled by his appearance, when they would see him ride up to their front-door; for their first idea would be that some ill-mannered groom with a note from his master had forgotten that it should be delivered at the back or side entrance. A nearer view would, however, show them who was their eccentric visitor.

Mr. Starkey both bought and bred horses, but raced them with no particular amount of luck. He had as many trainers as he had horses, about six of one and half a dozen of the other, and mostly raced them in the trainers' names. I don't think he ever fished or shot except on very rare occasions, and his hunting was of the same limited character. His delight was to see his horses run, and specially to attend to their toilet beforehand. He generally, by some strange confusion of ideas, managed to get the smallest boy to ride the very heaviest weight, or *vice versâ;* and for about two hours before the appointed time for starting, he might have been seen in a profuse state of perspiration excitedly in search of the largest saddle and the greatest number of heavy saddle-cloths to enable the lad to draw the weight. This done, he immediately commenced hunting for the horse; and for fear of losing any of the innumerable saddle-cloths, or lest in a moment of abstraction he should mistake another for the right saddle, he would carry the whole of the things with him. The animal

was seldom found until the last minute, and he himself out of breath and nearly dead with exhaustion. In the consequent haste his horse was generally saddled and despatched on the *chance* of its reaching the starting-point in time to take part in the race, with the greater chance of losing half the saddle-cloths, or the jockey, before facing the starter.

I was on one or two occasions mixed up with the transactions between Mr. Starkey and his amiable friends, the money-lenders; never, I need scarcely say, to my own benefit, but merely to assist a friend. My last assistance to him of this kind proved disastrous to myself. Some twelve months before he finally left England, ruined and despondent, I gave him my name to an acceptance for £300. As might have been expected, it was not paid, but had to be renewed, the old bill being cancelled and forwarded to me and destroyed. It was subsequently renewed several times; but unfortunately the last bill was not given up at the time of renewal, I being satisfied with Mr. Starkey's assurance, over and over again, that it should be forthcoming. The circumstance was forgotten, until it was brought to my memory in the following unpleasant way: On the first day of Stockbridge Races, a polite, suasive, and half-gentlemanly-looking, bald-headed little man in sober attire, 'tidy and respectable'—such as are generally engaged to look after property that belongs to other people, having none of their own—came to me and said:

'Mr. William Day, I think?'

On being informed that he had made a good guess —that I was in reality the very person, and that I wished to know the nature of the business he had with me, if any, he said:

'I am the holder of a bill of yours for £300, overdue.'

I was annoyed, and replied plainly:

'If you hold such a document it is a forgery, for I have but one bill out in the world, and that is one to Mr. J. B. Starkey for £300, which is not due.'

To this he immediately replied:

'There are two; come to my office and I will show both of them to you.'

'If you have a second one,' I answered, 'it must be an old bill that has been already paid.'

'No,' he said; 'there are two, and I have advanced the money on both.'

This I knew to be an untruth, contradicted as it afterwards was by Mr. Starkey himself. He (Mr. Starkey) assured me over and over again he would see his 'tidy' little friend, who would immediately give up the old one, which should be forwarded to me. On this understanding, unfortunately, I allowed the matter to drift, till I had a writ. Starkey then came and implored me to take no notice of it, assuring me that the bill should be paid, and that the old and new bills should be given up together. I foolishly trusted to his word, allowing the thing to remain open until

judgment was signed ; and as it was then inconvenient for me to find £600, and as Mr. Starkey could not or would not pay the money, I had, in order to save unpleasant consequences always best avoided, to make terms with the kind-hearted West-End scrivener; which ended in my having to pay him £725—the odd £125 for expenses and interest, for a few weeks' delay, notwithstanding that I never directly or indirectly benefited one shilling by the transaction. And I need not say I never had any redress; for Mr. Starkey decamped, and left me to fight the battle single-handed, as best I could.

Mr. Starkey was born in 1834, he sailed for Australia in 1870, and died at Singleton, New South Wales, in September, 1872. On his attaining his majority he is supposed to have come into but little ready-money, certainly some. The estate, however, was entirely unencumbered. His stud was sold by Messrs. Tattersall (at Spye Park) in 1863, and the next year the estate followed it. The Derry Hill and Brougham portions brought £175,000 together, the former being bought by the then Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Golding, and the latter passing into the hands of the Crown. And I believe Major Spicer gave £100,000 for Spye Park and the remainder of the property, making the total, as I have said, £275,000.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. JOHN GULLY.

Connection with 'The Danebury Confederacy'—Origin—Thrashes a bully—Introduction to the Ring—Fights Pierce and Gregson—Owen Swift's trial—Personal appearance—Joint ownership of *Andover*, *Mendicant*, and *Pyrrhus the First*—'Old John Day's bitter pill'—The true story; my father's real interest in these—Mr. R. Tattersall and the purchase of *Fortress* for Lord Caledon—The model auctioneer—Gully's assault on Mr. Ridsdale—A 'view-holloa' by the Bar—Duel with 'The Squire'—Interference between my father and brother; disruption of the Danebury stud—Harry Hill turned out of Whitewall—Danebury to-day—Gully and Hill's connection in racing—Silent wisdom—The bull and the red-coat—Policemen treated as nine-pins—His end.

Truthfully it is said by an anonymous writer of the last century that 'If it be more grateful to an ingenuous mind to celebrate the praises of humanity, it is no less necessary to expose the vices that deform it. In enumerating the excellences of men, we present a model to imitate; in detecting their depravity, we hold out an example to deter. In either case the attempt is equally useful and commendable. To hold the mirror up to nature, to show vice its own image, is

one part of the design; the other, that in doing so it may tempt some and restrain others following in the wake of such pernicious examples.'

The men, some incidents of whose career I shall now set forth, are examples useful in the foregoing sense, as those whose practices should be rather shunned than followed. Messrs. Gully, Hill, Pedley, Arnold and Turner were known at one time as 'The Danebury Confederacy.' Certainly the most prominent and remarkable of the group was Mr. John Gully, ex-prize-fighter and erstwhile legislator. Mr. Gully was a Gloucestershire man. He was born at the Crown Inn, Wick, midway between Bath and Bristol—kept by his parents. Afterwards his father became a butcher at Bath, if Gully himself did not, for some time, take an active part in the same business. The first public action I can remember to have heard told of him, was his soundly thrashing a big bully at Bristol for unfairly setting his dog at a bull they were then baiting. Gully, to his great surprise and delight, afterwards heard that his defeated opponent was a prize-fighter, the terror of the neighbourhood.

Not improbably this initial success gave him the love for 'the Noble Art,' for shortly afterwards we hear of his entering the gladiatorial arena; although in a measure he was induced to do so through the force of circumstances. For certain liabilities incurred and forgotten, or which could not be met, he found himself in a debtors' prison, from which he was

released for a special purpose, through the kindness of the celebrated Colonel Mellish. Gully's greatest friend at the time was Pierce, alias 'the Game Chicken,' a Bristol man. Pierce used to visit him in gaol, and spar with him for hours daily. On leaving him, after having more than an ordinary 'set-to,' he said coolly :

'Gully, fight me. It will make your fortune. I don't know which will win, but I think I may. Still, it is sure to be a very close and exciting thing.'

From this very circumstance Colonel Mellish was induced to find the money for Gully's debts, and the match was made. The combat ended as Pierce had predicted it would ; for after a desperate and sanguinary fight, Gully was obliged to give in or 'throw up the sponge,' in the elegant language of the P. R. Gully always said he did this at the instigation of his backer, Colonel Mellish ; for at the time he was not thoroughly beaten, though very much punished, being covered with blood. Pierce knew no equal, and Gully only this defeat. After this we find him so poor that he was compelled to start for Doncaster on foot, but got a lift in Mr. Thos. Thornhill's carriage the latter part of the journey. Subsequently he was taken in hand by some racing-men, who also patronized the P. R., and he was matched against Gregson for the belt, and fought at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, in 1807, and again in the following year in Sir John Sebright's park in Hertford-

shire; on both of which occasions Gully was proclaimed the victor, and retired from the ring and turned 'Boniface,' as did many others of the same lively occupation that came after him.

I can hardly see, myself, that Gully as a pugilist was deserving of the high reputation which he enjoyed. He only fought two men; the one he beat, and the other beat him. It is true he beat Gregson twice; but at one time the fight was a near thing, occupying a full hour, and Gregson would not have made another match. Dutch Sam, Tom Crib, and many others, were much better men in their day, to my thinking. Again, Owen Swift, if I remember rightly, actually killed three men, Anthony Noon being one of them, in a fight which took place near the Queen Charlotte public-house, close to Andover, for which he stood his trial some time after. But the witness for the prosecution failed to identify him, as his face and hands were darkly stained with the green bark of walnuts, and so got him acquitted. It is also remarkable that few champions of the ring lived to a peaceful end. Nat Langham, Owen Swift, the two Brooms, John and Harry, all came to untimely grief. The Brooms, early in life, severed their jugular veins with a carving-knife, whilst the others drank themselves to death, or sought shelter from starvation in alms-houses, an infliction which Gully only escaped by the friendly hand of death.

He had before I knew him adopted a modern style

of dress, and left off his kerseymere breeches and top-boots, for trousers, frock-coat, and blue neck-tie. He is thus described by 'Druid' in 'Post and Paddock:' 'His fame at the Corner was at its zenith about the year 1830, when he was a betting partner with Ridsdale. His countenance was calm, but defiant; and whether on horseback or on foot, his carriage was dignified and manly—such as few would excel; and he was said to be one of the finest men that ever lived.'

Mr. Gully was a heavy backer of horses, and kept a few in several stables; but mostly ran them in assumed names of mythical persons, until, when racing at Whitewall and afterwards at Danebury, he ran them in his own name. He lost a good horse in *The Era*, when he ran in a Selling Plate at Doncaster out of the Whitewall stable. He was only part-owner of *Andover* with Mr. Padwick, when the horse won the Derby of 1854. Nor had he ever more than a half-share in *Mendicant* and *Pyrrhus the First*, which shares my father sold him when they were yearlings, after Lord George Bentinck refused to take the former, for whom she was originally bought of Mr. Whitworth, of Bury, Lancashire, for £300. After winning the Derby and Oaks in 1846, the One Thousand Guineas, and other stakes, they were sold, the one to Mr. Elwes, and the mare to Sir Joseph Hawley, in whose hands, in course of time, she became the founder of his celebrated stud, and dam of *Beadsman*, the Derby winner in 1858.

Up to the time they were thus parted with, they were, like *Andover*, trained at Danebury, and both were, as I have said, the joint property of my father and Mr. Gully. But just to show how history is sometimes written, I may mention that in respect to the ownership of these two celebrities, the following appeared in the pages of an anonymous contemporary: 'He, Gully, was formidable with *Weatherbit* and *Old England*, and in 1846 won the Derby with *Pyrrhus the First*, and the Oaks with *Mendicant*, an exploit which has only once been accomplished before, when Sir Charles Bunbury's *Eleanor* carried off both trophies. The victory of *Pyrrhus the First* must have been a bitter pill for old John Day, who had purchased him at Doncaster as a yearling, Mr. Gully agreeing to go halves with him. The horse never ran as a two-year-old, and John Day, being in want of money, valued his share of *Pyrrhus* at the end of the year at £100, which Mr. Gully promptly gave him.'

Now, whatever knowledge the writer may have had of this matter, without the charge of egotism I may say I am likely to know more, and may not therefore be thought critically captious in stating the actual facts. *Pyrrhus the First* was never at Doncaster, and therefore could not have been bought there as a yearling. Having thus disposed of the writer's assertion as to where he was bought, by showing where he was *not* bought, I come to answer that

of Mr. Gully's ever having had more than a half-share in the horse, and the possibility of his having given my father £100 for the remaining half-share. It is not at all unlikely that my father, like other trainers before and after him, may have been in temporary need of money. But no one can for a moment suppose that he would have done anything so fatuously absurd as to have accepted £100 for his half-share of the horse from the ex-pugilist, when, had he felt disposed to part with it at the time, he could readily have got twenty times the amount by offering it to anyone else. But I will go further and show, in the most conclusive manner, how my father became possessed of *Pyrrhus the First*, and what he gave for him and his dam.

In 1843 he bought *Old England* (or, as he was then called, *The Fortress Colt*) of Colonel Bouverie, of Delapre Abbey, Northamptonshire, for £150, as a yearling; and liked him so much (probably having had a taste of his merit), that, in the autumn of that year, he went and saw the Colonel again and asked him what he would take for the colt-foal by *Epirus*, then by the side of his dam. The answer was: 'John, I will sell you the mare *Fortress* and foal for £250, if you like to have them;' and at that price my father bought them, and they went straight to Danebury; which spot the colt, the future *Pyrrhus the First*, never left until he was sold after winning the Derby. So I have no need to repeat that the horse

was never the sole property of Gully; and it will be seen that 'the bitter pill,' so genially spoken of as having been taken by 'old John Day,' was never administered; but instead a sweet oblivious antidote in the shape of his retention intact of a share in a valuable animal. So, too, in respect to *Old England*, although undoubtedly Gully was pleased to call the horse his own, and to usurp a discreditable control over him which he was not entitled to exercise—an attitude of which, I believe, he lived to repent—during the whole period of his running, my father had a half-share in him.

It strikes me here to relate an interesting incident in connection with the re-sale of *Fortress* herself. Before leaving Danebury, on his temporary retirement from business, my father sold his horses in training, and mares and foals. The then Mr. Richard Tattersall, father of the late gentleman of that name, was officiating. Before the sale, Lord Caledon wrote to my father to say he wished he would go as far as 2,000 guineas for *Fortress* for him, he having offered previously that sum for her. This he agreed to do; but forgot all about it till near the fall of the hammer, before the limit was half reached; when my father, naturally in some haste, made one bid, and bought her. He at once informed Mr. Tattersall that the mare was bought for Lord Caledon. But the great salesman was mightily annoyed.

'Sir,' he said, in a towering passion, addressing

himself to my father—'sir, it is the first public lie I have ever been made to tell!'—referring, we must presume, to the fact that the sale was without reserve; and assuming, also, that my father had, in this open fashion, put a reserve on the animal.

I could not then, I cannot now, see the justice of this uncalled-for attack on an employer by a man in his business capacity. The horses, advertised to be sold without reserve, were absolutely sold as advertised. Lord Caledon was but a public purchaser like others. Would the imperious auctioneer demand that he must first consult him? Or why should Lord Caledon not give my father, as well as anyone else, the commission to buy for him? I do not say it was politic on the part of the seller to accept the office, but it was more injurious to him than to the purchaser; and if it had any other result it was advantageous to the public to his detriment, in having a depressing effect upon the remaining part of the sale. And that the sale suffered through the ungenerous imputation, I do not doubt.

I may not agree with the truth of the assertion, though it is as old as the hills, that auctioneers are paid for saying things in the truth of which they do not believe—thus falsely describing matters and things entrusted to them for disposal as a matter of duty. But I may ask, who ever heard of a piece of furniture, old and useless, being described in any other way than as 'this beautiful piece of antique furniture, strong and extremely useful, which seldom falls to

the lot of any auctioneer to have the honour of submitting for public competition'? Was there ever a hack so old and infirm but has been said to be 'well-seasoned and quiet'? And when ever was a thoroughbred one sold, that was not pronounced by the astute auctioneer, before the fall of the hammer, to be 'worth double what he was going for, as many of the great races were entirely at his mercy, and at the stud alone he would be worth considerably more than the trifle he was offered at'?

Gully's character was certainly blackened by one of the gravest faults—ingratitude to those who assisted him when he could not assist himself. This blemish was especially glaring in the case of his friend Mr. Ridsdale, whom he insulted and horsewhipped in the hunting-field. The incident is thus recorded by a contemporary:

'The success with which Gully and Mr. Ridsdale met did not cement their friendship, and their quarrel came at last to a climax in a personal encounter in the hunting-field, when Gully mercilessly thrashed his former partner, after which Mr. Ridsdale brought an action for assault that terminated in a verdict with £500 damages for the plaintiff—a decision which met with so much approval from the bulk of the spectators in the crowded court, most of them hunting-men with whom "Bobby" was very popular, that they gave a rattling view holloa, in which the learned brethren of the Bar and the eminent Judge himself were

maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined.'

The same authority goes on to say: 'This was not the only serious contretemps in which Gully was engaged, for he and Mr. Osbaldeston had words on one occasion. The Squire challenged Gully, had him "out," and sent a ball through his hat. "But better through my hat than my head," said the ex-prize-fighter, as he picked up his headgear and coolly surveyed the bullet-hole, his own taking no effect.'

The ex-bruiser, I should think, would know as much about handling a pistol as a cow would a musket; and in firing it would be as likely to hurt himself as his brave, but injured, little opponent. The causes of the quarrels he had with others I need not mention. It must be sufficient to say that he was of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition, extremely avaricious, and, like men of his class, not over-scrupulously nice in the acquirement of wealth. He knew how to worship the rising sun. Of his quarrel with my father I may perhaps say a word, needless though any explanation is. He contrived to set his son John against him, making a small rift end in an open rupture, which would have been peacefully concluded but for his 'blowing the coal,' aided and abetted in this disgraceful business by his faithful ally, Harry Hill. I must admit with sorrow, not altogether mingled with shame, that to the machinations of this worthy pair the downfall of once glorious Danebury

must be attributed. It is but poor consolation to know that retribution overtook them soon after the completion of this sorry work, and brought with it 'an end of all their greatness;' whilst on their retirement from the scene of their former glory, they were but little missed and soon forgotten altogether.

Of Harry Hill and other members of the confederacy, I shall have something to say later. But I may here tell how he was the cause of much unpleasantness at Whitewall, when Mr. Scott was for the time somewhat indebted to him. It was, I believe, in *West Australian's* year; and the then Lord Derby getting an inkling of what was going on, smartly settled both the difficulty and the man, by giving the latter a cheque for what was due to him, and thus cutting adrift his connection with that formidable stable. As for Danebury itself, like the Stockbridge Market of old, it 'now starts from its slumber in vigour again.' It has of late undergone a thorough renovating, and is one of the most complete and prettiest racing establishments in England; and under the guiding hand of the talented jockey, the lessee, his friends hope it will triumphantly excel in glory even the palmiest days of yore.

I should here observe that though Gully had many horses of his own, as also had Hill, which were worked independently, the two were confederates, and may be said on the whole to have been successful (I am speaking of the time since I knew them),

Amongst those they owned jointly were, I think, *Pitsford, Cymba, Hermit* by *Bay Middleton, Little Harry, Trumpeter*, and other serviceable horses, which would have made fortunes for moderate men. But they were insatiable, and felt poor from not having more, and took the doubtful methods to increase their store to which I must presently refer. I must not omit to say of Gully, before concluding my notice of him, that he was by no means popular with those who knew him best on the turf; and though not a bad judge of a horse, was often 'reputed wise for saying nothing.' For he would muse for hours over his big cigar without uttering a word, and was as reticent in all his affairs as he was in 'the House' when an honourable member. The barrels of beer that he had placed in the streets of Wakefield did more towards securing him a seat in Parliament than his powerful oratory in appealing to the good sense and honourable feelings of the independent Liberal electors.

In private life he was reputed to have been a moderate liver. He was specially fond of carving his own joints, a habit doubtless acquired in early life when he was in the purveying business. He hunted, and this amusement on one occasion nearly cost him his life. Before changing his dress for dinner he went to one of the sheds to look at some beasts he had 'up feeding.' One of them, disliking, I suppose, the colour of his red coat, turned on him, and but for the timely

assistance of the herdsman, the attack would have proved fatal. He never struck a man with his fist after leaving the P. R.; but once with his elbow pushed half a dozen policemen who were standing in a row, down like so many nine-pins. For what reason he did this extraordinary feat is not recorded, nor what was the consequence of his interference with a body of intelligent and active officers whilst on duty. But we may, perhaps, assume that, with their accustomed indulgence to a public character, they let him off, rather than run him in.

Gully was twice married, and had a large family; though I believe but one or two sons survive him. He died at a good old age, about eighty, after losing most of his money and parting with Ackworth Park to his dear and generous friend Hill. He was buried in ground consecrated for the purpose near the house, his last dying request to Hill being to see this done, that he might not be laid by the side of his wife. For being a Unitarian he was not fond of the Roman Catholics, a religion which, when living, she professed.

CHAPTER V.

'THE DANEBURY CONFEDERACY.'

Commissioners and their instructors—How Gully and Hill made fortunes—Laying against 'dead uns'—Gulling the public—Universal temptation—A view of turf parasites in 1832; Richardson, Bland, and others.

Harry Hill; origin—'A thimble and a pea'—Lord George's contempt—Exposed by Mr. Rayner—Disadvantages of lying—Hill's dress and diversions; loses £20,000—Frank Butler 'carpeted'—Caught on the Stock Exchange—'An economic principle'—Intestacy and disappearance of his money.

Mr. Pedley as a bookmaker and songster—Wins the Derby with *Cossack*—Subsequent poverty—An incident at Chester races—Joshua Arnold—*Saucebox* sold below his value—Mr. Turner, another of the clique—The moral, and a plea for it.

In my reference to the 'Danebury Confederates,' in the last chapter, I observed that Messrs. Gully and Hill were not satisfied with the large legitimate receipts of their joint ownership of racehorses. Without receivers there would be no thieves, we know, or at least are assured. This trite proverb has doubtless much truth. But more assuredly, I may affirm, there would be no dishonest racing 'commissioners' did not men moving in a social circle above these their

poor tools, dishonestly instruct them. Men calling themselves gentlemen were found as unscrupulous in days gone by as any that exist to-day; and probably will be so found until the end of time. I, at all events, see no power that may be counted upon to crush out of life this regrettable feature in racing matters. It is an evil not easily detected, although well known to exist; and too powerful, I fear, to be grappled with at present.

As a matter of fact, we may be content to know that Messrs. Gully and Hill did not amass the enormous sums which they at one time put together, by the innocent process of backing their own horses, or even by laying against them in the rare instances in which such a course is justifiable. Yet this always doubtful practice cannot, in any sense, be considered other than dishonest in the case in which laying commissions are accepted. For the agents, who receive them, know that the horses so laid against will not run; and, indeed, it is their own interest to see that they do not. Thus the backers have no chance of winning, which makes the transaction as dishonest, according to the rules of racing, as it must be odious in the sight of every man of principle.

As for the practices of Messrs. Gully, Hill and Co., we may learn something from what appeared recently in the columns of the *Sporting World*. The writer says: 'In fact, it was out of the "dead uns," which used to be the chief source of profit to the operator in

the days prior to the telegraph and training reports, that Fred Swindell, like Harry Hill and others, derived the bulk of his large fortune.'

And well may the result named have been attained. For with Hill offering to lay, and Gully to back, and Joshua Arnold willing to do either or both—all being confederates—the public was completely mystified by the adroit art of these professors, and could not possibly know what would be the course which, in their own interest, it would be best to pursue. So far, perhaps, there was nothing illegitimate in such action. But we must remember that many of those employed, partly from innate dishonesty, and partly from the example set them by their employers, become worse than their instructors; and not content with laying against 'dead uns,' took to laying on their own account against the horses they had undertaken to back for their owners. Moreover, to carry the system to success, it became necessary to bring into requisition the services of stable-boys, jockeys, and others. And their aid was secured in a manner to defy detection. What evil motives have not been, as the result of these nefarious practices, rightly or wrongly imputed to well-known jockeys, who, in consequence, have suffered the severest penalties? Or it may be again asked, how many disreputable 'commissioners' have not made their fortunes out of these dishonest manœuvres at the expense of their confiding patrons?

To Messrs. Gully, Hill, and their confederates may

be attributed, if not the initiation, at least the perfecting of this pernicious system. As to the state of the turf at the time, and the manners of these its parasites, let us hear what 'Sylvanus Urban' has to say, writing of the scene presented at Doncaster in 1832:

'We remember the scene in the betting-rooms at Doncaster in *Margrave's* year, when old Frank Richardson, the blacksmith, a noted turfite, a man who once confessed to a friend that nothing but sobriety had kept him from being hanged, was tabled in the room with the Bonds. The Bonds had a horse in the St. Leger called *Ludlow*, and caused such a scene in the room at Doncaster as will not be readily forgotten by those who took part in it. These men were tabled, with old Beardsworth of Birmingham—formerly driver of a hackney-coach, but then keeper of livery stables—Frank Richardson, just named, and a man called Wagstaff, an audacious fellow, whose teeth literally fitted into each other, like two cross-cut saws set together as a shark's; and surely such a lot, though magnates of the ring and turf, taking all in all, were never brought before the public even at a race-meeting. This was on the eve of the St. Leger, when the din made by the *Margrave* clique, the *Ludlow* tribe, and the Scott division, all yelling and blaspheming in concert, or rather discord, might, nay were, heard in the theatre, though the building is situated many streets distant from the boiling pandemonium.

'It was said the old Duke of Cleveland partly pulled the wires to this sweet *tableau vivant*. And to see his white sardonic countenance, and Gully's threatening, overcharged brow, with Crockey's satanic smile and working jaw, surrounding the table, as the party explained, was to view a picture worthy the pencil of Rembrandt. Old Ord, of *Beeswing* notoriety, also mounted the table, being howling drunk, as usual, and unshaved for a fortnight, and denounced the whole gang as a crew of robbers and miscreants, for whom the gallows would be too good; at which the room only applauded ironically or groaned approval. Then old Jemmy Bland, an atrocious "leg" of the ancient top-booted, semi-highwayman school, and old Crockey got set by the ears like two worn-out mastiffs, and had a few words through their false teeth. The *quasi* fishmonger, paddling his arms in his peculiar way, brought some of his early Billingsgate to bear, and floored old Jemmy, after a few rounds, with some withering slang and not-to-be parried innuendo, though the opponents made a fight of it to the last.'

If we are to judge of a man from the company he keeps, I don't think that Mr. Gully would stand very high in the esteem of his countrymen in the present day, if there be any truth in what I have transcribed. Nor would his doubtful reputation be enhanced by the fact of his close connection with the renowned Harry Hill, of whose personality and doings I may now say something.

Like Messrs. Padwick and Gully, Hill kept many horses at other places than Danebury; but how many in number, or what they were, it was difficult to ascertain. Tradition speaks of his origin as being a boots at a public-house. It runs thus: 'Mr. Henry Unwell, a racing star of the first magnitude, notwithstanding he was erewhile an under-boots at an hotel in Manchester, and made his way up to town on foot, carrying his furniture—then but a small table and thimble, with a few peas—on his person.'

The same authority goes on to say that Lord George Bentinck would sooner himself keep on his feet in his own apartments for half a day, than let a fellow like Hill sit down in his presence. From this circumstance we may infer that Hill, like Gully, used to bet for his lordship, and I presume for or against his own horses. However, he soon made money, and was allowed to associate with men quite as particular in the selection of their company as was Lord George himself; though it is not unlikely that, in many cases, the association in this way was more from necessity than choice.

On one occasion Harry Hill was fairly caught and publicly shown up. A Mr. Rayner, of histrionic fame, was, like many men, fond of dabbling in the seductive game of betting, and usually entrusted his commission to Hill, whom he was foolish enough to look upon as 'his friend.' Meeting at the rooms at Newmarket, where bettors most do congregate, Mr. Rayner asked

Hill to put him a pony on a certain horse, which the latter agreed to do. The horse won; and the next day Hill was asked for the money, according to custom, at the White Hart, opposite the rooms, in the presence of a motley group.

'I did not put it on,' was the reply, 'and forgot to declare so before the race.'

The excuse was too lame to be admitted for a moment; and, in an intolerable if natural rage, Mr. Rayner denounced him in no measured terms as a scoundrel, and the very prince of the low profession he so ably represented. Hill made no reply. He stood mute and motionless, his countenance blanched with fear. He felt the accusation keenly, although it is likely it was not the first occasion on which his word had been questioned.

> 'The wretch that often has deceived,
> Though truth he speak, is ne'er believed.'

I do not introduce the couplet with any intention to suggest that Hill was likely to be speaking the truth; but merely to show that, owing to his antecedents, he would not have been believed if he had done so. The truth of this incident is undoubted. I had it from a gentleman still living, who witnessed the scene and heard every word that passed. This, with other things, will give a pretty clear notion of what Mr. Hill's character was even in his business transactions, in which it behoves men the most dishonest to be circumspect and correct in their dealings with their

customers, or they would soon have none to deal with.

From betting, and his other curious transactions on the turf, Harry Hill soon amassed a princely fortune, the whole of which, miser-like as he was, he did not retain to the end. He was always to be seen in the evening at the Coach and Horses, Dover Street, Piccadilly, not in the most select company. He was slovenly in his dress, wearing a faded black suit that appeared to have been made for his grandfather, so ill it fitted him. He was not particular as to cleanliness, and his hard features were too surely an index of the working of his mind. His conversation was licentious and vulgar; though I do not doubt that he himself may have esteemed his vile wit the essence of cleverness. 'Indebted to his memory for his wit, and to his imagination for his facts,' he would crack his sides with laughter at his own personal and ill-timed gibes, not being ashamed to utter what others would blush to hear.

> 'Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart
> Than when a blockhead insult points the dart.'

In spite of lack of education and a dense ignorance of most things, he had common-sense in the knowledge of how to look after his money. Yet, like others more deserving, he had his reverses. His heaviest loss was in the St. Leger, in *West Australian's* year, when Frank Butler was carpeted before Colonel Anson and Mr. Bowes, and told his fate if he did

not win. This summary and very needful procedure naturally upset the plans of Hill and his colleagues, by which, in the method described, they had made sure of benefiting themselves at the expense of the unwary. Hill at once changed his tactics, hedging all he could, which was but little, it not being easy then to find anyone that would lay. This incident led to his expulsion from the Whitewall stable, as I have before related, and to his losing £20,000 on the race. Once, on the Stock Exchange, like Mr. Padwick, he thought he knew something—in fact, more than those accustomed to the speculative amusement of dealing in scrip—but found, after losing £40,000 in one year, that however clever he was, he was now matched with others who knew more, and was never afterwards seen in the vicinity of Capel Court.

He lived some years in retirement after the death of his friend Gully. He would be seen occasionally at the Hampton Court sale of yearlings, indulging, to the last, his rude familiarities both in the sale-ring and at the luncheon-table. For Hill, like Diogenes, was fond of drinking the wines that cost him nothing, and feasting on the same economic principle. But when it came to touching his own pocket, it may truly be said he lived in affluence without enjoying its comforts. The last time I saw him was at Mr. Rice's Medical Hall, Piccadilly, nearly blind, and as full of complaints and trouble as ever. He left no will; at least, none was ever proved, having, it is surmised,

but little to leave, much to the surprise of those who knew the immense wealth he once possessed—Ackworth Park being the only property left by him at the time of his death. The disappearance of his ready-money may be variously accounted for. Probably the number of his lady favourites may have had something to do with the economic disposal of it; for that in such transactions they would be the greatest gainers few people will dispute. It is also said that, in order to save Succession Duty, he disposed of the remainder of his property to his son by deed of gift in his expiring moments, thus showing that the ruling passion—love of money—like his intellect, was strong in death.

Mr. Pedley, another of the confederacy, was a North-countryman, hailing from Huddersfield, and also rose from the ranks. He commenced betting, like all the rest of his class, with the smallest possible capital, and soon reached the coveted dignity of a professional. He was in his calling reputable, and made a large book. He was well known from his ungainly figure and stentorian voice. He could be heard shouting all over the ring, 'I'll lay against the favourite: two monkeys to one against anything!' in a thundering tone. Yet his voice was a musical one, and he was fond of singing. Of the possession of the gift, some proof has reached us in an account of a party given by Gully at Newmarket. 'Pedley,' so it runs, 'in due course roared out like old Boreas, sub-

dued to a baritone, "The Cats on the Housetops are Mewing, Love." Gully lighted a cigar, Bill Scott a clay, the latter remarking that if Pedley was not audible at Cambridge it was not for want of bellows, and that he was a real stunner at a chorus.'

With the acute sagacity of all his class, Pedley was never known to lay more than the proper odds, except in the case of 'sickness.' Then he would be a little more liberal in his terms; sometimes, indeed, even to rashness in desperate cases. He had several horses, which he trained at Danebury, and won the Derby with *Cossack* in 1847. The victory appears to have done him but a temporary service, as he came to grief shortly afterwards. I learned he was poor quite accidentally. I saw him at Chester in *Our Mary Ann's* year, 1870, and he asked me what I would advise him to back. I told him to have £100 on her, as I thought she would win, and was worth the investment. With mournful significance he replied, 'I wish I could;' and added, 'Things now with me are very different from what they used to be.' After the race he came and heartily thanked me. He had won £500, which he took to a pony, as he could afford to stand to lose no more, and it had saved him. This was the last time I ever saw him. He married one of Mr. Gully's daughters, and so became a member of the Danebury Racing Confederacy; and died shortly after the event I have just related, in anything but flourishing circumstances. I may mention that

amongst his creditors was Mr. Fred Swindell, for £300, money lent. The amount was taken out in wines, which had the reputation of being of rare vintages, and very choice; and probably truly so, if they were taken by Mr. Swindell for his own consumption, for that gentleman was not only a good judge of wine, but drank the best always, cost what it would.

Joshua Arnold was another of the group, of whom little need be said, as his light was soon obscured by the dazzling effulgence of the master-spirits. He was by occupation a bookmaker and commissioner, in which capacity he worked for and with Gully and Hill; and, like his masters, trained horses at Danebury. The best horse he ever owned was *Saucebox*, which, after his death, Harry Hill, with his usual kindness, took possession of; but, in ignorance of his merits, disposed of this really good horse to Mr. T. Parr. In the following year he won the St. Leger, and many other good races. From some cause or other Arnold became deranged in his intellect, and was placed under restraint, and died soon afterwards in an asylum.

Mr. Turner was another of these so-called Danebury patrons, of whom I confess I know but little. He was, I believe, a bill-discounter of an eminent West-End type, and kept a few horses, more, as may be guessed, for the sake of the company he might meet in racing, than for what he might win by means of the

animals themselves. I think few, if any, of his horses ran in his own name. I am therefore unable to describe or even name them. But if any did, I am afraid their achievements were not great, or I should probably have seen or heard something of them.

In this chapter I have described but a few of the many doughty acts in which the renowned Danebury confederacy played so conspicuous and unenviable a part. I do not for a moment profess to vouch for the accuracy of every statement. Yet so far as I can judge, the facts set forth may be relied upon as being substantially correct. Many of them are given from my own personal knowledge, and in so far are literally correct, as I have endeavoured to set them forth with candour, and without partiality, to the best of my recollection. If in their narration I have felt bound to express myself in no measured terms, it is, I must trust to the reader to believe, rather from a conviction that deeds of the kind exercise a most baneful influence on our national sport, than from any desire to be arbitrarily critical. My motive, and the risk I run in carrying it out, have before been expressed in better words than any I can pretend to give:

> 'E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
> Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;
> Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
> "What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"
> And every brother rake will smile to see
> That miracle, a moralist, in me.'

CHAPTER VI.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

My knowledge of his lordship—Purchase of *Bay Middleton*—Lameness cured by my brother—Failure at the stud—A Yorkshire view of him—His produce—Lease of *Venison*, and attempt to get him back—Not a lucky breeder—Early races and successes—Performances of *Crucifix*—Change of luck on leaving Danebury—Amount of his winnings—Race between *Grey Momus* and *Bamboo*—The running confirmed—Lord Suffield's disappointment—A rival jockey bids me win—*Bay Middleton's* Derby—Lavish entry of yearlings—*Crucifix* trial—Her breakdown—The secret kept—*Tripoli* in the Feather Plate; action of the Jockey Club—Horses run unprepared, proved by in-and-out running—*Gaper* and *Miss Elis*—Castration of *Naworth*—A comparison.

Of the Hon. William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, commonly called and familiarly known as Lord George Bentinck, so much has been written by abler hands than mine, that I feel diffident in attempting to add more to the existing records of his life. Yet I feel I may be able to contribute something of interest to the better knowledge of one of the most conspicuous characters that ever graced the

turf. It is far from my intention to attempt to disprove anything that has been written concerning himself, his actions, his honour, or his honesty. I may find it needful and serviceable to correct certain errors of fact, such as that into which Admiral Rous fell concerning the weight carried by *Tripoli* for the Feather Plate at Newmarket. But I may be allowed to say that not a little has appeared on the subject of the doings of this nobleman, which, far from being literally true, would bear a very different significance if the circumstances connected with them were thoroughly understood.

I may say, at the outset, that I do not intend for a moment to expatiate in exaggerated terms on the matter, or to paint the facts in any other than their true colours. If it be my fate in what I have to tell to run counter to the preconceived notions of the attributes of this patrician, I must say in excuse that a glowing eulogy on all that he did or said would be, in the present day, an outrage to common-sense. But just as Johnson tells us that 'no man can teach others anything of which he himself is ignorant,' I hold I shall not be trespassing beyond common fairness if I write of the man only such things as, in my opinion, may serviceably instruct or interest a later generation; whilst being careful to advance nothing as an ascertained fact for which I have not the voucher of either personal experience or unassailable authority; remembering, too, I hope, that lesson which tells us:

'Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.'

My first recollection of racing and racing men dates back from 1836, when *Bay Middleton* won the Derby, and was soon afterwards transferred from Newmarket to Danebury, Lord Jersey having sold him, after his racing career, to Lord George Bentinck for £4,000, then considered an enormous sum for a stallion. This event will serve as a fit introduction of the latter's connection with the Danebury stable. On the horse's arrival he was found to be lame, but as nothing could be seen to account for it, the lameness was attributed to rheumatism. He was consequently once more put to work, which soon betrayed the seat of the injury. *Bay Middleton* had very high action when galloping slow, and it was discovered that he continually struck the inside of his off-knee with his near fore-foot. It may be remembered that *Lecturer* did much the same in later years, and had to be run in tips, or half-shoes, which prevented or minimized the self-inflicted injury. The discovery was made by my brother John, who effected a cure by letting the horse wear a peculiarly constructed boot. On hearing of this, Lord George, in writing to my father, said: 'For his skill in detecting the injury he [John] ought to have a crown of gold as a fitting tribute for such eminent services.' But how did he show his gratitude? By, within a very short space of time, persecuting him with the

most bitter malignity, until his lordship left Danebury, and even after!

At the stud *Bay Middleton* was a gigantic failure. I remember that when the man who came to Danebury to take him to Doncaster, where most of his lordship's mares were kept—'a tyke,' I need not say—saw him, he remarked derisively:

'If he was not *Bay Middleton*, he would have to beg his bread in Yorkshire.'

I cannot call to mind so good a horse with such running blood in his veins, so bad a sire. He was the largest thoroughbred I ever saw, very tall, nearly seventeen hands high, with a bad middle, being as shallow in his fore-ribs as he was light in his back, and stood wretchedly bad on his fore-legs—upright as a walking-stick—and light below the knee. He had forty to fifty of the best mares put to him for many years, and, if I remember right, got very few good ones for his lordship himself. Of his produce, *Flying Dutchman*, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, was Lord Eglinton's; and *Andover*, also a Derby winner, was bred by Mr. William Etwall, of Longstock, Hants—once a Blue-coat boy. Nor were *Hermit*, *Aphrodite*, or *Vanderdecken* bred by Lord George. But the following two were: *Farintosh* out of *Camarine's* dam, a most beautiful yearling, and heavily engaged—but he went a roarer, and was good for nothing; and *Gaper*, who could run, but was far from a good horse. Several of the rest he bred won

many races, but none were first-class, and nothing like so good as their sire, though many closely resembled him in shape and lightness under the knee.

On the other hand, his really good stud-horse, *Venison*, was let by his lordship to Mr. Sadler for three years at £300 a year, with the option of purchase for £1,500 at the expiration of the time. In connection with the lease of this stallion I have to give the first instance of his lordship's peculiar notions of dealing with others. Seeing how blood-like was the stock which *Venison* got, his lordship wanted to have him back again, and adopted the following ingenious method to gain his end. Calling on Mr. Sadler in one of his most affable moods, he said :

'By the way, I have a foreigner who wishes to buy *Venison*, of whom I can get a fair price ; and as I don't suppose you would like to keep him, I shall esteem it a favour if you will let me have him.'

But genial as was the request, Mr. Sadler naturally did not see the force of it. It was at the time supposed, and most probably rightly, that his lordship wanted him for himself. Very shortly after the failure of this attempt to recover him, *Venison* passed into the hands of my father and his son-in-law, Mr. George Dixon, whose joint property he remained until his death from fever of the feet, at Broughton, near Stockbridge.

In fact, had not Lord George bought as well as

bred yearlings, his racing career, I suspect, would have been short and disastrous. *Crucifix*, the best mare he ever owned, was bought with *Octaviana*, her dam, of Lord Chesterfield for £60. *Grey Momus* came from Sir Tatton Sykes' stud. *Venison* my father bought for him for a small sum from Lord Lonsdale. He also bought *D'Egville* for £500, and most of his lordship's yearlings at that time. I should add that his lordship was a most extensive breeder, having over sixty brood mares, and the most costly stud in England, if not in the world.

Lord George, so far as is known, commenced racing in 1835 or 1836, under favourable circumstances. In the latter year he won his first Leger with *Elis*, trained at Newmarket by Mr. John Doe, and ridden by my father. The following successful horses were trained at Danebury: *Venison*, who won for him twelve races out of the fourteen he ran for as a three-year-old, feats of endurance little less than some of the horses trained by Mr. T. Parr himself were called upon to undergo. He was only beat by *Bay Middleton* for the Derby, and by the five-year-old *Touchstone* for the Doncaster Cup. *Drummer*, *Chapeau D'Espagne*, and *Foozool* were other horses that ran, and each was a winner. With a stud increased to nine, in 1836 five of his horses carried his colours to victory. In 1838 *Grey Momus* won him the Two Thousand, the Ascot Cup, and five other races; *Chapeau D'Espagne* the 300 sov. Sweepstakes at Goodwood (Queen's Plate course);

whilst *Foozool*, *Seth*, *Mulberry Wine*, and *Ratsbane* were all winners. For several years success followed success, for we find his lordship with *Crucifix* winning seven of the best two-year-old races, and dividing the eighth, the Criterion Stakes, with General Yates's *Gibraltar*, after running a dead heat. *Grey Momus* followed his success of the previous year by winning the Post Stakes. *Capote*, *Sal Volatile*, and *D'Egville* were also winners. *Grey Milton* ran in two races, which were won by his lordship's other horses. *Dormouse* was the only horse that ran once and was beat; but with this exception every other horse was either a winner or was only beaten in races in which the winner was some other horse in the same interest.

Such luck year after year seems almost incredible, and too good to last. Yet the following year may almost be said to have eclipsed its predecessor. The Two Thousand, One Thousand, and the Oaks fell to *Crucifix*, making eleven races in which she had not suffered defeat, and her winnings alone over £11,000. Whilst of his remaining ten horses only two were beat, or, I should more correctly say, were not winners. Success, however, had only the effect of making his lordship utterly impatient of defeat, and next year caused him, on almost his earliest reverses, to leave Danebury for Goodwood. But the change was not satisfactory, and must have reminded Lord George of a certain 'discontented little fish which jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

For at Goodwood, with a string increased threefold, he met with nothing like the same good fortune. It is true that he won many races and some important stakes with *Miss Elis;* but on the whole the results, due to his own mismanagement, must be considered very much below what might have been expected from one of the very best studs in the whole world.

As to his winnings, there can be no doubt that he won more over *Crucifix*, when she won the Oaks, than over any other race. On this occasion he seriously crippled the ring, which, amongst other little accomplishments, he sincerely hoped and tried to break. But the recuperative powers of the magic circle are inexhaustible, and it still reigns supreme, and is likely to hold undisputed sway. In all her two-year-old races, as I have said, *Crucifix* ran a winner, and in every race he backed her heavily outright and for the Oaks coupled; repeating the same tactics the following year on the Two Thousand, and One Thousand. I see one authority puts him down as having won £20,000 over the Oaks alone. This I consider very much below the mark. If we double the sum and add £60,000 for his winnings on her in other races, we should not be over-shooting it.

With this outline of the general result of his lordship's racing career, I may now offer some interesting particulars of individual races. When *Grey Momus* won for him the Two Thousand, ridden in straw-coloured satin, Mr. Thornhill's *Saintfoin* was second,

whilst the third, Lord Suffield's *Bamboo*, was a horse that the Newmarket people thought could not be equalled, much less beaten. The race was a memorable one. It was run at a good pace all the way, *Bamboo* leading several lengths to the bushes and across the bottom; but he tired on ascending the hill, and was beat. Lord Suffield and many other people, including Mr. Boyce, the trainer, said that the jockey, Arthur Pavis, lost it from bad riding. Indeed, the race itself was a show. Trainers were seen riding wildly excited, their hats waving in the air, and shouting at the top of their stentorian voices, 'There he goes! There he goes! They will never catch him!' believing it impossible they should do. But he tired to nothing. In the evening, Lord Suffield, not being satisfied with the result of the race, challenged Lord George to run again for £1,000 a side at the same weights over the same course in the October Meeting. My father being consulted, said:

'Make the match now, and we shall win; but if you wait till October, when *Bamboo* is made better from condition, we shall lose.'

The match was accordingly made for the Friday, for £1,000 a side—though ostensibly for £300 only—as Lord George was afraid it might come to his father's ears, who would not have liked his matching for so large a sum. The race was run at the best pace, by which the others hoped to correct the supposed error made in the running of the first event, *Bamboo*

leading to the bushes, when he again stood still from the severity of the pace, and *Grey Momus* won much more easily than he did before—a result certain, indeed, from the way in which the race was run. It was bad enough to get beat with a good horse unprepared, but much worse not to have known it; and the height of folly to make running with a horse in such a condition, after seeing how he tired in the first race. There was much betting on both events, particularly on the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, and the excitement great. I think the amount of money Lord Suffield lost over the two races was the cause of his temporary retirement from the turf; but he afterwards had his revenge, for *Caravan* beat *Grey Momus* in the Houghton Meeting, over the T. M. M., in a match for 1,000 sovereigns; as did *Vulture*, Colonel Peel's mare, for the same sum when he was a two-year-old.

Lord George did not, on the whole, get much by his matching for heavy sums; for I do not remember that he ever matched any of his other horses for so large a stake, though he made many matches for less. With respect to *Grey Momus*, I should perhaps tell that when he won the Ascot Cup, beating *Caravan* and *Epirus*, the jockey of the latter must, I think, have backed the gallant grey which I was riding. For just as we entered the straight he rode up beside me, and shouted excitedly in his well-known tongue, 'Go on, go on, or you will be beat!' and then disappeared like a shooting-star from the front, and I

won easily. It was said that Lord George won £20,000 on this race. He also won a large stake over *Bay Middleton* for the Derby, entirely from his beating *Elis* in the Two Thousand. In the latter, although *Bay Middleton* won only by a neck, my father, who rode *Elis*, always declared he won in a common canter, and attributed the closeness of the finish to his 'slipping' James Robinson, and nearly snatching the race out of the fire. Nor was he singular in this opinion, for others thought so too, and subsequent running proved the truth of his belief.

When Lord George knew the form of *Crucifix* as a yearling at Danebury, he entered her in every race worth running for that he could find unclosed; and not only her, but with her all the rest of his horses of the same age, so that no one should know which he thought the best. She was tried with *Seth*, an old horse, at two stone, with several other yearlings that were beat a long way, myself up, my father riding the old one. Just as we started, we saw three or four chimney-sweeps standing in the way; and as they would not move till we got close to them, *Crucifix*, who was leading—for I could not keep her back—took fright, and ran out of the course, and we finished at the back instead of the front of the stand as we had intended—she winning easily. Lord George's notion of engaging all his yearlings, good and bad together, for such a purpose as keeping the public in the dark as to his plans, might have been a

very costly experiment. For had *Crucifix* broken down before running, or gone amiss early, the amount he would have had to pay in stakes and forfeits would have been enormous.

Shortly after *Crucifix* won the Oaks she did break down. This misfortune served to throw some light on the peculiar racing ethics held by his lordship, and showed that he was not incapable of doughty deeds hardly worthy the great Mentor, 'The Napoleon of the Turf,' and most noble supporter of its moral rectitude. The secret was so well kept that the mare remained for a long time afterwards first favourite for the Leger; and there can be no doubt that his lordship succeeded in laying a large stake against her, either personally or through agents. Moreover, the fact that he could not secure my father's co-operation in his plan was one of the causes of his leaving Danebury, as I shall show when I have an opportunity of relating the particulars of the rupture.

From this point we must, I fear, come to the consideration of some of the more doubtful actions in the racing career of this nobleman, if we would arrive at a true estimate of his character, and of his influence on turf morality. In the memorable race at Newmarket for the Feather Plate—the last three miles of the Beacon Course—*Tripoli* was entered, and ridden by Bob West, a lad in our stable, carrying 7 st. 10 lb. Here I have to correct the mistake before referred to, made by the Admiral, who, in his book, gives the

weight as 7 st. 5 lb. *Tripoli* made the running, and was beaten a long way. This was done, as will be at once recognised, to deceive the handicapper and the public at large; for these would naturally suppose, without knowing to the contrary, that the horse carried the weight of the other two-year-olds—about 3 st. 10 lb. or 4 st. But carrying the weight he did, his form as shown was utterly untrue. Who would suppose that this high-minded nobleman could have done a thing which compelled the Jockey Club to look on it with disgust, and in order to prevent a repetition of the offence, to substitute fresh conditions for those he had violated? We see this paragon of perfection, for the sake of conquest and the achievement of an object wretched in itself, practising the very thing which in others he sternly condemned.

On the point, I take the following from Admiral Rous's work on horse-racing: 'The chief alterations are the specification of feather-weights (Rule 3), which in the olden time were considered to be 4 st.; and feather, like catch weights, were not called into the scales until it was discovered, in 1841, that *Tripoli*' (Lord George's horse) 'carried 7 st. 5 lb. in the Feather Plate—last three miles B. C.' Lord George's brilliant talent, usually so effectively displayed, was not shown to advantage over this affair; for the flimsy trick was seen through, and his worthy intentions frustrated by his own folly. The light-weighted *Tripoli* won the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath the

following year, carrying a real feather—not a 7 st. 10 lb. one; but to his lordship's unutterable disgust the public had the money, as whenever he wanted to back him, at whatever price, there was always some one before him offering to take it, or a less price; though after all he only won by a head, beating my brother-in-law Wm. Sadler's mare, *Bellissima*, which I rode, carrying 7 st. 13 lb.

There is no doubt that many of his lordship's horses, with his knowledge, ran unprepared, for the purpose of deceiving, not only the world at large, but his friends also, in order that on a future and fixed occasion he might reap alone the full reward of this policy. Indeed, he was frank enough to say, perhaps not altogether without reason: 'If you wish to have anything made public write it to your friend in confidence—everyone will soon hear of it.' To prove his predilection for this curious method, it is only needful to refer to the in and out running of a few of his horses. *Gaper*, for instance, the sensational Derby favourite of 1843, in the previous year ran last in his first race and first in his last race, notwithstanding that in the latter ran *Cotherstone* himself, who afterwards won the Derby. Who can reconcile this difference? Again, *Miss Elis*, in 1844, as a two-year-old, ran five races, and was beaten in every one of them—though to save appearances she won a little match carrying 5 st.—and in the following year ran equally badly until she reached

Goodwood, when she astonished everyone by winning the Stakes and Cup, beating *Weatherbit*, who was always 7 lb. better than *Old England* and other good horses. I think if horses belonging to anyone else had run in such a suspicious way as these and many others that I could mention which belonged to his lordship, he would have been the first to have caused a searching inquiry into all the circumstances; and if the least doubt had appeared to exist as to the honesty of the purpose for which they were started, all connected with the matter would have been mercilessly condemned. For the sake of the reputation of Danebury, it must be remembered that all this conflicting running took place when his horses were trained at Goodwood, except in the cases of *Tripoli* and *Naworth*, the former of which I have accounted for, as the latter readily can be. For *Naworth*, in order to qualify, was castrated, and ran shortly after, whilst smarting from the unhealed wounds caused by the painful operation, only to lose the race he started for. This incident calls to mind another which has been duly recorded in the following words:

'Tregonwell Frampton was an accomplished scoundrel and thorough rogue, although a wealthy man and Master of the Horse in several reigns; and has all the appearance of villainy in his features, if a portrait we have seen of him in an old mansion in Yorkshire at all resembles the original. The old

wretch is there drawn coolly superintending the castrating of his horse *Dragon* on the very race-course, in order to qualify him for the race in which he had, as it is currently recorded, to struggle, mangled, bleeding and humiliated as he was. It is further reported that he won, and died immediately after.'

I have no wish to attribute any of the characteristics so plainly given to this worthy to our own paragon, who in personal appearance at all events was very dissimilar. But in the sentiment and principle of the two actions, what is there that differs ? The one did it for an immediate gain, which he secured at the cruel loss of his horse ; the other for a deferred one, which he missed whilst running his own tortured animal totally for the purpose of deceit.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (*continued*).

The Derby of 1839—Objection to Mr. Ridsdale's *Bloomsbury*—Lord George's defiance of the Jockey Club; brought into court; result—Lord George's motive (?)—Exposure of the *Running Rein* swindle; his interest therein—Scourges minor faults of the turf—Levanters—Conduct towards Glen the baker—His wagering on *Bay Middleton* for the Derby and on *Elis* for the St. Leger contrasted—False trial of *Cherokee*—Behaviour to Mr. Wreford—Difference with Mr. Greville—How *Preserve* simulated influenza—A coughing-bridle—Wins £2,000 from Wm. Scott on *Red Deer*—Solicitude for morality of trainers not always carried out—A race in a fog, and curious decision—Am asked to swear to what I do not know—Accuses 'The Squire' of swindling—Episode of the duel; reflections thereon—Reputed munificence, but faint proofs thereof—Takes back a gift.

It will now, perhaps, not be amiss to examine some of the laudable actions by which Lord George Bentinck aimed to benefit the turf, and to see if such a construction can be put upon them as will fairly entitle him to be considered entirely disinterested in what he undertook to do. I may begin with a prominent case, in which, entirely at his own expense and risk, as should be well known to his contemporaries, he

essayed to deprive Mr. Ridsdale of the fruits of the victory of his horse *Bloomsbury* in the Derby of 1839. The ground of his complaint was a false and insufficient entry, and Lord George chivalrously claimed the race for *Deception*, quite against the wishes of her owner, Mr. Fulwar Craven, and brought an action to prove his case. He was defeated, and to anyone but a tyro, such a result would appear inevitable. For in that year Rule 58, summarised, stood as follows: 'If any horse is objected to before ten o'clock in the morning of the day of starting, the owner must produce a certificate or other document to the stewards or other authorities; but should the qualification of a horse be objected to after that time, the person making the objection must prove the disqualification.' In the case of *Bloomsbury*, the injustice of the objection is most apparent. The two stewards, gentlemen of the highest honour, were invited by Lord George to invert, and in fact did invert, the order of things; and instead of leaving him, as acting for Mr. Craven, or, in truth, for himself, to prove this alleged disqualification, as the rule referred to directed, called upon Mr. Ridsdale to prove his qualification. With this demand Mr. Ridsdale, though under no compulsion to do so, readily complies, proves his case to the satisfaction of the stewards, and the race is awarded to the winner—to put it in the only correct way.

In justice to the stewards, I submit the account of this business that appeared in the 'Racing Calendar'

of that year, which it will be seen does not in any material point alter the case as I have represented it: 'On the Friday after the race the owner of *Deception* made an objection to the pedigree of *Bloomsbury*, and requested that the stakes might be withheld to give time to investigate the matter, to which the stewards assented. On Tuesday morning Messrs. Weatherby received the following letter from the stewards:

'Epsom,
'*May* 21, 1839.

'To Messrs. Weatherby,

'We, the stewards of Epsom Races, considering that although, by Rule 58, when the qualification of any horse is objected to after the race, the onus of proof lies upon the party objecting, yet that we are not thereby precluded from receiving proof of such qualification from the owner of the horse objected to, if he shall see fit to tender it, we have this day, at the request of Mr. Ridsdale, examined the evidence tendered by him in support of the qualification of his horse *Bloomsbury*, and are of opinion that the entry in the Calendar is correct, that *Bloomsbury* was qualified to start for the Derby, and that the owner is entitled to the stake.

(Signed) 'Gilbert Heathcote,
'J. de Teissier.'

Now most people would think that an authoritative decision of this kind would have been final. But

this was not the result with the prime mover in this matter. The namer of *Deception* gave notice to the stake-holder not to pay over the stakes, and they were withheld; and the question was brought into a court of law and tried at the Liverpool Assizes in August, when a verdict was found for Mr. Ridsdale, the stakes meantime having been paid into the Court of Exchequer. The actual question in dispute, I should perhaps add, was whether *Bloomsbury* should not have been described as 'by *Tramp* or *Mulatto*.'

As affecting Lord George himself, the matter was one of motive. What, I may ask, induced him to hurl defiance at the stewards, and by impugning their decision and trying to set it aside in a court of law, bring contempt upon the whole body of the Jockey Club? Like another amiable character, Lord George, I am afraid, 'was nothing if not critical,' and like him also ofttimes 'his jealousies found faults that were not.' In this case no roguery was complained of, nor sinister motive imputed to anyone. What then, it may be inquired, was the aim of the objection? Surely we shall not presume to think, as some uncharitable persons have suggested, that Lord George was a heavy loser on the horse that won, and would have gained a large sum if only he could have, rightly or wrongly, got the race given to his friend's mare. In this view of it, the stake was a good one, and worth playing for, though he missed it. Rather is it

not more charitable to attribute the interference to an innate uncontrollable desire to meddle with other people's affairs, and not always, as we may complacently conclude, for the good of the turf?

But I must not forget that Lord George was the cause of bringing to light the plot of which *Running Rein*, alias *Maccabius*, and Mr. Goodman Levy were the heroes, in the Derby of 1844. The story is too well known to bear repetition. As the result of his victory, Lord George received the united thanks of the public in recognition of his fierce desire, like another Hercules, 'to cleanse the Augean stable;' and moreover was heartily congratulated on the successful termination of the trial by his old and close friend, the gallant Colonel (afterwards General) Peel, the owner of *Orlando*, to whom the race was finally awarded. Without wishing in the least to imply, in this instance, the existence of any motive beyond 'the fierce desire' to which I have referred, it is at least not unfair to point out that such a thing as his lordship's having stood a large sum of money on his old friend's horse was within the range of probability. And the malignant might urge that this may have, in some way, acted as a stimulus to the vigorous prosecution of this diabolical offence. At all events, I cannot believe, nor will anyone else, that his lordship backed *Running Rein*, knowing his dislike to all plebeian owners, whom, had he had but the power, he would have swept off the face of the earth 'in one fell

swoop.' In this light, the reversal of the places may not have been altogether unwelcome, for another reason than the vindication of turf morality.

That his lordship also hugely benefited the morals of the turf in other directions I am the last to deny. Witness his action in fining the clerk of the course at Goodwood five shillings for every minute he was behind time in having the horses ready to start. It is true the unfortunate man's watch was to be regulated by the clock at Goodwood, a mile from the scene of action, and that this proviso may have slightly interfered with the accurate carrying out of the rule. But as punctuality was always strictly attended to, the rule not being broken was never enforced, and no longer exists. Nevertheless, if admirable intentions be the basis of our judgment, his lordship in this case must undoubtedly be regarded as a true reformer of racing abuses.

We must remember, too, that his magnanimous deeds extended to that erratic and most objectionable class called 'Levanters,' with sweeping severity. Here, again, his lordship did good service to the cause he so heartily espoused—the dignity and honour of the turf. In this respect one instance must suffice to show the cause and effect of what he did, and how and for what purpose he did it. Glen, the well-known 'baker,' then living in Regent Street (if I mistake not), lost to his lordship £2,000, and offered to pay him half, saying he 'would give him the rest as soon

as possible.' But his lordship's dignified reply was, though curt, to the purpose.

'No, sir,' he said; 'men have no business to bet that have not the means to pay if they lose, and at the proper time, punctually; and unless you do so at once, I shall proclaim and denounce you as a defaulter.'

I believe that in this case Lord George, for the good of the turf, of which he was the great ethological exponent, pursued the best possible plan in order to keep it free from defaulters—and, which of course was a mere bagatelle in his eyes, of getting his own money. He knew Glen stood well with the ring, and had a good business; that to be a defaulter in the one, or to lose the other, would be his ruin; and that rather than either disastrous event should happen, he would, in some way or other, find the money and pay the debt. This expected result, however, did not come off. We are told that after the solemn words of admonition fell from his lordship's lips, Glen, in uttering the words 'Impossible, my lord,' gave an audible portentous coarse sort of sigh or sob, which, like yawning, proved catching. For at the very moment of his expressing his inability to pay, his lordship became —like his horse—a gaper, and 'gave a sort of superb groan,' an involuntary expression of which Mr. Disraeli may have been thinking when he made use of the same words. But a disappointment of the kind could not, any more than other annoyances, be brooked by so

august a personage; and his lordship added to the turf a defaulter, and lost his own money. This he did, as some may think, by a refinement of cruelty. For both results might have been averted, but for the slight mistake he made in the imperious way in which he tried to enforce the fulfilment of his moral tenets.

I have said his lordship was always a heavy better, and won largely over *Bay Middleton* on the Derby. Indeed, he won most of the money. The owner, Lord Jersey, found himself in the pleasing position of being able to win very little, Lord George having forestalled him in every direction, as no doubt he had a perfect right to do. But how, may we ask, did Lord George himself act over the Leger when, as the owner of *Elis*, he found himself in a similar position? More astute than Lord Jersey had been, he declared that he had been forestalled, and vowed that unless he had what he was pleased to term fair odds laid him to a certain sum—and that not a small one—against his horse, he should scratch him. *Elis*, for the St. Leger, was as much a public horse as was *Bay Middleton* for the Derby; and the public had as perfect a right to back the one as the other. Yet in this different way of treating the same subject by two equally high-minded noblemen, I have never heard Lord Jersey praised for his straightforward conduct, nor Lord George censured for what some may regard as his successful attempt 'to ride roughshod over the community,' when, having the whiphand of them, he compelled the public to

give up to him bets they had taken for themselves, as they had a perfect right to do. Or it may have been but an illustration of the familiar adage that 'one man may steal a horse, whilst another may not look over the gate.'

Lord George was unfortunate in other ways. Who so forward to impose fines on others? or who broke the restrictions more frequently in the spirit, if not in the letter, than himself? We can easily imagine how galling was the compulsory payment of a £5 penalty, which he had to pay at Goodwood for inattention to, or the wilful disregard of, one of his own enactments. Again, false trials were then, as now, got up to mislead the touts and deceive the newsmongers. Such things are justifiable, I allow, in cases when one's interest is unfairly assailed. Yet, unless such forcible reason exists, in instances when friends as well as enemies are deceived, the case is different, especially when patricians descend to such subterfuges. Ill-natured remarks were made at the time to the effect that *Cherokee*, a mare of his lordship's, was tried in a manner to lead to the suspicion that all was not aboveboard; and as the result of the race and the betting went to prove that the surmise was correct, we should hardly expect that noblemen condescending to such a practice should receive the unqualified approbation of their equals, or indeed of honest men of any position. Nor can entire admiration be evoked by the urbanity displayed in a quarrel

which Lord George had with Mr. Wreford, who was a confederate with my father in the horses he bred. The dispute occurred about the time his lordship commenced to train at Danebury. The quarrel was something more than a wrangle; but Mr. Wreford expressed himself unwilling to go to law, and proposed that the point in dispute should be left to arbitration. To this suggestion Lord George tauntingly replied, with natural delicacy of feeling, in reference to a domestic misfortune which had nothing whatever to do with the matter in question:

'I thought, sir, you had enough of arbitration in your daughter's case.'

I do not pretend to be so well acquainted with the early part of Lord George's career, when he was confederate with Mr. C. C. Greville, as with the middle and latter portion of it. But I remember that in reference to certain matters which led to their separation, things were said of him, and allowed to go uncontradicted, that were not entirely complimentary. In the year 1834 Mr. Greville's *Preserve* won all her two-year-old engagements, and was undoubtedly a very good mare. Her dam was *Mustard*, the dam of *Mango*, who won the St. Leger. The following year she naturally became a great favourite for the Oaks. To assist as much as possible in driving her back in the betting, some one hit upon the following novel and well-devised stratagem. Her nostrils were painted inside and out with a mixture of starch, flour, and

colouring matter to resemble mucus, before going to exercise—a perfectly harmless mixture in itself, which could easily be removed on returning to the stable. Then by giving out that she was suffering from influenza, whoever it was that did the trick was enabled effectually to carry out his design. Yet this temporary success was afterwards deeply regretted; for the mare was beat by *The Queen of Trumps*, and Lord George for once lost a heavy stake over the event, and was therefore possibly one who, on this occasion, afforded the sport of exhibiting the engineer 'hoist with his own petard.'

Curiously, at the same date Lord George was credited, but I may hope quite unfairly, with the invention of a strangely constructed bridle, having a long porch reaching nearly to the orifice of the gullet, for the purpose of making a horse cough when wearing it. This, in combination with the other stratagem above mentioned, must have had a truly wonderful effect, and have embraced all that was desirable, or that ingenuity could devise, to reduce a healthy animal temporarily to the last stage of the severest cold. I have been told that this instrument in shape closely resembled the bridle known as Lord George's, which is still in use, and is a good one for hard pullers. In fact, it will stop any horse in the least possible time, whether on the racecourse or anywhere else. It was such a bridle that Lord George's hacks generally wore, and sometimes his racehorses. As for the

original bridle, I am afraid that its use as well as invention is lost to posterity, for even the maker's name is unknown, so far as I have been able to discover.

I cannot refrain from reciting here one instance of his lordship's generosity in giving others a chance to take a good bet. When *Red Deer* was favourite for the St. Leger, on the Rugby platform, whilst the train stopped for a few minutes, Lord George fished out Mr. William Scott, having possibly heard that the latter was in a complacent mood, or, probably, hoping to find him so; and after telling him how greatly *Red Deer* had improved, kindly laid him £7,000 to £2,000 against the horse, 'just to save him the trouble of collecting it in small sums,' as a facetious writer once put it. Now *Red Deer*, if he was not Lord George's own horse, belonged to the Duke of Richmond, over whose stable he had, as is well known, absolute control. *Red Deer* started at seven to one, and was nowhere. In our day, anyone laying £7,000 to £2,000 against his own horse would be looked upon with grave suspicion. But who could then, or will now, be inclined to suspect the illustrious nobleman of doing any other than an honourable action! At Doncaster, after the race was run, William Scott met him in the rooms at night, and gave him the £2,000.

'Here, my lord,' he said, 'is your money. It is but the price of a few dirty acres of land.'

To which, in his mincing, half-ironical, half-sincere way, his lordship replied :

'Thank you, Mr. Scott ; thank you very much.'

Lord George, indeed, seemed rather fond of betting with trainers and jockeys, and for large sums, about horses of which he had the control ; and, like the young lady, was easily led for good or for evil. Nevertheless, it should, in justice to him, be frankly admitted that he was always most anxious for their welfare. To keep them untainted from the world and betting was his chief aim and greatest delight. Wagering, he would truly and sympathetically tell them, is a temptation the pernicious effects of which few are able to withstand ; and he would in other ways and more forcible terms impress upon them the danger of indulging in the practice. The instances in which he won a few thousands from my father and from Mr. William Scott in the manner I have related, are the only exceptions to this valuable and excellent precept that I ever heard of his lordship's making ; and that he considered them exceptions we may judge from the fact that, when taking the money, he did not think it necessary to give them gratuitously a moral lecture on the enormity of the offence they had committed.

On one occasion his lordship was not altogether pleased with myself. Before his horses were removed to Goodwood, *Ratsbane* ran for and won the Brighton Stakes in a thick fog. But, on return-

ing to the scales, he was objected to on the ground that he had gone the wrong side of a post. After examination, the stewards decided that it was not intended that the horse should go round this particular post, and awarded the race to the winner. An hour or so afterwards Toby Wakefield (or, as he was facetiously styled, 'the Vicar') came up on Sir John, then Mr., Shelley's *Tawny Owl*, and claimed the race, he having in it bolted to some neighbouring village. He declared that he was the only one that had gone the right course; and, strange as it may appear, the stewards reversed their former decision, and there and then awarded the race to him; but for what reason I could never see. Lord George was naturally greatly annoyed, and had me up to London before lawyers and others to swear I went the right course. This I could not, and would not, do; and consequently he had to give up the suit which he had commenced against the stewards for the recovery of the stakes, and thought but little of me afterwards. Yet was his lordship quite in the right in wanting, indeed almost insisting upon me swearing—I was but a boy at the time—to a thing that he must have been well aware it was impossible for me to know? For who could see the exact course he went in a fog so thick as to have been almost absolute darkness?

On one occasion, it may be remembered, Lord George accused Mr. George Osbaldeston, of all people in the world, of swindling, and immediately received

a challenge which he was obliged to accept. This incident is thus recorded by a contemporary: 'We alluded, in the early part of our sketch, to Lord George's detestation of duelling. Nevertheless, he was once obliged to go out, and his opponent was none other than the redoubtable Squire Osbaldeston. The quarrel originated in a betting transaction between the parties at Heaton Park. At Newmarket Craven Meeting, Mr. Osbaldeston, riding up to Lord George Bentinck, said: "Lord George, I want £400, won of you at Heaton Park." To this the reply was: "You want £400 that you swindled me out of at Heaton Park." Such a rejoinder hardly admitted of an apology, and after the usual preliminary arrangements, they met to fight a duel. It fell to Lord George's lot to fire first. His pistol missed fire, whereupon, without any appearance of excitement, he said to his adversary: "Now, squire, it is two to one in your favour." "Is it?" said his opponent. "Why, then, the bet's off," and discharged the contents of his pistol in the air.'

With all due deference to the writer, my impression is that this unpleasant affair originated, not at Heaton Park, but at Croxton Park, when the squire was beat on one of his horses on the first day, and riding the same horse on the next day, won, when he had taken Lord George's £400 to £100 that he would do so. But surely there is nothing that could be called swindling about such an occurrence, which we may

see every day, unless, indeed, we put all the world down as swindlers. And I cannot but think, and many will think with me, that Lord George was in the wrong in making so grave an accusation without being able to substantiate it. It would seem rather to have been a novel and good way of settling one's debts without payment. I am sure that no one who ever knew 'the Squire,' will imagine for a moment that he was capable of doing anything approaching an ungentlemanly action. That he was constantly in the habit of doing foolish ones, I admit, and was oftener swindled, and in a variety of ways, than most men, and, indeed, lost a fortune through the duplicity of others. But he remained to the last, though poor, an upright, straightforward, honest English gentleman, and would never have asked Lord George, or anyone else, for anything that he did not know he was fairly entitled to receive. To my thinking, and I shall not be alone in the conclusion, his lordship should either have paid the squire, or given proof that he was not indebted to him in some other way than the brusque one of saying, 'You swindled me out of it.' His behaviour in the duel itself, on the other hand, gave proof, not needed, of the possession of courage and a superb nonchalance. But so much cannot be said as to the origin of it. For his lordship, if he felt himself aggrieved, could have appealed to the tribunal that is open to other people who have disputed bets. That

he did not object to such an appeal, we have proof in the Ridsdale affair; and therefore we may suppose that he would have had recourse to the same remedy, had he thought himself in the right. One thing appears certain, that if his lordship could not win or run a dead-heat, he could always raise a wrangle—in which art he was more an adept on the racecourse than at college.

There is a wide belief that his lordship was generous, and I am not going to contravene the truth of the conclusion. Indeed, he has been represented as the most liberal of patrons. His last trainer might possibly put a different complexion on the matter, and I have my own personal experience on the point. I certainly do not blame, but rather commend him, in that he was not so lavish and indiscriminate in his gifts as more recent owners of racehorses have been. I certainly was never the recipient of his bounty, in all the trials I rode and the many races I won for him. Nor do I remember having heard that anyone else received munificent gifts from him. No doubt it should be recorded that he gave a few presents to the lads in the stable and to others when *Crucifix* won the Oaks, and *Chapeau D'Espagne* and *Ratsbane* won two races at Exeter. Nor should I forget to relate that on the second day of the same meeting, when my brother John entered the last-named horse for the Gold Cup, value 50 guineas, and won it, his lordship was

mightily pleased; and on coming to Danebury, with his customary munificence, made my mother a present of the Cup, which she kept for several years—in fact, until the horses left Danebury, when he demanded it back again, saying that 'he had never given it her, nor had he ever the idea even of doing such a thing'—and the trophy was returned.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (*continued*).

Personal appearance—Bold riding to hounds—Curious choice of associates—Care for his paddocks—Raises Goodwood to a first-class meeting—Mode of travelling—Visits to Danebury—Performances in the saddle, and as a starter—Attitude to his parents—Army career—His superior officer cashiered—General disapproval of his conduct—Attacks Sir R. Peel—Mr. Disraeli and 'the stable mind'—Hasty sale of his stud—Its real value, extent, and nomenclature—Mistaken judgment of *Gaper* and *Cotherstone*—Separation from Danebury—Erroneous reports of the real cause—Ill-feeling to my brother—*Crucifix* and her clothing—Delay in settling his accounts—Triumphs of the old stable, and effect upon him of continued disappointment—Result of *Mathematician's* defeat of *Crozier;* backs the wrong horse—Melancholy end.

I HAVE been content in what I have had to relate, so far, concerning Lord George Bentinck, to deal with his attitude towards the turf, and those he was connected with upon it. But I may now give some details of his personal appearance and characteristics in other respects. And though the subject is a well-worn one, I may yet be able to add some novelty to it, if not correct some preconceived notions.

This distinguished nobleman, in height, was considerably over six feet, and well proportioned. He walked erect with a stately movement, proud and distant, quite in keeping with the ancient pride of his most noble ancestry. His dress was peculiar. His tight-fitting buckskin trousers were in admirable contrast to a claret-coloured coat, with brass or gilt buttons. The massive gold chain shone brilliantly on a dark velvet waistcoat. His necktie was always of a spotless white or cream-coloured satin, and very long and full; and in it a neat pearl pin was always to be seen. A fashionable hat, much the same as is worn in the present day, completed his everyday costume. I have heard him described as 'dressed in buckskin breeches;' and even seen a sketch of him in top-boots, by Count d'Orsay. But I think it must have been his hunting costume; for on no other occasion did I ever see him so attired. So far, at least, as I am able to describe it, such as I have depicted was the dress and bearing of one of the most powerful and imperious autocrats that ever ruled his compeers, or towered over a prostrate foe in 'the insolence of conquest.'

I never heard of his being fond of shooting or fishing, though he hunted occasionally, and was a bold if not very judicious rider. Of this courage the following episode will do for a proof. He bought of Mr. Wreford a little black horse, called *Wintonian*, which was afterwards first favourite for the Derby.

His leg slightly giving way after the race, he hunted him that same year. One day when he was riding him, the hounds—the Tedworth (Mr. T. Assheton Smith's)—met at Clatford Oakcuts, which was drawn blank. They trotted off to Red Rice, Mr. Best's, where a good fox was soon unkennelled, and made the best of his way to Grately Gorse, skirting the Marquis of Winchester's coverts on the right, scent being breast-high. Still going at a rattling pace under Quarley Hill, the line taken passed Cholderton Lodge (where I last trained) to Wilbury Lodge, where the hounds ran into him in front of the house, Lord George being the first up, having charged the park palings on his little thoroughbred, and got safely over, and so set the field.

We have heard, and have good reason for believing, that Lord George Bentinck was proud of his birth, his position, and his talents. Withal he showed curious contrariety. For he associated with Gully and Hill, and even took up the cudgels for Crockford, the itinerant fishmonger, against his own Newmarket jockey in the *Ratan* affair. He even thought it not below his dignity to parade in front of the stand on the lawn at Goodwood, arm-in-arm with Johnny O'Brien, as he was usually called, a foppish base adventurer, the son of a washer-woman. It will be conceded, I think, that few of the nobility of those days, or of the present time, would have so far demeaned themselves. As a rule, I think they show

their respect for their friends and their exalted position in the choice of less ignoble associates.

Lord George, as is known, commenced racing in the names of Lord Lichfield and Mr. Bowes, the latter an hotel-keeper. He, early in his career, elected to run in the name of John Day, and again changed for that of the Duke of Richmond, and ultimately raced in his own. He did nothing by halves, and whatever he did was sure to be well done. He made large paddocks; and, for shelter, planted a deep belt of fir-trees round them. He made new gallops, watered and tanned them. The tan he spread thinly over the ground, so that the grass might come through it, and not as we see tan-gallops nowadays. To Mr. Wreford was due the suggestion of the use of water-carts, and the keeping the sheep off the downs, which greatly improved them. Lord George when at Goodwood did much to benefit the training-ground there, and also the racecourse, particularly the last half-mile, which he widened and levelled at a very great expense. In short, it was entirely due to his lordship's untiring energy and lavish expenditure that glorious Goodwood was raised from a plating to a first-class meeting.

He usually travelled by night to Newmarket and other race meetings. When visiting Danebury he came in his large yellow carriage to the Star Hotel, Andover, where he rested for a few hours, and then

rode his grey mare on to the downs in time to see the horses at exercise at five o'clock a.m. After staying the day he rode his mare back to Andover, and returned by night to town. My father generally travelled with him inside the carriage ; whilst I had to ride (when his light-weight jockey) with Freeborough, his valet, on the back seat, often half starved with cold or drenched with rain. He drove always at a great pace, and rode, like Lord Palmerston, furiously without judgment, whether on the road, across country, or on the downs. As for railways, in those days many of them were not finished, and some of those now completed were not even thought of; and stage-coaches and posting, though costly (two shillings a mile), were the most expeditious and best means of travelling to and from the several meetings. *The Drummer* and *Elis* had, in 1836, the honour of being taken to Doncaster in a van, drawn by four horses, made for the express purpose by Herring, of the New Road, London, though the fashion of it was due to his lordship's inventive faculty.

He never rode but twice in public as a jockey, that I remember. In 1824 he rode and won, after two dead-heats, a little race at Goodwood, on *Olive*, a horse belonging to a Mr. Poyntz. But subsequently, on *Captain Cook*, at the same place, over the Cup course, he made such an exhibition of himself in the match with *Larry McHail*, having Lord Maidstone, now the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, for his

opponent, that, as if conscious of his own incapacity, he never sported silk again. Then, also, his performance as a starter, so much talked of at the time, was not a grand success. The wonder is, and ever will be, that he should have undertaken to teach the starter his duties, without knowing anything whatever of them himself. But these, if failings, were but foibles that anyone may be guilty of without reproach.

In his family and social relations he betrayed certain idiosyncrasies not usually regarded as the complement of a noble mind. The Duchess of Portland was buried, I think, on the Monday in Doncaster race-week. On this occasion Lord George, writing to his trainer, said: 'As my mother will be buried before the races, the event will make no difference to the running of my horses, so take them as before arranged.' In being prompted to this course, it is, perhaps, difficult to discern the existence of the tender susceptibilities of a mother's favourite son, in respecting the memory of the loved parent from whom he derived the greater portion, if not the whole, of his income. Nor will it be said there was greater evidence of filial respect in his conduct to his father, in keeping horses and running them in fictitious names, after he had solemnly declared that he had sold them to his ducal friend.

In his early life, we shall find an example of how he studied etiquette and those rules of good breeding

which mark the different grades of society, and distinguish the educated from the unlettered. No doubt at a youthful age his innate inclination to rule others was discovered by his parents ; and hence, probably, the army was selected as a profession wherein he might be taught respect to his superiors and behaviour at home, 'where most he owed obedience.' But he seems to have defied restraint.

Whilst holding a subordinate commission as a cornet, he disobeyed the orders of his superior officer and insulted him, for which discourteous act he (Lord George) ought to, and assuredly would, have been cashiered but for being the son of a duke—a degradation imposed on the captain instead of the cornet. The following are extracts taken from 'The Bye-ways and Downs of England' on the subject :

'During his short service in the army, Lord George had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his superior, Captain Kerr—a personal friend of the writer, and an extremely gallant little fellow in all respects —which led to the cashiering of the latter, and considerable animadversion on the part played by the junior, as openly expressed by most military men.' This provoked a challenge from the captain to his subordinate, and Calais was proposed as the place of meeting. But Lord George would not accept the challenge. On this the same author says: 'If this statement be correct, and I have no reason to doubt its accuracy, Lord George Bentinck, on refusing to

meet the man he had unequivocally impugned, if not insulted, in thus making the retort to the other's reproof, given in the course of duty, harshly as it was delivered, should at least have made a decided step towards a reconciliation, and have withdrawn the word "dared" from the offensive expression.'

On this matter there can, I think, but be one opinion; that, in refusing to meet the man who had suffered the injury, Lord George showed the possession of little moral courage—in this instance at least.

As touching his career as a politician, it is recorded of him that 'on the occasion when he addressed Sir Robert Peel as having "wounded his illustrious relative, Canning, to death," accusing him of premeditated tergiversation in reference to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the language of the Conservative leader assumed a tone impassioned, fierce, and scornful as an onslaught of Fox or Pitt, and effectually startled the House and honourable baronets from everything like a disposition to somnolency on that especial evening.'

Here, again, we can scarcely admire the license given to the tongue in the use of 'fierce invective and scornful words' to one whose recognised abilities, oratorical powers, and good sense were so infinitely superior to his own. Some may think it rather betrayed the weakness of a light character. Mr. Disraeli may have held a similar opinion of him; for when in the House

he told him 'he was a man of stable mind,' he was no more laughing at him than when he penned the celebrated line previously quoted, 'He gave a sort of superb groan.' 'It is the blue ribbon of the turf,' he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table, buried himself in a folio of statistics.

An unequivocal example that his lordship possessed a spirit not always under control, was given on the occasion when, piqued by defeat on the racecourse on *Crozier* losing, he offered his entire stud for sale. When the deciding heat was given against him, in a raging temper he offered to sell every horse he had, comprising the whole of his stud—brood-mares, foals, yearlings, and stallions, as well as his horses in training, with their engagements—to Mr. George Payne for £10,000. After three days' reflection, the offer was declined, and the stipulated forfeit of £300 paid. But his lordship continued of the same mind, and subsequently Lord Clifden and Mr. Mostyn were allowed to have them conjointly for the same price. In the lot were *Surplice*, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and other good races; *Loadstone*, and a host of other winners. The total stud may be put down as having consisted of 208 animals—viz.: 50 horses in training, 70 brood-mares, 40 yearlings, 45 foals, and 3 stallions; and was worth over £100,000 at the time he thus recklessly sold it.

The following will suffice to give some idea of the magnitude of his lordship's racing establishment. In

the four days' racing at Goodwood in 1846, there were thirty-one races, besides three walks-over. In these races his lordship had horses in twenty-eight—the three exceptions being the Queen's Plate, the Orange Prize, and a small sweepstakes. In the twenty-eight races he started as many as forty-four times, three horses sometimes running in one race—in the Goodwood Stakes to wit, where none of them were placed. He won eight races only. And I think I may affirm that no man ever ran so many horses in four days in so many races with much worse success.

The following little relic is merely given as a most curious specimen that, as in everything else he undertook to do, he gave that deep study which enabled him to master all difficulties, even to the intricate matter of finding names for his horses. They are but a few selections, but sufficient, I hope, to indicate the general elegance of the nomenclature: *Black Gentleman*, *Coal Black Rose*, *Devil to Pay*, *Put on the Pot says Greedy Gut*, *Devil-me-care*, *Nightcap*, *Such a Getting up Stairs*, *Here I go with my Eye out*, *Stop awhile says Slow*, *To bed to bed says Sleepyhead*, and *All Round my Hat*.

Few will be of opinion that Lord George may have been an indifferent judge of racing. I confess I have long been amongst the suspicious minority. He was certainly far off the mark when he thought that *Gaper*, as a three-year-old, had the slightest chance of winning the Derby with *Cotherstone* in it. My

father at all events did not think so, and laid against him, as anyone had a right to do who was prepared to meet the consequences. From sheer vindictiveness Lord George commenced backing him; and by the weight of money he put on made the horse a favourite, forcing my father, from prudential motives, to hedge, and causing him to lose in this way something over £1,000. But if he lost, Lord George did not come out a winner; for it must have cost him double this amount in accomplishing his aim of keeping the horse in the market. This was but the *Crucifix* business over again, transferred from the son to the father, and enacted at Goodwood.

This display of vindictiveness on his lordship's part brings me to the consideration of a subject—the cause of Lord George's leaving Danebury—which I would willingly leave untouched, content with what I have said on the subject in my previous work, were it not that the matter has been grievously misrepresented. I may at all events relate some of the more interesting and important circumstances connected with this memorable event. There were many reasons given for his leaving his old quarters, and, as in other like cases, those that seemed the most plausible and probable were wrong. Rumour asserted my brother John betted more than he ought to have done, and in doing so betrayed the secrets of the stable. But this did not consequentially follow. Furthermore, it has been said that he had written two letters, one to his

commissioner and one to Lord George on the same subject, but in different terms. To the former he said: 'Lay against So and So for me; he is *hors de combat*, and won't run;' and to his lordship he said: 'So and So is well, and I recommend you strongly to back him.' The letters, as a novelist would say, by some unknown, strange, and overpowering agency, found their way into envelopes for which they were not intended, and the treachery complained of was discovered. Now, as I lived at Danebury at the time, if such a thing had occurred, I should most likely have heard something of it; but I must confess I never did, until reading it many years after in Mr. Rice's misleading book, 'The History of the British Turf.' I do not impute to the memory of a genial and accomplished writer on other matters, any ill intention beyond that of writing in utter ignorance on a painful matter.

In sum, the whole story is a fabrication pure and simple from one end of it to the other. That my brother did bet, I admit, and also that for doing so Lord George disliked him very much, and continually pestered my father to get rid of him; but not only for betting, but for many other visionary misdeeds of which everyone knew he was entirely innocent. But as the accusation was made on the bare word of his lordship, whose statements my father had found out were often of a very *ex parte* nature, and in this case entirely uncorroborated, my father would not com-

ply with his wish. This was the first cause leading to the separation, and the next completed it. Nothing, I imagine, can be more clear to an unbiassed mind than that Lord George would not have cared who was laying against *Crucifix* (or his other horses), if he himself was not doing so, at the time when he knew she was lame, or would be if she galloped ; for in such a case he would sustain neither loss nor injury. On the other hand, if he was laying against his own horse, he may, indeed, have disapproved of anyone getting a part of what he hoped to get for himself, and of 'the interference with his rights,' if any such rights he had, of which he so bitterly complained, forgetting that 'those that live in glass-houses should not throw stones.' He wanted her (*Crucifix*) to be sent home from exercise, and have her clothing changed, for the purpose of deceiving old Mr. Sadler and the touts ; but my father would not consent. Lastly, altercations took place between them and before me, which ended by my father saying : 'If your lordship insists upon this being done, you may take your horses to Goodwood or wherever you please.' To which his lordship ironically replied : 'Perhaps, sir, I may.'

These facts have come within my own knowledge —I vouch for their accuracy, and have no hesitation in relating them as a matter of history, and as a flat contradiction to Mr. Rice's account.

It was not till a very long while after the horses

left Danebury that Lord George could be induced to settle his account, which heretofore was always paid with business-like promptitude. Everything before so correct, was now stated to be wrong, and most of the items challenged, though they differed in nothing from former accounts. Among these was disputed the charge of one guinea for the boys riding in trials, on the ground, he said, that the then Duke of Richmond only paid his boys five shillings each for riding in trials; yet other trainers charged the regulation price of two guineas. Many other items even of a more trivial nature formed the subject of a fierce and prolonged dispute; but in the end his lordship had to pay the account as it was delivered, and the cost of a heavy lawsuit into the bargain; which can scarcely be regarded as a clever performance on his part.

As to the reasons for his leaving Danebury, I think I have pretty conclusively shown the actual facts. And how strange it is to find that the man who devoted the whole of his energy in the latter part of his life to ruin another, should by that very action have ruined himself. But it is true. For it will be quite easy to show that it was the first step to the bitter disappointment which drove him distracted from the turf altogether. It was said, and widely believed, that he gave up racing in order to have more leisure for the earnest prosecution of his Parliamentary duties. If it were so, it should be recorded

in his favour; but, unfortunately, it is a fiction. Ill-success in racing drove him from the turf, and destroyed his peace of mind—if he ever had any after leaving Danebury. The successes of the stable he had abandoned dealt the blows that destroyed him. The victories of *Pyrrhus the First*, *Mendicant*, and *Hero*, in all of which my father was deeply interested, first undermined his self-confidence, followed up as they were by *Cossack's* triumph in the Derby of next year; whilst the final stroke was given by the success of *Mathematician*, which was also my father's horse. This latter event drove him broken-hearted from the turf, and hastened his death, if it were not the absolute cause of it.

The scene was at his favourite Goodwood, in a race for a 200 sov. sweepstake, all the money or P.P. Lord George ran two horses—*Crozier*, out of his prized mare *Crucifix*, and *King of Morvin*, the latter being run to assist the other, which was thought the better of the two and good enough to win, and heavily backed. My father had *Mathematician*, brother to *Euclid*, in the race, a horse he had bought at Mr. Thornhill's sale, when a foal, for 400 guineas; nothing very good, though thought well of, the Danebury stable being at that time powerful, so that the weight of money made him favourite, in spite of the heavy sums that Lord George had piled on his own choice. *Mathematician* and Lord George's horse ran a dead-heat—*but with the wrong animal*, so far as his lord-

ship's interests were concerned. It was, indeed, a virtual defeat to Lord George, for he had, as I have said, backed *Crozier*, and so lost; thus completely shattering his reputation for judgment in backing the worse horse of the two. On this he became furiously excited; and when the dead-heat between *Mathematician* and *King of Morvin* was run off, betted with still more extravagant recklessness than he had done before; and being beat again, gave rein to his uncontrollable temper—as I have previously related—and offered to sell, and ultimately sold, every horse he had for £10,000.

In conclusion, I may perhaps describe the career of this illustrious nobleman as that of a disappointed man. If, like Mr. Osbaldeston, he could do many things well, on all great occasions he found some one who could do them better. I do not even consider he was successful in racing, considering the large stud he had, and the ample means of supporting it. After leaving Danebury, he was entirely unlucky. He displayed singular want of judgment both in parting with his stud for a tithe of its value, and in backing one of his own horses against another and a better one. As a soldier, he showed himself captious. His political career was not brilliant. If he was by nature justifiably haughty, he displayed little magnanimity on more than one occasion; and showed himself capable of descending to plebeian vices with-

out the excuse of necessity. He died on the 21st of September, 1848, in the forty-seventh year of his age, in one of his father's meadows near Welbeck Abbey, and was buried in Marylebone, London, where much of the family property is situated.

CHAPTER IX.

MEN OF PAST DAYS.

The Bentinck family—The old Duke—Proud but liked—Races with Mr. Greville—*Tiresias's* Derby—The Duke offended—Incident at Newmarket—A needful correction—Newmarket then and now—Lord Henry as a sportsman—An adventure on the moors—The late Duke as Lord Titchfield—Curious dress in summer—Monastic seclusion of Welbeck—Lord George and the fair sex.

Mr. Fulwar Craven; oddity in dress—*Deception;* in the Oaks and Derby—The jockey interviewed; a neat rejoinder—Addicted to low company—Mr. Ramsay—Curious stories told of the two—Anecdote of his trainer, Mr. Dilly: 'the dead alive'—Sagacious dogs: a terror to tramps; a home-comer; the signal-dog at Porchester Station—Drawing a bear.

Lord Glasgow's oddities—*General Peel* before the Two Thousand—His indifferent stud—Delight in reckless matches—Handicaps himself—Offers £90,000 against *Gaper*—Temper and ill health—Bequeaths his stud.

Lord Exeter's personal peculiarities—His racing—Insistence on trying and running his horses—*Blue Rock* proves not unbroken—Sale of his Newmarket property—Sir Gilbert Heathcote; *Amato's* Derby; a racehorse as 'a heriot'—Baron J. de Teissier—Lord Jersey's successes—His view of breeding.

I CLOSED my last chapter with an account of the lamentable death of Lord George Bentinck. I cannot do better in this one, than set down some of my

recollections of the other members of his august family. I may commence with some account of the personal appearance and characteristics of the Duke, his father. His Grace, who was diminutive in stature, used, in my time, to be seen riding over the Newmarket heath in a peculiar and distinctive dress. He wore top-boots, buckskin breeches, a chocolate-coloured coat, and tall black hat ; and his servant, who always rode at a respectful distance behind him, was similarly attired, except that round his waist he wore a broad leathern belt, in which to secure his Grace's overcoat, in case of wet weather. The Duke always rode beautiful hacks, steady and good steppers, mostly about fifteen hands high, rather under than over, all bays with black legs. Like his son, Lord George, he was reputed to be one of the worst-tempered men then living. He was as distant and reserved to his equals as to those he employed. But he must have possessed many cardinal virtues which more than counterbalanced these blemishes of character ; for he was generally liked by all classes, and was an honest and thorough sportsman in all matters with which he had to do in connection with the turf. His wealth, I should add, if possible, exceeded his pride.

He was as fond of racing as his son Lord Henry was of fishing and shooting, and kept a stud which in those days was considered large. He had as confederate in it, Mr. C. C. Greville, a gentleman much younger than himself, and considered a very good

judge of racing. The horses were trained by Mr. Richard Prince, at Newmarket, and generally ridden by my father. All his horses were run, as they should be, in the most straightforward way. He disliked a jade, and ran his horses long courses, insisting on the most being made of them. He had *Skip Jack*, *Indus*, *Stainborough*, *Screw*, *Tiresias*, *Comical*, *Theban*, and others. In 1819, *Tiresias* won him his only Derby. The victory was said, at the time, to have been due to the number of false starts ; and it was, moreover, alleged that these had been pre-arranged from sinister motives. But the Duke, we may be sure, had no hand in any such manœuvring, if it did take place. Indeed, so annoyed was he at the rumour, that he never ran a horse in the race afterwards, thus keeping to his word expressed at the time. This, of course, occurred before I knew his Grace; but I give it on the authority of my father, who was likely to know the truth of the matter.

I have now to relate one amusing and characteristic incident in relation to his racing. When *Amphiaraus* won for him at Newmarket, he rode up to the old Red Stand saddling enclosure, to which in those days privileged persons on horseback had the entrée, a right now done away with, and waited until my father returned from weighing, and had mounted his hack. Then, before all the people, his Grace exclaimed, in an audible and solemn voice :

'John Day, you are a thief !' and, without waiting

for a reply, but smiling graciously, added: 'You stole that race for me.'

This was the only occasion on which I ever remember even to have heard of any attempt on his Grace's part to be witty; or, under any circumstances, to be in the least familiar with either trainer or jockey.

I should say, in relation to this anecdote, that it is recorded by 'Druid,' in 'Silk and Scarlet,' differently, he attributing the speech to the Duke of Grafton. But he is mistaken, as the words were undoubtedly those of the Duke of Portland, and uttered exactly in the manner I have related. I should also perhaps observe that this usually correct writer also falls into another error, in writing of the Duke of Grafton being about to make a present to my father. The true story I have already given in 'The Racehorse in Training.' I then said it was Lord George Fitzroy, acting for his brother, the Duke, who made the present in these notable words:

'In the Duke's name, and for him, I present you with two five-pound notes on the Bank of Bury St. Edmund's, and beg you will take care of them.'

The Duke of Grafton himself was an invalid, or thought himself one; and for many years would not leave his bedroom. On one occasion, on my father's asking him if he intended going to the races, his Grace replied:

'No; I am too comfortable here, John.'

Lord George Fitzroy had the management of his stud ; but the Duke himself I never saw.

Talking of the old days at Newmarket calls vividly to mind the difference between the amusement afforded then and now. Then, to canter to the Ditch stable to see the horses saddled and take their preliminary canter before starting, and return to the winning-post in ample time to see the finish, was real enjoyment. Then you could catch more than a glimpse of any horse you wished to see. Now many are invisible altogether, or, at any rate, to those who may be specially interested in them. How changed, indeed, for the worse to-day is almost everything connected with the ancient place, as well as the racing itself ! Instead of riding on to the course on hacks, most people now start from the Coffee Room in close carriages, and are set down at the back of the Stand, which they seldom leave during the races, unless it be to visit the adjacent 'Birdcage,' where their wishes may be gratified, or their hopes disappointed, just as they may or may not see the favourite, or any other horse ; as there is no certainty, but the reverse, that the particular horse may not be saddled elsewhere. I am not the only one that thinks so. I have heard many of the old sporting habitués of the place say the same, and that they now prefer Epsom and Ascot to Newmarket in its altered form.

But I must return to my recollections of the Bentinck family. The Duke's son, Lord Henry, I

have referred to as being extremely fond of hunting and shooting. Of the former sport he was always a staunch supporter, being for many years a master of hounds. He was a bold and hard rider, and performed many cross-country exploits of great difficulty, in spite of the fact that he had defective sight and always wore spectacles. Nor was this disability a drawback to his shooting, in which sport he also excelled. I have heard he could kill two-thirds of any number of rooks on the wing that he fired at with a pea-rifle ; and his aim was as unerring at long distances at a stationary object. No doubt this mastery of them created and kept alive his fondness for these pleasurable pursuits.

He spent much time upon the moors; and it was whilst so engaged that a curious adventure is recorded as having happened to him. After walking from an early hour in the morning till late in the evening, he at last waded a brook up to his armpits to enable him to get within reach, unobserved, of a herd of well-antlered deer. This he accomplished satisfactorily. But, to his great disgust, on pulling the trigger he found that his keeper by some unaccountable thoughtlessness had not loaded his rifle. For this neglect the unfortunate man paid a heavy penalty.

I have not yet spoken of the eldest brother, the late Duke, in those days known as the Marquis of Titchfield. I never remember to have heard that he had any love for, or was in any way connected with, field-

sports. But ill-health probably was the cause of this, rather than want of inclination. At all events, I never saw him on a racecourse, or heard of his making a bet. He once came to Danebury in the height of summer, dressed in a long, heavy sable-fur coat, that nearly touched the ground when he stood erect—a garment, I should have thought, more calculated to resist the inclemency of a Siberian winter than the overpowering heat of a midsummer-day; but perhaps, like a certain person I have heard of, he 'thought what would keep the cold out, would the heat as well.' He was, I always understood, generous, and a good landlord. He allowed each of his tenants a key, that they might drive round the park or through it whenever it suited either their pleasure or convenience. On the other hand, in order to shelter himself from their observation, or from the sight of anyone else, he hid himself under a large umbrella, which he always carried with him for the purpose.

The world has learned something about his subterranean buildings at Welbeck Abbey. They are extremely beautiful and extensive, and possibly the most costly buildings in the country.

He carried his shyness to such an extent, that in his later years he would scarcely see anyone except a few of his old domestics. I have some remembrance of his town residence, Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, for it was the first house I ever slept at in London. I stayed there when on my way to New-

market. Here, too, his Grace carried his mania for seclusion to an extreme pitch; for he had the wall at the back raised to a height that absolutely precluded his neighbours from overlooking either himself or his mansion. 'A creaking door hangs long on its hinges;' and the late Duke, who was always an invalid, lived to see the deaths of his two robust brothers, Lord Henry and Lord George.

None of the three were ever married—a circumstance which is the more strange, because all of them had money and position, and one at least possessed the fascinations which attract the regard of the fair sex. Lord George, in particular, could make himself one of their most agreeable companions. He was not only one of the finest men that was to be seen, but he was extremely handsome; and his politeness to ladies was proverbial, and excited their general admiration. And he was more fond of them than is, perhaps, generally supposed; and of this partiality I had many opportunities of forming an opinion on the occasions when his lordship brought visitors to Danebury and elsewhere.

One of the most notable characters figuring on the turf at this period was Mr. Fulwar Craven, of Beckhampton. He was a gentleman by birth and education, if his eccentricities were beyond comparison at the time, and have never been eclipsed since. His dress itself was inimitable. He wore light-coloured kerseymere breeches and gaiters, the tongues of the

latter nearly covering his boots, which, in their turn, were more dandified than substantial. The hinder part of the calves of his legs was uncovered for some two inches in width, the better to display his flesh-coloured silk stockings. He wore a claret-coloured coat, buff waistcoat, and a large-frilled shirt. From the outside breast-pocket of his coat hung a large yellow silk handkerchief, covering half his side. His shirt-collar was Gladstonian, of an immense size, and round it was loosely wound a gaudy necktie, secured with a pin nearly the size of a small saucer. He had long, flowing, and very bushy red or auburn whiskers; and wore a white hat, characteristically high. He took an immense quantity of snuff from a huge gold box, which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket.

Mr. Craven had several trainers. Amongst them were Mr. Treen and Mr. John Dilly. Of the latter, who was in his way almost as droll and witty a character as his employer, I shall have something to say later on. Mr. Craven cared little about racing, though he owned some good horses, amongst them *Longwaist*, *Carew*, and *I Wish you may get it*—and I must not omit *Deception*. This mare was the best he had in later days. She won the Oaks for him; and it was said she ought to have won the Derby. Treen was her trainer at the time, and a very good one too; and no less capable as a jockey—an important point in this matter, as he rode her in the Derby; whilst

my father was in the saddle for the Oaks. For, contrary to the generally received opinion, I do not think that the change of jockeys affected her running, or that bad riding lost the Derby. It may be remembered that this was the case in which Lord George Bentinck undertook to interfere, and proceeded so far as to carry out a lawsuit, in which he failed, as I have fully related. But in respect to the jockeyship of the race, I have a little tale to tell, which may remind some of my readers, from their own experience, how needful it is to be chary of uttering a pronounced opinion in company we know nothing of. Treen, on his way to London, was asked by a perfect stranger if he had been to the Derby. On his answering that he had been, the other went on to say:

'Then I suppose you saw the jockey nearly fall off *Deception*, and lose the race.'

Treen could not stand this. It was too touchingly effective; and he replied sharply:

'I rode her myself!'

'Ah,' said the stranger, 'I did not see the race, but heard some one say so! It just shows how stories do get circulated, and how people believe them.'

This, I think, must be regarded in the light of a rejoinder turning an awkward conversation into another channel, as very neat indeed.

Mr. Craven was curious in the way he described himself, as in other things. He would allow neither

prefix nor suffix to his name. He was addicted to dissipation in its wildest forms; was never married, I believe, and was fond of gay company socially beneath him. Every day, when the races were over, he would be found in such company, amusing himself and everyone else by his jesting and buffoonery—not of a very refined nature. His extravagant anecdotes, effectively told with the gravity of a Munchausen, would elicit from his audience roars of laughter, repeated again and again; until, satiated with the endless variety of the *bon mots*, recitations, and songs that he would pour forth, they would retire to rest with aching sides, or overpowered with the reeking fumes of tobacco and too potent libations.

His special boon companion in these debauches was Mr. John Ramsay, formerly an inspector of police, who for many years resided at Abingdon. In madcap freaks he was as thoughtless as Jack Mytton. Indeed, on one occasion he helped that worthy, when passing up Melsom Street, Bath, to throw a stranger, whom they happened to find 'very jolly,' through an adjacent shop-window. At the annual race-meeting at Abingdon, on one occasion, our two loquacious acquaintances, Messrs. Craven and Ramsay, met at the Lamb Inn, for the express purpose of seeing which of the two could clothe the greater number of untruths in the pleasing semblance of reality. As few men could have had more retentive memories than the pair possessed, or a greater sense

of the ridiculous, and, I may add, a smaller regard for the morality of their anecdotes, it may be imagined that the exhibition was a unique one in its way. On another occasion they were, for a trifling sum, pitted together to try which of them could sing the greater number of songs with the fewest verbal mistakes in the shortest time ; and Mr. Craven was declared the winner at his 120th song, his opponent having only reached No. 110. At this memorable scene I was not present, and therefore 'only tell the tale as it was told to me.' The only story, and that a fable, which I call to mind as closely resembling this, was of a Frenchman and a Yankee, who were pitted to talk against time and one another, no matter on what subject, so long as the jargon was continuous. After talking the umpire and witnesses to sleep, they went on with unabated ardour until the Frenchman, from sheer exhaustion, fell lifeless from his chair ; the Yankee continuing, being found by the umpire, on the latter's returning to consciousness, whispering in the dead man's ear, 'Truth appears stranger than fiction.' I may, perhaps, add, as I have stated in my former work, when referring to these two worthies, that they both ended their days as reformed characters, in great rectitude and as severe disciplinarians. Mr. Ramsay became a Methodist preacher and teetotaler ; and Mr. Craven, abandoning his former habits, led a strictly religious life.

I have referred to another curious character, Mr.

John Dilly, the trainer. I am unprepared to say whether he caught his many eccentricities from association with Mr. Fulwar Craven, or whether the latter enriched his superabundant store of anecdotes from Mr. Dilly's repertory. How this was will never be known. But I may tell that the Littleton trainer was always impecunious; for he lived extravagantly and beyond his means. He was also not regarded as being over-attentive to the truth. One day he asked Mr. Wreford, who trained with him at the time, if he would do him a little favour by putting his name to a bill for him for £300. It was, as he confidently assured him, 'but a matter of form.' But Mr. Wreford did not see it, and briefly replied :

'The matter of form is simply this, Mr. Dilly—if you can't pay it I must.'

After borrowing of any and every one he could, and after having tired all his relations out, he hit upon the following successful scheme to raise £25 from his brother. He was then living at Newmarket, and his brother, Mr. Montgomery Dilly, at Littleton, in Hampshire. John Dilly wrote in the name of a 'mutual friend,' in a disguised hand, and said :

'Dear Sir,

'I am sorry to inform you your poor brother, Mr. John, is no more. He departed this life this morning, almost without a struggle. Feeling sure you would like to see him have a decent burial, I

have given instructions to the undertaker to see this carried out. I think the expense will be about £30; but if you send me your cheque for £25, I will get the accounts and send them to you as soon as the funeral is over. I hope you will not think I am officious in this matter; and, if there is anything else you wish to have done, please let me know, and I will attend to it.

'Yours faithfully,

'William Smallbody.

'To Montgomery Dilly, Esq., Littleton.'

A cheque was duly forwarded, with a letter thanking the mutual friend for his kind interference. It was duly received and as duly acknowledged by 'Mr. Smallbody.' Mr. Montgomery Dilly, Mr. W. Dilly, and their two sisters, all went into deep mourning for their dear departed brother. To the great surprise of the first-named gentleman, on his visiting Newmarket a few weeks after, who should he come upon but his brother John, still in the flesh, alive and hearty! Naturally, the one brother upbraided the other for his heartless deceit. To this poor John replied:

'Ah, 'Gomery, I knew you would not send me anything to keep me alive; but I thought you might to see me safely underground.'

Curious as this story may seem, there is not the

slightest doubt of its truth, and that the circumstances were very much as I have related them.

Writing of Mr. Ramsay, I am reminded of the acuteness and services of a dog that he owned, and had taught to do many strange things. It was a plain-looking sort of half-bred Newfoundland ; and one day, whilst standing near the Lamb Inn, at Abingdon, Mr. Ramsay said to me :

'Do you see that dog on the other side of the road ?' and, on my answering in the affirmative, continued : 'he is watching and following that tramp there a few yards before him'—which he evidently was doing. 'He will never leave him till he sees him safe out of the town ; and then will come back to look for any other vagrants he can find. This the dog does every day, with or without me. He so frightens the tramps that they generally make the best of their way out of the town, and dispense with his company.'

One story leads to another, and especially on the subject of the sagacity of our faithful four-footed companions. Dogs have been known to find their way home again from great distances, although they may not have known a foot of the road. I can readily believe it, for I have had experience of their ability in this way. Forty years ago a little sagacious animal of my own, of no breeding, stole away and accompanied my horse *Fugitive* from the Anchor Inn, Kenford—or, as the Cornishmen call it, 'The Pickaxe

and Snake'—to Plymouth, a distance of about fifty miles. To prevent the dog's being lost or taken, we fastened him up in a stable after feeding him for the night. The next morning the ostler incautiously opened the door. The dog, taking advantage of this, escaped, and, not seeing any of us about, retraced his steps to Kenford, where he arrived footsore the same evening, about six o'clock. To have accomplished this he must have passed through many towns, villages, and hamlets, without mistaking his way, or allowing himself to be turned aside for a moment from his course by the interference of other dogs or any kind of obstacle.

At the moment of writing I am reminded that, at the Porchester station, between Cosham and Fareham, on the South-Western Railway, there is a dog to be seen that is quite a character in its way. It is a sort of Clumber spaniel, lemon and white. It gives notice of each stopping train, generally before, but always on the moment of its appearing in sight. On its approach he rises up from the mat where he is generally lying, and trots up and down the platform, wagging his tail and barking continuously. I saw him myself in July last, when, long before I could see the train approaching, he commenced barking all along the platform, and ran down the steps to the yard below, and outside, still giving tongue, as though to warn passengers of the near arrival of the train. The most curious point is, as the station-

master informed me, that he takes no notice of the express trains that do not stop at the station, nor of luggage trains, apparently holding them in contempt, and allowing them to pass and re-pass without any warning. Moreover, he understands that he is not allowed to cross the line, and only very seldom defies the prohibition.

I cannot dismiss my recollections of Kenford without a reference to a very laughable incident connected with that retired locality. One evening, at the door of the Anchor Inn, just about dark, an unfortunate Italian, carrying a barrel-organ on his back, and leading a performing bear, came up sore-footed and tired. Poor Bruin, nearly exhausted, and much to the annoyance of his master, selected a dry ditch on the opposite side of the road as a place of repose, from which it was not possible to move him an inch. At the moment, Mr. Pitt's carter came by with a couple of plough-horses. The Italian offered the man a quart of cider to haul the bear out for him. With no idea of the kind of load he was going to tackle, the carter assented, and, fastening the traces to the bear's collar, gave the horses a cut with his whip, and cried, 'Gee up.' On this, old Bruin gave a tremendous howl, which so frightened the horses that they sprang forward, and knocking the carter down in their rush, bolted through Kenford. The Italian following them, turned a corner and met a man, to whom he said :

'Have you seen a pair of horses go by you ?'

'Oh yes,' replied the man, half dead with fright; 'I have seen them, and Dickens driving them.'

The horses were stopped on Red Cross Hill, and the poor bear set at liberty, nearly dragged to death. So ends the bear story, which I am afraid has led me somewhat astray from my purpose of recording some peculiarities of the turf patricians of past days.

The late Lord Glasgow was, I might almost say as all the world knows, a most eccentric character in all that he did or undertook to do in racing. He, too, affected his own style of dress, wearing nankeen trousers too short for him, or, as the Irishman would say, having the habit of putting his legs too far through them. He wore a waistcoat of the same material, of faulty cut, a dark-blue coat with plain brass buttons, and a tall hat. And, so attired, he rode on horseback each day to see the races at Newmarket. A top-coat apparently he scorned. I never remember seeing him in one, no matter what the weather. He had as many, or more, trainers than anyone I can think of, and jockeys in like superabundance. It would, indeed, be impossible to enumerate them all.

I call to mind that when Mr. Thomas Dawson was his trainer, and won the Two Thousand for him with *General Peel*, the night before the race his lordship took me to see the horse in the stable, being accompanied by Mr. Gerard Sturt, now Lord Alington, and several other noblemen. He bid me feel his

legs, and note the size of his cannon-bone. I can candidly say I don't remember ever feeling any other so large. He was by no means a tall horse, but very strong ; and on this occasion looked remarkably well and fit to run. He was afterwards beat in the Derby by *Blair Athol*, to whom he again ran second for the St. Leger.

His lordship had a large stud, but did little good with any of them. The sires were indifferent and the dams unfashionable, enough to account for the result. His great delight was in match-making. In this amusement he was a perfect fortune to the Admiral, with whom he usually matched ; although he occasionally threw away a slice of his good things in the direction of others. He rarely seemed pleased with winning ; a feat, indeed, which he seldom accomplished. But if he had a successful day, he would make no match that night for the next day. On the other hand, if beat any number of times, he would match recklessly for the next day, and to the end of the week.

His eccentricity was exhibited on one occasion when, looking at one of the over-night handicaps at Newmarket, he pointed out to the Admiral that he was unfairly weighted in having at least a stone too little on his horse, and wished the weight put up by that much. The matter was rectified as he desired, and the result proved that he was not far wrong, for the horse was only beaten a short head. Would any-

one think of doing such a thing nowadays? He rarely bought or sold a horse; and, in order to make room for his annual number of yearlings, he would shoot all he considered useless at the end of the Houghton Meeting. He objected to name his horses, and there was no end to the confusion caused by the endless *Barbatus* and other colts, and *Miss Whip* fillies. He was by no means a heavy better, though, when Lord Kelborne, he lost a large stake over the St. Leger—£27,000—in *Mameluke's* year; and this loss, it may be, gave him a distaste to heavy wagering in later days, when he kept horses of his own. Though, when Lord George Bentinck had *Gaper* for the Derby, and wanted a large bet, he accommodated him by offering £90,000 to £30,000 against him; which bet, however, his lordship knew better than accept—probably feeling at the time 'the old complaint coming on again,' as the returned convict who had been transported for theft remarked, in reply to the inquiries as to whether his health had been benefited by change of air and foreign scenery, when pocketing his friend's silver snuff-box, which had been politely handed to him for the use of its contents.

Lord Glasgow was hasty in temper, and when irritated was not particular in his choice of words, having, indeed, his own special vocabulary of peculiar expletives. But his temper may have been largely due to the fact that he was a martyr to acute neuralgia in the back of his neck, which he was always seen

rubbing with one hand or the other. It is said that when he won, he on several occasions gave the stakes to Aldcroft, his favourite jockey ; but this, I should think, wants confirmation. He left Mr. Scott in an unmanly way, saying he did not want 'a brougham trainer;' an inapt reflection, which probably no one but his eccentric lordship could have conceived. He was occasionally condoled with by some of his compeers on his extraordinary run of ill-luck; to which he would reply by saying, 'No one could be unlucky that had £150,000 a year.' He had a great number of named and unnamed brood-mares and stallions, foals and yearlings at the time of his death, besides his horses in training. These he bequeathed to his friends, the late General Peel and Mr. George Payne, with a certain reservation that they were not to be sold, but raced. They ran in the latter gentleman's name ; but, out of compliment to the donor, always in the deceased nobleman's colours—red and white.

Another notable personage was the late Lord Exeter. He was a rather small man, and always dressed in black. He was unfashionable enough to wear a shirt-collar, and round this a necktie stiffly starched was wound several times. The result was, that it was impossible for his lordship to turn his head without moving his whole body—a kind of artificial severe stiff-neck. He would walk from one end of the Newmarket Street to the other; and no

matter how many heads were uncovered on his approach, he would notice or acknowledge no one—a manner which had the appearance, at least, of a haughty contempt for his social inferiors. As was the fashion in those days with gentlemen who kept racehorses, he bred most of his, and with fair success. He began racing about the year 1817, and had the following good horses, amongst others: *Red Gauntlet, Green Mantle, Marinella, Sultan*, and *Abydos*. In later years he did not do much good until he bought *Stockwell* of Mr. Theobald.

He kept his horses at Newmarket, and Mr. Harlock was his trainer till he gave up racing about the year 1866. He lived during the meetings at Foley House, and his trainer at Exeter House. Joined to each establishment was a long covered ride, in which he used to exercise his horses in wet or frosty weather, and was thus enabled to watch them unmolested by the touts, of whom he had a great abhorrence. In racing he was extremely peculiar—too fond of running and trying his horses, much against his trainer's wishes; but he was obdurate, and would have his own way.

As a rule his stable-boys rode his horses in their trials. One of them, Norman, was his jockey who gained the unenviable *sobriquet* of 'The Post Boy.' If his horses were beat in their races, Lord Exeter would have them all tried over again the same evening; and if the result was not to his satisfaction he

would try them again the next morning, notwithstanding that some of them were engaged the same day, and made to fulfil their engagements just the same. As a natural result, his horses were often run stale, and many of them broke down. But nothing would prevent his running them, if sound, in any and all of the stakes in which they were engaged, if he thought he had the remotest chance of winning, and often with no chance of doing so whatever. Except on one occasion with the Duke of Portland, I never knew his dividing a stake after a dead-heat, no matter whether the tie had been, so far as his horse was concerned, due to the merest accident, and the odds anything against his winning the deciding event.

Lord Exeter's retirement from the turf, in 1866, was reported to be in consequence of the heavy loss he sustained in making the Essendine Railway from Peterborough to Stamford. He sold his horses privately to Mr. Padwick. It was through the latter I became possessed of some of them, the best of which were *Blue Rock* and *Flying Duchess*, afterwards sold to Lord Anglesey. She was in my stud at Alvediston, and ultimately became the dam of *Galopin*, as I have related. But I omitted to say that I bought *Blue Rock* as unbroken, but afterwards learned that he had been ridden, and turned out again. I do not for a moment suppose his lordship knew of this, or that he had any recollection of it if he did. But others could not have been ignorant of the fact, and should have

made it known, particularly the trainer. But it was so, and I discovered it on his arrival at Woodyates by the saddle-marks, which could be seen quite plainly.

I purchased the whole of Lord Exeter's property at Newmarket of his agent, Mr. John Francis Clarke, for £11,000, for Mr. Simpson the banker at Diss, and owner of the breeding stud of that name. A curious circumstance occurred on my doing this in the following way: I bid Mr. Clarke £9,000 for it, the price asked being £10,000; but, as a friend, he advised me, if I really wanted to buy it, to give the price at once; for, he added, 'Lord Exeter is such a curious man to deal with, he may say he won't sell it at all, or else put the figure up.' But I did not quite see this, and bid him the £9,000 again. In due course this offer was refused, with the intimation that Lord Exeter would not now take less than £11,000, confirming Mr. Clarke's advice to the very letter. After consulting Mr. Simpson, I took it at the enhanced price, and even then it was very cheap. After the bargain was completed, his lordship requested, as a favour, to be allowed to move the marble mantelpiece in the dining-room, on which 'the Godolphin Arabian' was sculptured, he undertaking to replace it with a better. The request was acceded to, and the promise fulfilled. Lord Exeter, who in all his relations bore the character of a strictly honourable man, was in all connected with racing an example of integrity. He lived respected, and died at a good old age.

Of another of the worthies of old, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, I feel bound to record my humble testimony in praise of an honourable career and many acts of unselfishness. He was quite one of the old 'top-booted' school in dress and manners; a thorough Englishman of the best caste. He raced for the love of the sport entirely, and for nothing else. He had several horses, which were trained by Mr. Sherwood on Epsom Downs, the stables being situated on the hill opposite to the Grand Stand. His best horse, or the one that did him the most good, and afforded him the greatest amount of pleasure, was *Amato*, with which he won the Derby in the year 1838. Strange to say the horse was evidently lame at the time, like *Phosphorus*, who won it the preceding year. If Sir Gilbert betted at all, it was merely for the sake of backing his opinion. When he won, he generally gave the stakes to the poor in his neighbourhood, though he did not forget to reward both his trainer and his jockey.

Sir Gilbert was one esteemed by all, acquaintances or friends. He lived at 'The Durdans' near Epsom, which Lord Rosebery has recently bought, and where his lordship now resides. I should, perhaps, tell that, besides his freehold estates, the late baronet held some leasehold property on rather curious terms. On the death of either of the tenants, not only was a stipulated payment to be made, but also a heriot in the good old form; that is a tribute, not

in the shape of arms, but of 'the best beast.' It so happened that at the time of Sir Gilbert's death, there was on the premises a racehorse that had shown good form. This was seized by the superior landlord, and afterwards called *Heriot*. I remember that there was a good deal of talk at the time as to the justice of the action, it being condemned by some and justified by others, according to the different views taken of it.

Baron J. de Teissier was one of Sir Gilbert's staunchest, as he was perhaps his closest, friend. They lived in the same neighbourhood, and were seldom seen apart. I do not remember that the Baron ever kept any horses. As a rule he was, with Sir Gilbert, one of the stewards at Epsom, the two being owners of much of the land over which the races were run. Though not an Englishman, he was one of whose association with us in our national sports the English nation was justly proud.

Lord Jersey, as a successful owner of racehorses, was a little before my time. He used to farm the Riddlesworth, and many other good races at Newmarket. He was generally dressed, as not a few others were at the time, in a black or dark-coloured suit, which was strangely in contrast with the Duke of Portland's buckskin breeches or Lord George's buckskin trousers. He must have been very successful with his horses, *Bay Middleton*, *Cæsar*, and *Achmet* out of his favourite mare *Cobweb*, and many more, before I knew him. Amongst others, *Glencoe*

and *Glenara* did him good service. Yet he thought that breeding did not pay, and it is, indeed, reported that he once pithily, if severely, said, 'If you wish to do your bitterest enemy an injury, give him a brood-mare well engaged in produce stakes, with the promise to keep it, and in a few years his ruin will be complete.' But I don't know about this myself. I do not think that Mr. Batson, for instance, who bred *Plenipotentiary* at Horse Heath, or Mr. Thornhill, of Riddlesworth, who had *Emilius* and *Euclid*, and other breeders in those days; or, more recently, Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Falmouth; or Mr. Chaplin in the present time, would be inclined to agree with him in this opinion.

Lord Jersey, I should say, in conclusion, was well served by his jockey, Mr. James Robinson, and by his trainer, Mr. Ransom. The latter, after his lordship's death, became the stud-groom at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court, where he lived many years, respected by all who knew him, and retaining his primitive style of dress to the end.

CHAPTER X.

MR. PARKER.

Varied experiences—Commences racing—Purchase of *One Act*—Her trial and our expectations—How defeated—Forestalled and struck out. Running at Chester; remarkable dream—*Joe Miller* in the Metropolitan—Winnings on the Chester Cup—Mistake as to his condition—*Brigantine* another example—A perilous journey—How *Joe Miller* was ruined—*Noisy*, ill-luck in the Chester Cup—*Cedric*—*Sutherland's* luck and subsequent failure—*Tame Deer* in the Northampton Cup—Confidence of his new owner, but well beaten—*Bird on the Wing*—Her chance in the Oaks—Sam Rogers and Frank Butler—A revelation in fashionable jockeys.

The gentleman of whose doings I shall attempt to give some account in this and the following chapter, was not one who deserves a prominent notice on account of high birth or the achievement of daring deeds by sea or land. Yet he was a character who, in the racing world, stood conspicuous for many virtues deserving of recognition.

> 'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies,'

is an axiom which was carried out in his career.

Mr. Joseph Parker was the son of a large farmer

near Chester, and a successful man in all his business undertakings. He lived a curious life, and did many things worthy of note outside of his career on the turf, with which I was intimately connected. As we may, I think, learn a good deal from his experiences in racing, I propose first to deal with the performances of some of his horses, and leave his personal characteristics and his doings in other directions for notice after I have said what I have to say on the former topic.

He commenced racing in partnership with Mr. Farrance, an old friend of his, in 1849. In the following year my father bought *Joe Miller*, at the Newmarket July meeting, for them and Mr. Padwick, giving £300 for him. The horse was then about as big as a good-sized foal, and remained a pony until the day of his death, like most of the *Venison* produce, who himself, whilst running, was little larger. Mr. Parker had few horses then. In fact, he never had a large stud, scarcely more than half a dozen at a time. The following are the names of some of his horses: *Teddy*, *Aldford*, *Grosvenor*, *Cardinal Wiseman*, *Cedric*, *Sutherland*, *Tame Deer*, *Noisy*, *One Act*, *Joe Miller*, and *Avenger*.

One Act, originally the *Extravaganza* filly, and thus neatly named, I bought at Mr. Johnstone's sale at Doncaster for 300 guineas, as the joint property of Messrs. Parker, Farrance, and myself. She was low and long, with plenty of substance, but stood

rather upright in her fore-legs, in which she gave way after winning the Chester Cup. *One Act* and *Joe Miller* were the two most successful horses Mr. Parker ever owned, either in part or wholly. And their victories in his native county, in the race of the meeting —the Chester Cup—where he was on both occasions surrounded by friends and neighbours, considerably heightened his delight at his success, independently of the fact of winning a large stake on each horse.

In *One Act* we soon knew we had a treasure; although, from circumstances now to be related, we had not the opportunity of winning all the races that we might have won, had we been more favoured with luck. She stayed well, and, as a two-year-old, was tried with the three-year-old *Sultan*, at 22 lb., a mile and a distance, and beat him. This would have made her, as a two-year-old, the winner of the Cambridgeshire at 5 st. 12 lb. So, when the handicaps for next year came out, with the mare in the Chester Cup at 4 st. 3 lb., which would be like putting *Sultan* in as a four-year-old at 6 st., it not only looked a good thing, but made the race our own on paper. She was entered in all five of the Spring Handicaps—the City and Suburban, Metropolitan, Great Northern, Flying Dutchman Stakes at York, and the Chester Cup. And assuredly she would, bar accidents, have won the whole of them, had she started for the two first; but this she was prevented doing in the following way.

In the spring I wrote to Mr. Parker and asked him to come and see the mare tried, which he did. On his arrival he said, in his good-natured way :

'I hope you have got the money on well.'

'Me !' I answered, more earnestly than, perhaps, correctly, in my surprise. 'What do you mean?'

'Why,' he rejoined, 'the mare is the first favourite in both races' (the City and Suburban and the Metropolitan), 'and I thought you might have backed her for us and yourself too.'

'No,' I said in reply ; 'I have never seen or heard her name mentioned till now.'

Nor had I, as I only took in the weekly papers.

'It's Teddy' (referring to Mr. Farrance), he said; 'he has been in communication with the boy I told you of, and now I hope you will be satisfied, and believe what is so clear to everyone but yourself.'

Thus it appeared our chance, at the time, had been wrecked by the action of our own partner. The mare was, however, beat in her trial, and, without any assistance of ours, was driven out of the betting. But we thought the trial was wrong, and tried her again in a few days, and found that it was so; for on a second attempt she beat *Tame Deer*, giving him 18 lb., the other two being tailed off a long way. But before Mr. Parker got my letter, and could act on it, he found she was made favourite again, and would not back her at the short price obtainable. In the end she did not run, though we took her to the meeting in

the hope that there might be a chance of placing a fair bet. But it was no good, and at the last minute she was struck out, whilst those who had forestalled us were led to believe that she would not be run until the latter end of the year. This had the desired effect, and to their utter discomfiture we were enabled to back her for all we wanted for the other three races named, all of which she won.

Mr. Parker was much blamed at the time for leaving her in to the last moment. But he would have run her if he could; and as he could in no other way protect himself, he adopted the only honourable course. With respect to the Chester Cup, the mare ran in the Palatine Stakes the first day, and was beat by *Theodora*, much to our surprise and disappointment. Yet, as it turned out, this was one of the most fortunate circumstances that could have happened for us; for it drove her from 5 to 1 to 20 to 1 in the betting for her race (the Cup) next day. After coolly thinking the matter out, I said to Mr. Parker that her defeat a mile and a quarter by a fast mare like *Theodora* did not amount to much after all; for that she (*One Act*) was much better at two miles and a quarter, a distance that many of her opponents would not like. So I recommended him to take £2,000 to £100 about her two or three times, as he was sure to have good hedging before the start, as well as a good race for his money. But he waited, and could only get 15 to 1 to £200, for which he backed her. She

never reached a better price than 12 to 1, so neither he nor I hedged a penny; which we both should have done had she come back to the old price, on the principle that 'no bet is a good one until it is hedged.'

The night before the race was run I had a remarkable dream, worth relating because of its accurate fulfilment. I dreamt *One Act* won, and William Goater was second after a good race, and that I told him after they had passed the winning-post that I thought I had won. To which he hastily replied: 'You know you have.' And walking up the course together, he said: 'You have done me out of the best stake I ever stood.' This dream I told to some ten or a dozen gentlemen during breakfast the next morning at the inn at which I was staying—Mr. Parker himself being amongst them. After saddling the mare, I stood close by the winning-post to see the race, and as soon as she passed it the third time, I thought my mare had won. I said to the judge:

'What has won, Mr. Johnstone?'

'White!' he replied; and then looking up, added: 'Oh, you, Mr. Day!'

Strange to say, William Goater was standing by my side all the time, quite unobserved by me, until, turning round to go and meet the mare, I found myself face to face with him.

And as we walked up together to meet our respective horses, he said:

'I stood more money on mine to day than I ever

stood before, and have lost a large stake;' thus absolutely fulfilling my dream to the very letter.

I have already in these pages had something to say of *Joe Miller*, but have much left to tell of his other performances. In the Metropolitan Stakes he was unlucky, losing the race by being interfered with by *Miss Ann* in coming round Tattenham Corner. It was not, however, a specially lucky thing for the jockey who interfered with him. For he, not knowing that Mr. Merry had backed *Joe Miller* for a lot of money, told that gentleman what he had done with some glee, and greatly to Mr. Merry's annoyance, as he told Mr. Parker afterwards. But they both had their revenge, and the stable also, in the Chester Cup. Mr. Parker entirely for himself, independent of the commission, took the following bets from Davis, the Leviathan; 25 monkeys to 1, or £12,500 to £500; and again, 12 monkeys to 1 against him for the Emperor's Cup at Ascot, both of which he literally won in a trot—though the last victory was more owing to his being well and the state of the ground than to any merit of his own. But, under any circumstances, it is a pleasant thing to win of one professional £18,500 in bets in the course of a couple of months on one horse, and get it paid (free of duty). In those days you did not see only three or four horses brought to the post to run for valuable cups, nor half a score contending for the Chester Cup or other big handicaps. For the Cup in *Joe Miller's* year there

were no fewer than forty-three runners, and thirty runners in *One Act's* year.

A good deal was said of *Joe Miller's* condition, or rather of his appearance before this race. Mr. Parker advised his friend Captain Brabazon to back him; and this the latter assuredly would have done, only happening to see the horse just before entering the saddling paddock, looking, as he said, so wretchedly bad, he altered his mind; and instead sought out Parker, and began abusing him for recommending him to back a creature that could scarcely walk round the ring, much less gallop the course. These hasty words would have led to blows, but for the timely interference of friends. After the race, the captain, as meek then as he had been furious before, had the good sense to offer an ample and acceptable apology. The truth is, as I afterwards heard others say, when the horse came into the enclosure his coat was staring or reversed, which made him look bad to a non-professional eye. Gentlemen can understand a horse setting up his coat 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine' in cold weather; but they do not know that the hottest sun has often just the same effect on the animal when in the best of health and fit to run.

The same thing exactly happened to *Brigantine* at Ascot, when she won the Cup. People said even to myself that 'they did not think she looked very well.' To which I replied:

'Mine seldom do in other people's eyes.'

Sir Frederick Johnstone himself, at the last moment, came to me and said :

'William, is the mare all right ?'

'Yes, Sir Frederick,' I replied ; and he went straight again to the ring and backed her for more money. After the race he came to me, and, looking at the mare, said he could not think how so much fault could be found with her condition, as he thought he never saw her looking better. And so did everyone else then ; but, before the race, his friends and the busybodies had told him that she looked wretched, and was overdone. In fact, they discovered that she had had a tremendous gallop, two miles and a half, the day before, with *Cornet*, a horse that could never get over a mile in his life. It turned out all very well, as she won ; but what would they all have thought if she had been beat ? and what kind things would they not have said of me ?

Before concluding my account of *Joe Miller's* performances, I may perhaps relate how he went to Chester, and what befell him on his return journey home. After taking his gallop at four a.m., he came back to the stable, was done and done up, and, at eleven o'clock, entered his van (a double one), and started for Cheltenham, where he arrived in the evening, and slept the night. He reached Chester in the afternoon on Tuesday, and cantered over the course after the races were over that day. He returned home by rail, and though the van had

passed under the gauge for testing the height, yet it came into contact with one of the arches with great violence ; and had not the roof given way, the van, or the truck it was standing on, must have been thrown off the rails, and most likely the boy, or the horse, or both of them, have been killed. As, however, it passed several stations and under innumerable bridges after the accident, the stationmaster at the next stoppage decided there could be no further danger, and let it proceed at the railway company's risk; and so the matter ended harmlessly.

Joe Miller, as a five-year-old, was again well in for the Chester Cup, and we thought would win it ; and, but for an accident, I think even now he probably would have done so. As an account of the accident may serve as a useful warning, I will briefly relate the particulars. It happened between seven and eight o'clock in the evening ; for at the latter hour the horse was found with his head in the manger, looking dispirited and thoroughly unwell. On examination we discovered a large bump on his poll, and the horse, in fact, insensible. The injury was caused, I do not doubt, from his having his head under the manger, and then raising it quickly, and coming into contact with the sharp edge of the under part of it. We had unfortunately backed him for some money, and were only able to save a portion of it. And worse, the horse, though he ran again, was never himself afterwards. Here was an accident no one

could have foreseen. We were wiser after the event, no doubt, which for the first time showed the advisability of having the manger boarded to the ground perpendicularly.

Noisy, another horse in which Mr. Parker was interested, was a good but unlucky animal. I bought him for 100 guineas, when General Anson, on leaving England, sold his horses at Tattersalls'. He was nearly seventeen hands high, with very powerful limbs, and action like a pony's. He ran in the Chester Cup when *Scythian* won it, in 1855, the year *Nancy* broke her leg and was shot. But he had no fair chance. No boy could ride him in a crowd of other horses, and particularly over a circular course like Chester, the cock-pit of courses. This was most clearly proved in two ways. When tried at home he beat *Nabob* at 18 lb., and, in the race, *Nabob* gave him 2 st. 12 lb. and beat him. Coming round the last turn but one he had won in a canter, being many lengths first, and all the rest beat. But the little boy on him could neither hold him nor turn him ; and instead of going round the last bend he went straight into the corner and stopped short, and cantered up after the others had passed him. He did this from no vice, but simply because he did not know where to go, and the boy could not guide him. The next day he won the Dee Stakes easily, though only by half a length, beating such good horses as *Lord Alfred*, *Lady Tatton*, and *Correobus ;* the latter last, although but a short

time before he had run second for the Metropolitan Stakes. This result proved that if *Noisy* had only run up to his form, as shown both in the race and in his trial, he would have won the Cup. A similar disappointment, and one due to the same cause, want of proper control, met him in the City and Suburban at Epsom. Here, in company with another horse, he got away and ran the whole of the course through and into the paddock before he could be stopped ; and even then was third in the race itself. If *Noisy* had not run in the Dee Stakes—and I was strongly opposed to his running, wishing to keep him for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—all the world would have said he was a bad horse, and that I had mistaken his form. Curiously, like *Dulcamara*, on his return from Chester he was a confirmed roarer, and neither could beat anything afterwards.

With *Cedric*, for which he gave £50, Mr. Parker was more fortunate. Though a bad horse, he won the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath, beating *Pole Star* and several others in a common canter, and was then sold to Lord William Powlett for 1,100 guineas, with his engagements ; none of which, nor any other, did he ever win for his new owner. *Sutherland*, again, may be classed with the lucky division ; for, though a bad one, not within two stone of a racehorse, yet in the Doncaster Stakes he ran second to *Cape Flyaway* at even weights, beating *St. Albans*, the winner of the St. Leger, at 10 lb., and *Wizard*, who ran

third, at 5 lb. How he could do this I never could make out; for *Dulcibella* could give him two stone before he ran for it, and did so on his return to Woodyates. Yet directly after the race all the world knew, except myself, that I had thrown away both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in consequence of my not having entered him for them.

The fact is, although I forgot to mention it to anyone else besides Mr. Parker, *Sutherland* had been sent to Doncaster for the sole purpose of finding out how good or how bad he might be, in order that I might have a line for *Dulcibella* from his running. And, notwithstanding his excellent performance there, we sold him to Mr. Campbell Wyndham, with the condition that he was not to leave my stable until after the Royal Stakes at Newmarket, half of which the vendor was to have if he won. He won the race and left me, but was never afterwards a winner. Here was another mystery. How was it that in this race he could beat horses that could run, such as Baron Rothschild's *King of Diamonds*, the winner of several races, and Mr. Merry's *Trovatore*, who won six races that year, and yet, being the soundest horse in England, his owner could find no race which he could win?

Tame Deer won several little races. He once beat the redoubtable *Fisherman* at 3 lb., at Lincoln, to which place he had been sent merely to get a line for *One Act* for the Spring Handicaps. He

was afterwards beaten at Northampton, in the Cup. But on this occasion he was pulled up before reaching the distance, the jockey saying he had gone the wrong side of a post. But as, on a minute examination by both Mr. Parker and myself of the spot indicated, no tracks whatever could be discovered on the wrong side of the post, he must have told an untruth. The matter ended ; but not without, as might well be expected, creating some unpleasantness between owner and jockey ; and more especially as we had particularly wished to have the horse ridden out, in order to know his form. However, we saw he ran sufficiently well till nearing the distance to know he stayed, and had sufficient speed to try anything a distance of ground. So, with two others in to correct them, he was tried with *One Act* at 18 lb., and she beat him two lengths, two and a quarter miles; and I always looked upon them as equal at 21 lb. She once tried to give him 24 lb., and was defeated a length after a good race two miles and a quarter.

Tame Deer was afterwards sold to Mr. Mellish (an assumed name of Mr. Edward Smith, many years turf correspondent of *Bell's Life*), who bought him, I believe, on what he was told or saw of the race for the Northampton Cup, above referred to. When he became the property of his new owner, like most horses that fall into the hands of sanguine people possessed of not much racing knowledge, it was soon discovered that the horse had improved 21 lb., and

that there was no horse like him. So enthusiastic were his supporters that the world would have come to think there must be some truth in this wild report, if it had not been for the irony of facts. In 1857, at Wolverhampton, *Fisherman* gave him 20 lb. and a good beating. In 1860 *Petra* beat him for the Chester Cup and the Steward's Cup, for which latter he (*Tame Deer*) was favourite at 5 to 2. Besides, I beat him myself with *St. Giles*, for the Northamptonshire Stakes. But no one could then or can now get over the fact that, when I had him, he beat *Fisherman* at 3 lb. ; and afterwards, when said to be so much better, *Fisherman* gave him 20 lb., and beat him—a thing which *One Act* could always do, and *Fisherman*, no doubt, was 7 lb. or 10 lb. better than she was, which would make public running and private trials tally.

I may here refer to *Bird on the Wing*, because, though never Mr. Parker's property, she was run in his name. She belonged to a good-hearted and very nice fellow, a Mr. Dalton, steward of Arthur's Club. How he became possessed of her I don't know ; but, as she was his as a two-year-old, I should think most likely he bought her as a yearling of the breeder, Mr. R. Wright, of Richmond, Yorkshire. In her first race as a two-year-old *Bird on the Wing* was evidently thought much of, as she was favourite at 2 to 1, but was unplaced. This was in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, at York, won by Mr. Merry's Filly by *Ithuriel*, afterwards called *Sally*, who started at 6 to 1.

This led to Mr. Milner laying Mr. Merry the heavy wager of £5,000 that *Bird on the Wing* beat *Sally* in the next year's Oaks. Afterwards she appears to have run quite as badly in several races, but finished up by winning a little race at Northallerton Autumn Meeting, beating three others, with odds of 7 to 4 on her.

Early the next year she came to me through Mr. Parker; and her doings whilst in my hands are of special interest, as exhibiting the eccentricities, to use a mild term, of your fashionable jockey. She was a nice clever mare, rather small; and, if she had a fault in shape, stood rather upright on her pasterns. We tried her just before the Oaks, and she beat *Joe Miller* a mile and a half at even weights, and two others; which made her look to have a good chance for that event. Sam Rogers rode her in it, and, as was evident to many, lost the race. As the prevalent belief was that he did this purposely, he was mobbed on his return to the weighing-stand, and with difficulty got safely into the enclosure. He told me he had lost the race by not making use enough of the mare. But, as my instructions to him were to make a good pace the whole of the way, he could give no satisfactory reason why he should not have made the best of her.

The story then pretty freely circulated, but with what truth I am unable to say, was to the effect that Frank Butler had, in the winter, taken a very large bet that he won both the Derby and Oaks that year.

He had won the first on *Daniel O'Rourke*, beating such good horses as *Stockwell*, *Kingston*, and *Hobbie Noble*, which in itself must be regarded as rather a curious performance—indeed quite unaccountable, considering that *Stockwell* had beaten him in the Two Thousand, and that he had previously been beaten by two or three others; and that, after winning the Derby, he (*Daniel O'Rourke*) was beaten at York by a horse like *Frantic;* again at Doncaster, in the St. Leger, by *Stockwell* and *Harbinger;* and in the Triennial Stakes at Newmarket by *Hobbie Noble* and *Adine;* and ran a worse horse in the following year. If this be public running, what is to be said in favour of it? Who will suppose that many of the good horses I have mentioned as running in the Derby showed their true form in it? I think no one. As for the Oaks, the betting was sufficient, in my opinion, to show how the land lay; and that *Bird on the Wing* was not very likely to win. On the morning of the race she was second favourite at 4 to 1; and although we kept backing her, she ominously receded to 15 and 20 to 1. And, as will be seen, her subsequent running, with stable-boys up, showed plainly enough that she was much the best mare in the race, and ought to have won it, and easy too.

After this race, I asked Mr. Dalton never to let a jockey ride her again, but to put one of our stable-boys up. She went the next week to Manchester, and won the Produce Stakes, to which there were fifty-six

subscribers, in a canter, beating six others, little Hiett riding her. She next ran at York. Here a telegram arrived for me just before going on the course from Mr. Dalton, asking me to get Frank Butler to ride her, which I did. At this Sam Rogers was furious, and wanted to know why he could not ride her. I simply said, 'Because Mr. Dalton has instructed me to get Frank Butler.' Notwithstanding this, he was extremely rude and abusive, saying he knew I had prevented him from riding her. So far he was right, but there was no good in my telling him so. I told Frank the mare was a little slow, and wanted a good pace; and if nothing else made it, he was to do so himself. To which he said, 'Very well.' The pace was bad, and he never went near his horses first or last, and pulling-up opposite the grand-stand, was a bad third. In this race probably the principle of reciprocity embodied in the axiom that 'one good turn deserves another' was worked out. If Sam served Frank at Epsom, Frank served Sam at York. And yet the combined skill of these two wonderful jockeys was insufficient to make the public believe in the honesty of either; and without such a result, what was their talent worth?—not a fig.

Naturally, after weighing, I had an interview with Frank Butler, and he gave as an excuse that the mare had lost her form, and had gone a roarer. I replied that if she had it was since the morning; to which he rejoined that she could beat nothing, in the

hope, I imagine, that I would not run her again—at that meeting at any rate. He stood some little time impressing this upon me, and rubbing, as was his wont, his full-grown mahogany-coloured nasal organ. I was, I need not say, much annoyed at the mare's running in this race—the Yorkshire Oaks. I was determined to test its accuracy and learn if there was any truth in Frank's statement, and so put her in the Queen's Plate on Friday. In this she met *Hesse Homburg*, who was first favourite at 5 to 2, having only recently won the Brighton Stakes, beating a large field, and Frank was on her. The result of the race is soon told—for *Bird on the Wing* made play directly after starting, was never headed, and won in the most lazy way imaginable by two lengths. The mare did not show any symptoms of roaring, nor Frank any sign of truthfulness when he said she roared and was out of form. Harry Goater rode her in the Park Hill at Doncaster, which she won as she did her other races—in a trot. In this, among others, she met *Sally* again, and could have positively walked by the post and won. Her performance, indeed, so frightened Mr. John Scott, that he came and offered me half the Doncaster Stakes, if *Long Bow* won it, not to run her; an offer which I readily accepted, and so got £410 for keeping her in the stable. This was a piece of sheer luck, as she had a bad leg and could not have run a second race that day if we had not compromised.

Mr. Dalton after this never kept another racehorse. But why he should have left the turf, I am at a loss to conceive. For, notwithstanding his many disappointments with *Bird on the Wing* as a two-year-old, and her defeat after she came into my hands, the next year, in two good races like the Oaks and the Yorkshire Oaks, his career was successful. But perhaps, like myself, he was disgusted with the performances of the fashionable jockey, as set forth in these revelations.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PARKER (*continued*).

Joins his uncle in London—'The pace that kills'—Evenings at Owen Swift's—Buying a watch—Skill with the gloves—London 'life' as it was—A good stock—Excellent judgment of racing—An objection sustained—Jockeys and amateurs—Nearly 'done' by a welsher—An instance of enforced restitution—His belief in condition—Analogy from dog-training—Fights between 'Pincher' and 'Bullet'—Admiral Rous on *Cedric's* condition—Mr. Parker's belief in 'Farce,' and our parting—His life in retirement.

I NOW propose, as I promised, to relate something about Mr. Parker personally. He was, as I have said, the son of Mr. Parker, of Aldford, near Churton, Cheshire, a large dairy and stock farmer, under the then Marquis of Westminster. The son, Joseph, not caring for country life, came early to London, where he lived many years with his uncle, at No. 8, Lower John Street, Golden Square; and on the death of that relative succeeded to the business, which he carried on profitably. He worked at it indefatigably indeed, being seldom in bed after five o'clock in the morning, having to be at his wharf with his men at half-past.

The uncle himself was a character in his way. He was a man of great constitutional strength, and, as such men often are, a hard liver. He would not have his clothes off, except occasionally to change them, for a week at a time, seldom getting into bed at all during that period, except on Sunday. He used to dine out, and after partaking liberally of wine and spirits, would return home about three in the morning, and retire to his cellar, and there finish a bottle of gin palatably diluted with water. Then, after a refreshing wash, he would betake himself to business. This kind of life he carried on with little variation for several years; though he did not live very long, thus fully confirming the adage that 'it is the pace that kills.'

In the later part of his life the nephew often went with him, and thus no doubt acquired a taste for good living, fast life, and late hours, which he retained until he left business altogether. In his time, Owen Swift was in his heyday at the Horse Shoe, Tichborne Street, which, like other familiar places, has since been improved off the face of the earth. This was Mr. Parker's nightly resort, where he had his brandy and soda or other stimulant with his old chums. Here he would meet Tass Parker (one of the fancy, and no relative); Mr. Dale, a very good fellow; Dick Forester, in the police force; and about a score of the same sort. They would break-up about two o'clock in the morning; and it was a rare occurrence if they left without having a fight. And yet

from habit, Mr. Parker, as I have said, was seldom late at his business.

It was here that the following incident occurred: A nephew of Mr. Parker's, a Mr. Upton, used, like his uncle, to spend an hour or two most nights in the bar-parlour of the Horse Shoe. A gentlemanly stranger, well dressed in black, joined the group one evening, and seating himself by Mr. Upton's side, entered into conversation with him on some current topic. He continued to put in an appearance for a few nights, and then became more familiar, acquainting Mr. Upton with the melancholy and dire circumstances attending the death of his father; winding up by saying:

'The dear old man has left me his watch; but as I have one already, it is no use to me, and I should be glad to sell it, as the money will be more serviceable.'

He asked some ridiculously low price for it, considering the watch was really a good one, and Mr. Upton made him a bid for it, and got it; the seller disappearing, and not being seen again. The watch was the next morning sent to be cleaned and set going; but was detained by the watchmaker, who stated that it had been stolen, and that he was bound to give notice to the police that the watch had come into his hands. The day after, a policeman called on Mr. Upton, and said:

'Unless, sir, you can tell me of whom you bought the watch, I must take you into custody.'

He (Mr. Upton) related the circumstances connected with the purchase. But as he did not know the person's name, could not give it, and walked off with the policeman on his way to the station. But just before arriving there, he met the man and gave him into custody, and of course was at once liberated. The thief, I may add, was duly tried and convicted. Mr. Upton's experience in the matter must have taught him the need of caution in dealing with a stranger.

Mr. Parker's association in the afternoon as well as evening with a jovial little fellow like Owen Swift, gave him a taste for boxing; and he became, I believe, one of the best amateurs of his day in England. Though by no means bad-tempered naturally, at times when he had taken a little to drink he was inclined to be quarrelsome, and would then fight anyone, though he were big as a giant. But he was by no means averse to having 'a set-to' with anyone at any time for the love of the science, and seldom got the worst in the encounter. On one occasion he had a few words with a tailor, which ended in an undecided battle that lasted nearly all the afternoon.

I am reminded, when I call to mind Mr. Parker and his doings in those days, of the change that has come over our habits. If there be fast living in the present day, it is carried on in a different way. Then was, in fact, the era of fast living; and the turning of a large portion of the night into day. After dinner came the

theatre; then the Casino or Evans's, to hear the mighty chorus and sup; next the Cider Cellars, or the Coal Hole, where Chief Baron Nicholson tried all the *crim.-con.* cases over again, and displayed his *tableaux vivants.* After twelve or one a.m., Bennett might be seen with his lovely 'rose' in his retreat in Jermyn Street, where an unrivalled collection of female beauty was always on view, displaying their delicate charms in the most attractive way until daylight appeared. In Panton Street, and in other houses in the Haymarket, amusements could be found for all classes or any age, to suit their respective tastes and pockets. Thence the pleasure-seekers would repair to that pandemonium known as Regent Quadrant, where at night and early morning could be seen persons of all degrees—reputable and disreputable, old and young, of both sexes—in various stages of inebriety, whose pursuits it is scarcely healthful to describe. Such were some of the nightly amusements with which in those days it was thought no disgrace to be identified. Others would prefer an evening at Ben Caunt's, Johnny Broom's, or Owen Swift's, to whose places most men of fashion would repair just for the last glass. Cock-fighting, badger-baiting, and man-fighting, in all their hideousness, could be provided on the shortest notice. With the razing of the Quadrant to the ground, and the closing of the public-houses at 12.30, the night-houses were done away with, and the worst features of this 'life' swept away; and it can

scarcely be that any more sensible steps were ever taken by the guardians of the public peace and morals.

Mr. Parker's courage, as I have shown, was undoubted. In fact, as we say in racing parlance, he came of a good stock, and was well-bred for a pugilist. His father delighted in the science, and used to thrash his farm labourers if they offended him in anything. The old man broke his thigh after he was sixty years old, and amputation of the leg followed. But he recovered, and with the assistance of a wooden limb and a crutch he used to attend Chester market most weeks, and had several battles there. He would throw away his crutch, and plant his back against a wall (if one could be found), and hit his opponents with such terrific force that they soon gave in. Mr. Parker himself was in height about 5 feet 11 inches, and weighed twelve stone. He walked extremely upright in rather a swaggering style, and cared for no man. At the age of twenty his hair was quite grey —a peculiarity of the family—and soon after became white. He received a liberal education at a grammar school in the neighbourhood, at Farndon, and amongst other accomplishments wrote a splendid hand. In all business transactions he was precise, and paid his training and other accounts with punctuality to a penny.

Mr. Parker was a prudent man in every sense of the word, and remarkably free from prejudice. On

any matter on which he was not thoroughly informed of his own knowledge, he would listen with deference to the arguments of those whom he thought more likely to know than himself, and would act on the advice so received. When he had made up his mind, he would bet boldly. He preferred to run his horses mostly for the big handicaps; knowing well two things: First, that on no other description of races could so much money be won; and secondly, that horses that might be good enough to win such events, were not good enough to contend successfully with the best horses in weight-for-age races. In this he showed that he knew as well where to place his horses as when to back them. I should, however, say that he won one good weight-for-age race—the Ascot Cup. On one point he was most determined; and nothing would ever drive him from his settled conviction. He believed that what he saw in a trial was the correct form, no matter how completely an opinion so formed might be upset by the result of the race itself. And in this belief he was generally right; the race being more often wrong than the trial—a fact which was proved to demonstration by subsequent performances over and over again.

He was a man of strict honour and integrity; and enjoyed a reputation for talent, which was justly bestowed, as proved on many occasions. He seldom made an objection; but when he did, he generally sustained it. In the Spring Meeting of 1858 at Ilsley,

when *Avenger* ran second to Sir L. Newman's *Supple Jack*, he objected to the latter on the ground that he had gone the wrong side of a post, as he manifestly had done to all beholders. Yet, after the stewards heard the case, it was given in favour of 'the winner.' Mr. Parker gave notice to the clerk of the course to withhold the stakes, and the case was afterwards brought before the stewards of the Jockey Club at Bath, who decided as follows, viz. :

'Having heard the evidence in this case, we are of opinion that the owner of the horse that came in second' (Mr. Parker) 'is entitled to the Stewards' Plate.

(Signed) 'Beaufort,
'William Powlett,
'H. Rous (for Lord Anglesey).'

It was Mr. Parker who protested against the injustice of the rule that prohibited jockeys from riding in races specially open to gentlemen-riders; and it was through his pertinacity, by the aid of Mr. C. C. Greville, that the restriction was revoked, and jockeys allowed to ride carrying 5 lb. extra. The complaint sprang out of an incident that occurred at Bibury, through the extraordinary running of one of his horses which he had backed, and thought would most likely win; but she was last, or nearly so. He entered her again the next day, and she ran with many of the same

horses, and at the same difference of weight over the same course, with a professional up, and won easily —which justified his conduct in the action he had taken.

I never remember his having but one dispute about a bet; and this was at Shrewsbury, under the following circumstances: Mr. Parker offered to take five ponies to one about a horse he was running, and some one said, 'Done, Mr. Parker!' and gave the name of 'Jones,' and made his exit from the ring as quickly as possible for fear of recognition. The horse was beat; and the next morning the money was claimed.

'Why,' said Parker, 'you are not Jones. I never laid the bet with you!'

'Oh yes, you did, Mr. Parker,' says the fellow; 'and here it is in my book,' pointing to the entry.

It then flashed across Mr. Parker's mind that he had been 'done,' a thing which of all things he objected to. Thus irate, he expressed himself in most emphatic terms, and catching poor little 'Jones' by the throat, said:

'I'll kick you all round the ring, you vagabond!' a threat which so terrified the fellow, that he cried out aloud for mercy, and promised he would tell him all, if only he would let him go.

'It was Quince that laid you the bet,' explained the culprit when allowed to speak; 'and he said if I could get it, he would give me £5, for he felt sure you would know him if he came for it himself.'

Now 'Quince' was the nickname of a stable-boy who had won a lot of money over a horse so called in the Goodwood Stakes. On this occasion Mr. Parker's action was effective, for neither 'Jones' nor 'Quince' was seen in the vicinity of the ring for the remainder of the week.

He had, as most people have, a strong aversion to being welshed; not, I think, that he ever was so nearly done as on the occasion named. But he hated the whole tribe, and showed this detestation in a marked manner when, at another time, one of these gentry had lost and forgotten to pay his nephew, Mr. Thomas Upton, £15 the week before, and when confronted by his creditor, repudiated all knowledge of the transaction. Mr. Parker was a man of few words, and went straight to the fellow in the ring at Goodwood, where he was betting in tens and fifties.

'This gentleman,' said Parker to him, and pointing to Mr. Upton, 'wants £15 of you for last week.'

'Me ?'

'Yes, you.'

'Why, I don't know the man; never saw him before; and was ill in bed all last week. He must, therefore, have made a mistake, I assure you.'

'It's not worth discussing,' replied Parker, and immediately threw the fellow on his back and lugged him up the lawn in front of the stand, walking backwards, just as a dog would draw a badger, into the weighing-room (which in those days was in the

Grand Stand), his quarry howling pitifully all the way. The weighing-room gained, the man was allowed to regain an erect position.

'Now,' said Parker, 'pay, or I will throw you down again and take it from you.'

But, untaught by experience, the fellow, instead of complying with the request, began to argue the point, and, before he knew where he was, found himself again on his back, and a large roll of notes taken from his pocket. Mr. Parker counted out £15 from these, and, after handing the sum to Mr. Upton, returned the roll to the welsher, with a solemn warning that if he ever dared to do anything of the like again, he, Mr. Parker, would kick him all round the ring, and then out of it; adding that he felt very much inclined to do it there and then.

Of such fellows as these, Mr. Parker could beat 'a lane full;' and they knew it, without troubling him to put them through the fiery ordeal. In fact, his extensive knowledge of pedestrianism, and of the feats of endurance which pugilists have to submit to, gave him an insight of training, and what horses should do, and what they should be like when fit to run, that very few other men possessed. Therefore, however specious the reasoning, nothing would make him believe in a half-trained horse, or cause him to think that a trained one was overdone. In this opinion he was confirmed by his own experience in the training of dogs. Of the many amusing and instructive

stories I have heard him tell of his experiences in this way, I will relate one.

In his youthful days Mr. Parker matched his dog 'Pincher' to fight another called 'Bullet,' for £20 a side. After a long fight 'Pincher' won. He then bought 'Bullet,' and sold 'Pincher' to the late owner of 'Bullet;' or, in other words, exchanged dogs, and made the match over again, to fight three weeks later. He did this because he said 'Bullet' was not beat, but too big in condition; and that that, and nothing else, lost him the battle. For in the early part of it, whilst he had breath, he had much the best of the fighting. On the night they fought the pit was crowded with the fancy and others. After the delicate process of licking the dogs all over, to see that they had no cantharides, cayenne pepper, or other pungent thing on them, to make them loose their hold of one another whilst fighting, was gone through, and other preliminaries settled, they set to work. After a stubborn and plucky resistance, as evidenced by the result, the battle ended in the death of 'Pincher' in the pit. 'Bullet,' I may add, was never beat again after his first defeat. He was a white dog, with a liver-coloured spot over his eye, and a patch on his hip, his fighting-weight being 36 lb. Mr. Parker had a picture of him in his breakfast-room, in John Street, of which he appeared not a little proud.

The point in this case was that the dog was 6 lb.

lighter when he fought 'Pincher' the second time, than he was in the first fight; and Mr. Parker inferred from this circumstance that, in like manner, horses could not do their best unless they were thoroughly trained; and his common-sense view of the matter is worthy of our consideration. I remember that when *Cedric* won at Bath, as I have mentioned, Admiral Rous came up and complimented Mr. Parker on his success.

'Yes,' replied the latter, 'he is a bad horse, but can stay well; a thing which very few can do.'

'You will find plenty at Woodyates that can, Parker,' said the Admiral. This was true, and the Admiral himself had many that could; and the only difference between the two men was, that the one did know when he had one that could stay, and the other did not. We have positive proof of this in the fact of the Admiral disposing of *Weathergage* and *Weathercock*, as well as *Killigrew*, and, probably the best horse of his year, *Asteroid*, simply because he did not recognise their quality.

Mr. Parker trained with me for fifteen years, and we never had a serious disagreement that I remember. We parted for a very simple matter. I wanted him to take *Farce* out of training. And it was a farce, as truly as that that was her name, to keep her in training. But he was very fond of her, as she was out of his favourite mare *One Act*, that never bred one worth a guinea, throwing back to her brother

and sister, which were both good for nothing—a thing we often see in breeding. I left *Farce* at Newmarket, where he ran her, and was third. Then he sent her to a trainer near where he was himself living, which may have to some extent induced him to make the change. I have referred at some length to this matter in my former book ; and will only add here, that she never won a race afterwards, though heavily backed in bad company. Our parting, however, fortunately made no difference whatever in our friendship ; for we had no words over it, and I visited him at his new house, and was continually meeting and staying with him at race-meetings.

Mr. Parker was, as I have said, both successful and discreet. He was, moreover, frugal without covetousness, and manly without pride. Sick of a London life, he retired to his native village, and purchased Sibbersfield Hall, a gentlemanly residence in the neighbourhood, and with it some sixty acres of land. After rebuilding and adding to the house, he made paddocks, and amused himself with keeping half-a-dozen brood-mares, which was not a very profitable speculation. But, as he did not want for money, it amused him, and so they answered a useful end. He was married, but had no family. He died at his residence in his seventy-sixth year, and was buried at Farndon, leaving a comfortable fortune behind him. His estate was put up to auction by his executors, bought in, and ultimately sold to Mr. Hudson, of

soap-extract celebrity, for his son. I should mention that before his widow—a most ladylike person, well disposed to everyone—left Sibbersfield Hall, she was presented with her husband's portrait, and a testimonial, signed by most of the leading people in the neighbourhood, in recognition of her husband's and her own kindness to the poor and afflicted around them.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. FARRANCE.

Slothfulness not the happy mean — Origin and marriage — Farrance's Hotel—Patronage of SirRobert Peel—Custom of an afternoon—Attention to personal appearance—His early racing; my own start—Horses well sold—*Maley* at Shrewsbury Steeple-chase; speed and heavy ground—Partnership with Mr. Parker; successes not his own—Suspicious conduct and separation—Mysterious loss of fortune—A wretched end—Anecdotes—'The Tally-Ho' without a coachman—How a feather-bed may be lost—Mr. Wagstaff's clock—Parting with a suit of clothes—Alderman Cubitt's watch.

'Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety, and that the middle part is the road of security, on either side of which are not only the pitfalls of vice, but the precipices of ruin.'

This pleasant, wholesome, and truthful reflection comes irresistibly to my mind when I look back upon my acquaintanceship with Mr. Farrance, whose name

has been mentioned in the last chapter as a confederate with Mr. Parker in some of his horses. What Mr. Farrance may have been as a boy I have no means of ascertaining, and can only speak of him in his early days, as I have heard him spoken of by others. But certainly after he reached London and commenced business in the public line, however much he may have endeavoured 'to pass through the present state with ease and safety,' by keeping to the mean, he failed to do so, insomuch that he passed the most of his life lethargically, and fell into the pitfall of slothfulness.

Oral tradition says of him that, as a boy, he was good-looking, and well fitted for the situation which he then filled, of page to the great politician, Sir Robert Peel. That he filled the situation with credit, we may infer from the fact that Sir Robert so materially assisted him in his later years. Mr. Farrance used to say that he never knew anyone of his own name except a pastry-cook and confectioner, living at that time at Charing Cross, to whom, however, he did not think he was in any way related. He married Sir John Shelley's housekeeper. She was much younger than her husband, ladylike in appearance, and attractive in manners. She was evidently, we may conclude, in the good graces of her husband's master ; for when the pair took a very large and expensive hotel in Belgrave Square, and called it after their own name, it is said that Sir Robert found the money, £15,000, and always stayed

there when in town. Mrs. Farrance was always stylishly dressed, and a thorough woman of business, attending to the hotel in every department. No lady or gentleman ever went there without being first interviewed by her, and everything that she wished to know ascertained—who the visitors were, and how long they were to stay. I don't believe Mr. Farrance ever attended to a visitor or, indeed, saw one from one week's end to another.

I should think, in fact, few men have led a more careful, regular, and useless life than he did. He was not an early riser, and when up did nothing but read the papers and smoke. After dinner he would retire to his cellar, which he called his counting-house, and would there receive any company that visited him. Yet, as a wit would say, he was not afraid of work, for his 'custom always of an afternoon' was to go to sleep; being a believer in the doctrine of Garacole, who taught, 'after a good dinner a good sleep, and after a bad dinner no work.' It was in this sanctum that we used to meet, and over his excellent Scotch whisky and a good cigar, he would relate a few anecdotes that were notable for their brevity. On other occasions he kept a silent tongue, perhaps like the sailor's parrot, to induce people to conclude he was 'such a stunner to think.' He professed to know nothing about racing, and I suspect that in so professing he was right. He never in my presence made a single suggestion as to anything that he

should like done with the horses, or relating to them. In fact, he was one to whom Johnson's lines will fitly apply, 'whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.'

To his credit, however, it should be recorded that to two things, dress and deportment, he devoted much attention. In person he was short, but always stately, and in manner both affable and obliging. His dark frock-coat and double-breasted waistcoat were always of the most stylish cut and an exquisite fit. His black satin stock was fastened with a costly diamond pin, and round his neck he wore a long massive gold watch-chain, which was fully displayed outside his waistcoat; whilst his tiny fingers were richly ornamented with rings of great value. He was as dandified in old age as he had been vain of his person in youth. A splendid head of hair—whose long jet-black curls were probably 'the dowry of a second head, the skull that bred them in the sepulchre'—served favourably to set off his other attractions. In fact, the artistic work of this peruke, and the display afforded by faultless dentistry, caused it to be specially remarked how highly in these adornments he had been favoured by nature.

His voice was not powerful, and he spoke slowly, in a subdued tone, which gave him an air of im-

portance. Of his own power and greatness he was most favourably impressed, there can be no doubt; or the labour he so profusely bestowed on his person would not have given him such unbounded satisfaction.

Beyond racing a little, he was no sportsman. He never shot anything beyond the cat, when incautiously handling the deadly weapon. Nor did I ever see him on the back of a horse, or hear of his fishing, except 'in troubled waters.'

Such was the man who was partner in many horses with Mr. Parker, one of the acutest sportsmen of his day, as I have shown. Indeed, I owe Mr. Farrance a debt of gratitude, for it was through him, I believe, that Mr. Parker first came to train with me, when they became partners with Mr. Padwick in *Joe Miller*, as I have related. But when I first knew Mr. Farrance he was training with Mr. Hornby, having then but one horse, called *The Old Fox*, which I think won him a small race or two. He had a half share in *John Bull*, then a yearling, by *Touchstone* out of *Fortress*, and a little mare called *Traitress*, by *Touchstone* out of *Deceitful*. It was with these two horses I first started business as a public trainer at Stockbridge; although in the preceding year I had *Fugitive*, a horse of my own. The two used to go, by permission, in Lord Walpole's name, though his lordship never had any share in them, or in any other that were so run that I trained. *Traitress*, Captain

Kennedy afterwards bought, and with her I won him two small races at Portsmouth.

Mr. Farrance bought *Flora McIvor*, own sister to *Joe Miller*, a year older; but she proved good for nothing, and we sold her. Afterwards she ran at Brighton, and was a great favourite, and thought to be very good; but ran just the reverse, and we had no cause to regret then or after parting with her. He had also a great fine chestnut mare called *Maley*, about sixteen hands high, and strong in proportion, that could not get over half a mile on the flat; and we sold her, too, for a small sum. A year or two later I went to Shrewsbury, and heard that *Maley* was sure to win the Two Mile Steeplechase, being then first favourite. It suddenly occurred to me that this might be the mare I had sold, and I felt convinced, if it was, she could not have much chance of winning over a long course in deep ground, though welter weights might suit her. Staying at the same place, I saw her returning from exercise the day before the race looking very well; but could not bring my mind to think she could be made to stay such a course. In the result she was beat, but ran much better than I expected to see her, being, if I remember rightly, a moderate third.

This result proved to me, then, a curious fact which every day more fully confirms, and that is, that speedy horses will stay in deep ground over a steeplechase course as well as, or better than, slow game

horses do over the flat. *Oxonian*, I admit, was an exception to this rule. I can only attribute this to the slowness of the pace at which, generally, they travel, and also to the fact of their being eased so often before taking their fences. Otherwise, I should expect to see the same result over one course as over the other, if due allowance be made for the different effect produced by the wet or dry condition of the ground on different horses; and until I have ocular demonstration to the contrary I shall always think so.

Besides his share in *Joe Miller*, Mr. Farrance had a third share in *One Act*, and a share in *Noisy*, *Maid of the Mill*, *Miss Emma*, *Cardinal Wiseman*, and a few others. He raced for a few years only, but was decidedly successful. But this success was undoubtedly largely due to the fact that he was confederate with Mr. Parker. So little had Mr. Farrance to do with it, that I don't think the former ever consulted him as to what should be done with any of the horses they had together. Like poor George Armstrong with Swindell, so was Farrance with Parker —useful to do his bidding. The cause of the final separation of the two has been already related. Mr. Parker suspected his partner of obtaining information clandestinely from the Woodyates stable about horses of which he was only part owner, if not about others. And it will be remembered that he was so suspected in the instance in which we were forestalled in the betting on *One Act*. We are reminded in this that

caution is never 'more necessary than in dealing with associates or friends of feeble mind.' Under the most favourable construction there was ground for grave suspicion; and the trouble ripened into a quarrel and a separation, Mr. Parker taking over any share the other had in *Joe Miller*, *One Act*, and *Noisy*. The other few horses Mr. Farrance owned were soon got rid of, and that gentleman left the turf, and I don't think I ever saw him afterwards.

I will say of Mr. Farrance that I never had a discordant word with him, nor the occasion for one. His subsequent life was always a mystery to me, in regard to the manner in which he got rid of his considerable wealth. He was not a gambler, never that I heard of played cards or threw dice, and was certainly not fond of betting. He kept no company, lived inexpensively, and had but one child—a daughter, who married well. Yet he lived beyond his means, and squandered a fortune in a short time. A 'dominant simplicity' seemed to have ruled his actions to the end; and the crowning act of his old age, when about seventy, was, I am told, the folly of eloping with one of his own female domestics to France, from which country, I think, he never returned; and his name, and that of his hotel, were blotted from the knowledge of the world, except with the few who, like myself, remember him.

I have referred to Mr. Farrance's reputation as a story-teller. If I venture to reproduce one or two of

the anecdotes I call to mind, I do so, it must be remembered, at second-hand, and can do but scant justice to their merits. Such as they are, I give them.

'It rained very hard,' said an eye-witness, 'when the "Tally-Ho" coach pulled up at the inn of the last stage for changing horses before reaching Exeter. Immediately after starting, John Hex, the coachman, crept into the front boot of the coach, and in this position drove the horses through Kenn and Alphington, causing quite a consternation amongst the inhabitants, who thought the horses had run away without a coachman. Tommy Waters, the guard, fancying something was unusual, peeped over the top of the luggage on the roof, and seeing the horses going at a pace faster than common, and no driver, quietly got off behind, and in so doing broke his leg. Just before entering the city, Hex stealthily emerged from his concealment, and took his seat on the box and drove up to the New London Inn in his usual style. Shortly after, a lot of people came driving and riding up to learn the fate of the coach and horses, which they vowed had no driver as it passed through several villages; whilst Hex for his part as stoutly asserted that he had never left the coach, and had driven all the way without a passenger, except two in the inside, who were unaware of the act of the sportive coachman.'

It was said, although Mr. Farrance could never be

got to admit it, that he was the veritable person who met a man coming down his own stairs backwards with a good feather-bed on his shoulder.

'What have you got there, my man?' said Mr. Farrance.

'A bed, sir, for you,' was the reply.

'Nonsense,' was the rejoinder; 'it is not for me.'

'No. 22, Belgrave Square, sir.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Farrance, 'I thought so. It's next door.'

And the man turned and bore the bed off in triumph before its owner's eyes; for of course the trick was not discovered until too late.

Thefts of this kind are common in London as blackberries in a country lane; and publicans especially are liable to be sufferers in this way. Within my own experience I have known one or two similar instances, which may be worth relating, if only for the sake of instruction; although I fear precept will be useless, as the danger comes in a form so unexpected.

Mr. Wagstaff, a friend of mine, and a very good fellow, who, besides being in an extensive way of business as a coal-merchant, kept The Hero of Waterloo Hotel in the Waterloo Road, close to the South-Western Station, was robbed in the most barefaced way imaginable. A man with a paper cap on his head, and a white apron wound round his body, made his appearance in the coffee-room, where many customers were sitting at luncheon (in Mr.

Wagstaff's absence, we may be sure), and after looking intently at the clock that hung over the mantelpiece, remarked to himself in audible tones:

'I have had more trouble with that clock than I ever had with one before;' and turning to the waiter, went on to say, 'Send the boots here with the steps that I may take it down, and I will try once more to put it right.'

Not suspecting anything wrong, the waiter told the boots, and the steps were brought and placed in position. Before mounting them the man said:

'Now mind you hold them steady, as I don't want to get a fall over a thing like that,' alluding to the clock. He was not long in removing the objectionable timepiece, and reaching the safety of the floor, when, before departing, he again addressed the waiter.

'Waiter,' he said, 'tell Mr. Wagstaff I am busy, and that he must not expect it back very soon.'

This message the waiter faithfully delivered to his master on his return, and was told he was an idiot to have let the clock go, as he would never see it again, which was true enough.

To understand the next story properly, it should be explained that Mr. Wagstaff had his own private house as well as the hotel. One day shortly after the loss of the clock, a respectable-looking man rang at the front-door, and loudly rapped the knocker, quickly bringing up the servant.

'Oh!' said the caller, 'Mr. Wagstaff has fallen off

one of the barges into the river at the wharf, and wants a change of things; but,' he added, 'don't tell Mrs. Wagstaff, or it may frighten her.'

But Mrs. Wagstaff, catching part of what was said, came quickly forward, and asked the man if he was quite sure her husband was not hurt.

'Not a bit, ma'am,' was the reply.

So she went hastily upstairs, and brought the things down, and gave them to him; when, looking her straight in the face, he coolly said:

'Don't you think, ma'am, they would look better if you tied them up in a nice silk handkerchief?' so confidently, indeed, that she actually went and fetched him one.

When Mr. Wagstaff came home, it was soon discovered that she had been duped; but, strange to say, the police traced and reovered the stolen property, and the thief was tried and convicted.

But if, in the pursuit of their delicate profession, these experts can outwit a publican, what shall we say of their robbing even a judge on the bench? Yet this has happened. When the late Alderman Cubitt (who was twice Lord Mayor of London town) was trying a case of some importance at the Mansion House, he was not quite satisfied with the evidence of a witness, and though not thinking it exactly improbable, requested him to be very careful.

'For,' said his lordship, 'when I arose this morning I could have sworn that I put my watch into my

pocket, and I have only just missed it, and now recollect that I left it on my dressing-table.'

But the witness's evidence was not to be shaken, and the prisoner was convicted. On returning home, his lordship was asked by the Lady Mayoress what caused him to send so many messengers in such quick succession after his watch and chain, as but one could take it to him. He then saw how his indiscretion had led to the loss of his own property. If these or similar cases ever met the eye of Mr. Farrance, it would have been some comfort to him to find he had not been the only victim of a heartless and impudent robbery in the loss of his own bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS.

Example needed on the turf—Danebury patricians—Mr. Harry Biggs; love of sport—His horses—*Little Red Rover*—A bit of advice—Esteem for his trainer—A night in a chalk-pit.

Lord Palmerston; his horses—*Iliona's* name; she wins the Cesarewitch—A welcome cheque—*Buckthorn's* performances; doubtful riding in the Ascot Stakes—Purchase of *Iliona*—His lordship's habits—Gallops to Danebury—Story of my father's visit to the House of Commons—The butcher and his bill—Other peculiarities.

Sir Lewin Glyn—Gross libel on him and my father—Mr. Farquharson—His original views of racing—As a sheep-breeder; adventure at a fair.

If racing is to be kept up with any degree of respectability, it must rely on the support of those who—first, can afford to pay for so expensive an amusement; and secondly, race for other motives than that of obtaining wealth. Example in this way has a wide influence in shaping the conduct of others who look up to their superiors as oracles to be followed. I do not for a moment doubt that mercenary adventurers will always be found amongst the motley crowd that figures on the racecourse, conspicuous by the damage they

do to its best interests, and by the skilfulness with which they escape the legitimate penalty of their deeds, which should be their peremptory dismissal from the scene. But though 'to say well is a kind of good deed,' I am painfully aware that to lecture on the subject is useless, unless the magnates of the turf take the matter in their own hands, and by their own actions produce the desired good results. Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to me to have now to record the deeds and doings of not a few patricians who, in the olden time, largely helped to serve the best interests of the turf, and, I may add, were consistent supporters of the Danebury stable.

In saying what I have to say about them, I shall not attempt to deal with these noble patrons of the racecourse in chronological order, or aim to give them the correct precedence one over the other ; but take them just as they come to memory.

Mr. Harry Biggs, then, I take as my first example of the thorough sportsman. He commenced racing in 1807, raced like a gentleman for some forty years, and left a name unsullied in turf history. His country seat was at Stockton, in Wiltshire. In his youth he was noted for his ready wit and facetiousness, and for his attention to the fair sex. He was fond of sport in whatever shape. He coursed; was a great admirer of boxing, and somewhat proficient in the use of his hands ; and he revelled in cocking, a gentlemanly recreation in those days. But his chief

delight was in racing, pure and simple, and he raced for the love of the sport. He was wealthy, or had ample means for the continuance of such pleasures as he indulged in, without looking for the addition of success. He had many serviceable horses. Amongst them were the following: *Pounce*, *Whisk*, *Arrian*, *Clara*, *Eleus*, *Thessalus*, *Margaretta*, *Miss Baddesley*, *Buxom Lass*, and *Negress*. But I think *Little Red Rover* was the best he had; for with him he secured many valuable stakes. It was when riding him at Goodwood my father gained the *sobriquet* of 'Honest John,' with which his name has ever since been identified by race-goers both of the old and present school. I should mention, too, that when my brother John won the Produce Stakes at Bibury for Mr. Biggs on *Arrian*, he said:

'Now, young man, I am going to give you a little advice, which will be much more serviceable than money. Mind and enjoy yourself as much as you can before you get to sixty, for you will have little pleasure after, I assure you.'

Mr. Biggs was fond of his joke, and though, after the fashion of the time, his were not of the present refined order, they were never made at the expense either of friend or foe. So far as I remember, he never betted, or, at most, but a trifle; and in this way he would permit himself no inducement to do anything unworthy of his turf reputation. And, strange as it may seem to many who race in the

present day, and exchange a trainer one day to have another the next, he never changed his trainer, and thus showed his confidence and satisfaction in those he employed. Indeed, the same jockey rode for him as far as practicable during the whole time that he kept racehorses; and he never, that I remember, had a discordant word with either the one or the other. Rare qualities, not possessed by many in our time!

When he was getting well on in years, being at the time about seventy, a very serious accident befell him. He was returning in the evening from a convivial party of youthful friends in his own village, and, in crossing the fields to his house, accidentally fell down a chalk-pit and broke his thigh. As no one was near to hear his call for assistance, he had to remain there, ruminating over past pleasures, till discovered by one of his labourers in the morning, attracted to the spot by his moans. Assistance was soon got, and, terrible and unpleasant as his experience in the night hours had been, he recovered from its effects with the vigour of a good constitution. It resulted, however, in shortening his leg, and in his subsequent lameness. But, beyond this slight disfigurement, the fall appeared to have done him no harm; for he lived many years afterwards, in the enjoyment of buoyant spirits and the full possession of his faculties and physical health, retaining to the end his love for the alluring society of the other sex. He died at his

seat at Stockton, when he must have been about ninety.

Lord Palmerston kept horses with my father about the year 1817, and had several good ones. Amongst his early possessions may be mentioned *Enchantress*, *Ranvilles*, *Biondetta*, *Luzborough*, *Black and All Black*, *Foxbury, and Grey Leg;* and, later, *Toothill*, *Iliona*, *Zeila*, *Romsey*, *Dactyl*, and *Buckthorn*. But I think that, in racing circles, he will be better known as the owner of *Iliona* than by any other. The name of Priam's daughter, on her appearance in public, caused a sensation among the most learned orthoepists. A discussion took place as to the proper pronunciation between the then Lord Maidstone and Mr. Gregory, who, now Sir William, and just returned home from many years' foreign service in good health, was in those days fresh from Alma Mater. The dispute ended, as I think most disputes of a like kind do, by each advocate thinking he was in the right. But a greater sensation was created when she won for Lord Palmerston his first Cesarewitch. In early life his lordship was always credited with being poor; and, until he married, anything like a substantial cheque was acceptable to him. And it may be imagined readily, that on this event coming off, when my father, on his return from Newmarket, handed him one which included not only the Cesarewitch stakes, but a fair sum in bets, after deducting his little account which had been for some years outstanding, his lordship was not a little pleased.

Buckthorn was a nice horse, rather above the average size of the *Venisons*, and, like his father, stayed well. He was probably the best horse his lordship ever had, and certainly the best he ever bred, being by *Venison* out of *Zeila*. As a two-year-old he ran second to *Little Savage* for the Two-year-old Stakes at Winchester, third to *Elcot* and *Flirt* for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, and not placed in the New Stakes at Ascot, won by *Hobbie Noble*. As a three-year-old, he ran nine times and won five, and cantered over for the Wiltshire Stakes, dividing the forfeit with Mr. Winch's *Proudfoot*. He won at the following provincial meetings: Stockbridge, Winchester, Salisbury, and at his lordship's favourite meeting, Tiverton.

The race for the Ascot Stakes, in 1853, when thirteen ran—*King Pippin*, the same age, four-year-old, being second, *Buckthorn* giving him nearly 2 st.—was remarkable for the distance which my brother Alfred lay away from his horses; I should think, certainly more than 100 yards behind the one immediately before him, and how far from the first I can't say. About a mile from home, and even less, he was considered out of it altogether by the spectators. But he crept up, little by little, till rounding the bend, and when fairly in the straight he came with a rush, and won by half a length. At such a 'masterly exhibition,' as it was called, Alfred was complimented over and over again in the highest quarters, besides

receiving, on his return to the scales, an ovation at the hands of the general public that greater men for accomplishing greater deeds might have been proud of. Alfred, no doubt, was a good jockey; which is as much as modesty permits one brother to say of another. But, like other men, he was not infallible. In this race, at least, in spite of the public praise given him, he made a mistake. For had *Buckthorn* not been very much better than the rest of the horses, he would have been beat to the greatest certainty on earth. And yet everyone thought that no horse could have been ridden better. But as a fact, to ride him so hard for so great a distance was more than a mistake. The horse did not get over it, and never afterwards ran so well in public. If this be public opinion, we cannot wonder that 'doctors disagree, and soundest casuists doubt.' For my part, I have seen too many races lost by similar riding to have any misgiving on the subject. *Fisherman*, *Marionette*, and *Julius*, at Stockbridge, were all beat by lying so far out of their ground, by horses to which, on their public form, they could have given 21 lb.; and proved that form by beating their vanquishers afterwards. Yet, on those occasions, the riders were not lauded to the skies for a display of good jockeyship.

In 1842 I won the Southampton Stakes for his lordship on *Iliona*, beating eight others, all being placed, an unusual occurrence showing the severity

of the pace. In those days the race was considered valuable and interesting, being just before Goodwood. In that particular year it was specially so, as *Retriever*, who ran second, the week after won the Goodwood Stakes, beating eighteen others, amongst them being *Arcanus*, the winner of the Cesarewitch the same autumn. In these days, Lord Palmerston was in the habit, when in town, of going every Sunday afternoon to 'the Corner' to see the horses that were up for sale the next day. Here it was he caught sight of a filly by *Priam* out of *Gallopade's* dam, and bought her for 'a song.' He sent her to my father, saying, 'I hope you will like the little filly when you have seen her'—not knowing that she was one of Lord George Bentinck's cast-offs, to which *Crucifix* as a yearling could give over two stone, and no doubt could have done so afterwards—a filly, in fact, that was not thought to be good enough to win a large stake. And this was *Iliona*, who proved herself able to win for his lordship the Cesarewitch, besides other good races. Truly a proof that 'ignorance is' sometimes 'bliss;' for had the facts been known, it is certain she would not have been bought.

His lordship never interfered at all with the management of his horses. He used to say to my father, 'Run them where you like and when you think best. Only let me know when they are worth backing, or that you have backed them for me.' He seldom saw one tried or run. If he did, it would be at Tiverton when

he was on a visit to his constituents for electioneering purposes. He patronized the race-meetings at Salisbury, Stockbridge, and Blandford—until the latter races were abandoned—and Southampton. Soon after the death of my father, he removed his horses to Littleton at the request of Ward, his polite and spoiled old pad-groom, who thought probably that there he should know more of them, and perhaps make more out of them, than he did at Danebury. But I don't think the result answered his expectations, for they did but little good after leaving their old quarters.

Lord Palmerston was abstemious in his eating and drinking. A glass or two of sherry at dinner was all that he generally partook of. When the dessert came on the table, he would retire to his library or study, leaving her ladyship to do the honours of the table. He read or wrote from ten o'clock at night until two o'clock in the morning, standing at a high desk, as he thought such a position preferable, for the sake of his health, to leaning over a low one. He rose early, and in the country breakfasted at nine o'clock, reading before doing so. He was fond of many sports, though he seldom indulged in any except racing. He was extremely proud and vain of his person, which possibly gained him the sobriquet of 'Cupid.' He considered himself, and indeed was, a thorough ladies' man, and only married late in life.

When at Broadlands, his seat in Hampshire, he used to ride over to Danebury to see his horses, mounted on a thoroughbred hack, and his groom on another; and starting from his own front-door, gallop all the way until he reached his destination. Indeed, on arriving at Danebury he would go round the yard once or twice, gradually reducing the pace, until he could pull up. This may seem ludicrous, but it is no exaggeration, for I have seen him do so myself. He used to wear dark trousers, and a dress-coat of the same hue, the latter unbuttoned; and of course flying open, gave him a strange appearance in riding so fast. I never knew him partake of any repast at Danebury, not even a glass of sherry or a cup of tea; and doubt very much if he ever entered the house. Immediately after seeing the horses, and chatting matters over with my father, he would ride back just as fast as he came. The reason he gave for riding so furiously was that it was, as he said, 'such capital exercise.'

The story of my father meeting him in the House of Commons has been so often and so erroneously told, that it may be well to put it in its real shape. This is its true form. My father, wishing to see his lordship, would have gone into the House and called him out, had he not been stopped by the policeman on duty. Not exactly understanding the police regulations, he felt annoyed in being interfered with, and, on being asked for his card, replied:

'I don't carry cards. Give me a piece of paper, and I will write my name.' Whilst he was in the act of doing so, Sir William Codrington came out and spoke to him.

'What brings you here, John,' he said; 'and can I do anything for you?'

'Yes, Sir William,' he replied; 'I want to see Lord Palmerston, and this man won't let me pass.'

On his being assured it was the regulation of the House, he was satisfied; but was vexed when Sir William told him that he did not expect for a moment he would see his lordship, as the Irish debate was on, and he would be too much engaged to leave.

'But,' he kindly added, 'I will go and see.'

To everyone's surprise, the Premier got up and came straight out to my father. After shaking hands, my father heartily congratulated him on his being Premier; to which his lordship replied:

'Oh, thanks, John; I have won my Derby;' and then inquired how he could serve him. The business which had brought my father to town to see him was to obtain his interest in getting my brother Henry made coroner. His lordship said it should be done; and shortly after my brother was appointed to the Coronership of Hertfordshire, which he retained to his death, in 1883. Few noblemen, and probably no other commoner, would have done such a thing. Indeed, he dealt very differently with other people that he employed, none of whom could scarcely ever

approach him on any pretence whatever. Yet I am reminded that his butcher did get at him one day, by accident; and would not leave him until he had been paid his long-standing account. But when it was paid, and the receipt duly signed, his lordship drew on a glove, and, taking up the pen which had been used for the purpose, threw it out of the window, in utter contempt for 'such a mean action' as a man's asking for his own.

I remember that, in regard to one question largely affecting society, his lordship held a distinct individual opinion. He thought that any restraint on unfortunates would be a far greater social evil than any created by permitting them freedom of action. He reasoned that if restraint were used, the respectable part of Society would meet with much greater molestation and annoyance than they are now subjected to. Curiously, for some cause or other, his lordship was always late at any civic feast or banquet which he attended, and invariably excused himself by saying, 'Public business must be attended to, your Royal Highness,' or whoever may have been presiding. Such were some of the doings of a nobleman who lived to a good old age, died in harness, lamented by the whole nation, and was accorded a public funeral.

Sir Lewin Glyn was rather before my time, for I see that he commenced racing in 1828. I have always heard him spoken of as a gentleman who was fond of the sport, and whose conduct was above suspicion.

He had *Recruit*, *Jenny Vertpre*, and many others that did him good service, considering the smallness of his stud. Beyond this brief record I have little to say ; but I call to mind that in those early days, both himself and my father were grossly libelled in a scurrilous print, known as *The Penny Satirist.* This was what appeared :

'John Day pulled up the Duke of Grafton's mare in a most disgraceful way, letting the leg, Sir Lewin Glyn's horse, win.'

This serious accusation was made when my father was a young man, and had just commenced riding for the Dukes of Portland, Grafton, and Cleveland. He naturally thought that a public charge of the kind, notwithstanding that it came from a recognised venomous quarter, might do him some harm in the racing world. So he consulted Mr. C. C. Greville as to what steps he should take to satisfy the public and his employers, and received the following very good advice :

'Have you lost any of your masters, or has any of them spoken to you about it ?' Mr. Greville asked. And being answered 'No,' said, 'Go home, John, and think yourself a great man, or they would not have noticed you.'

Another Danebury worthy, Mr. J. J. Farquharson, of Langton, Dorsetshire, was a gentleman who raced in a different style from most people. He was a great hunting-man, and kept a pack of foxhounds

for over fifty years entirely at his own expense; and did the thing thoroughly. His peculiar view of racing was, that horses should be neither broken nor trained until they were four years old. Moreover, he used to race mostly for small races; and as he never had many that he trained, few races fell to his share. He had *The Maid of Cadiz*, *Bacchanal*, and others.

He was in all he undertook a thoroughly practical man; and as a breeder of sheep would attend the fairs in person. Amongst the sheep fairs he usually attended was the August one at Bridford. Here it was that for the first time he was taunted with asking too much for his flock. It was in this way. The fair was bad, and the prices got worse as the day advanced. Early in the morning, for he was generally at the fair by the side of his sheep as soon as most people, he was asked by an uncouth dealer the price he would take for his ewes. On naming his figure, he was told it was too much, and the man bid him six shillings per head less. The dealer, as is often done, sent half a dozen of his emissaries to inquire the price again and again, on each occasion to bid a little less than before, all bids being, of course, declined. Just before the breaking-up of the fair, when Mr. Farquharson was about to return home, his friend of the morning came again, and thus addressed him:

'Well, farmer, you have not sold those little ewes of yours. You had better take the price I bid you in the

morning, for no one will give more; and you can't go home without the money, you know.'

To this Mr. Farquharson quietly replied:

'I will try,' and left the would-be buyer astonished to see him laughing heartily at what was, of course, to the owner of the sheep, an immense joke. He always drove a pair in a large high carriage, on which, on his return from the fair if he had sold out, his shepherd and his dog were seated by his side.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS (*continued*).

Mr. Trelawney—*Coldrenick* favourite for the Derby—Officious friends—'John Davis looked up'—The money hedged.

Mr. Wreford—Success as a breeder; system pursued; excellence of yearlings; *Wapiti*—His horses; mode of engagement; races won; family disappointments—'A dinner for three; disappearance of the goose'—A hot breakfast and a hot pudding—Shooting in Devonshire and Wiltshire compared—The sheep and the Downs—A sad old age.

Sir E. B. Baker; complacence when beaten; removal to Woodyates.

Sir J. B. Mills; easily satisfied; story of another philosopher and a lazy trainer—Gout *v.* fishing—Visits to Danebury; love of cocking.

Another patron of Danebury, Mr. Trelawney, of Coldrenick, in Devonshire, was, like Mr. Farquharson referred to at the conclusion of the last chapter, more given to hunting than racing; and also kept the hounds for many years. He occasionally bred one or two horses for his own amusement; though, as a matter of fact, they were intended more for the chase than the turf. Amongst others, he bred a horse which

he named after his own place, *Coldrenick*, and sent to be trained. The animal had good speed, but could not stay, and was beat easily in the Derby by *Attila*, and others. Nevertheless, for 'a dark horse,' he was made one of the strongest favourites, I should think, that ever ran for it. Mr. Trelawney did not, as a rule, bet; but on this occasion, at the instigation of his trainer, he backed the horse at long odds for several hundreds, yet the sum did not reach four figures. The result will serve as an illustration of what the officiousness of friends may do for us. Having backed him at long odds, and the horse becoming favourite, my father now advised him, as a matter of prudence, to lay short odds against him to the amount he had backed him for. Mr. Trelawney's answer was:

'When you have the opportunity and can, do it for me.'

This commission was soon effected, and the price and amount sent to Mr. Trelawney, but not the name of the bookmaker—an omission which my father, for his own sake, should not have made. It was then that the candid friend came on the scene, whose interference might in the end have been harmful, as we shall learn, to the interests he intended to protect. Sir William Cawl said to Mr. Trelawney that the names should have been given in with the bets; in consequence they were asked for, and immediately sent. One bet, £2,000 to £1,000, had been booked to Mr. Josiah Anderson, the well-known singer and

comedian, who was then of good standing on the turf. In fact, the name was looked upon by Mr. Trelawney and Sir William Cawl as all right; and so the matter ended, until the Monday following, when Mr. Anderson did not meet his creditors at 'the Corner,' and was declared a defaulter, Mr. Trelawney losing his £1,000. Now, had it not been for the advice and interference of Sir William Cawl, in unnecessarily requiring names, having already a good one, Mr. Trelawney, strictly speaking, would have been entitled to claim the money from my father. This is an illustration of the proverb, 'Save me from my friends;' although I may doubt if, in this case, it would have made much difference; for Mr. Trelawney's nature was the last to stand upon his rights, or claim upon a quibble, or take advantage of a mere technical error.

It was at the Bath meeting, previous to the race, when *Topsail* had beaten *Eleus* at the odds of 3 to 1 on the latter, that Lord Maidstone wrote some derisive poetry, commencing:

'John Davis looked up; John Davis looked down,'

referring of course to John Day, and to the perilous position in which this and other catastrophes had placed *Coldrenick* in the market. In fact he would have been driven from favouritism to obscurity, had it not been for my father's firmness. Owing to his attitude, they could not do what they would—shake the horse's position; and he remained favourite to the

finish, thus enabling the stable to hedge all the money. In reality the mistake about him was due to the badness that year of *Pelerine*, *Eleus*, and other of his trial horses. But the mistake had been found out, and all hope of his success given up since his trial a fortnight before the race.

I have previously referred casually to Mr. Wreford, another supporter of Danebury. He was, when a young man, a leather-tanner, and a sharp, shrewd man of business. He was fond of field-sports, a good shot, and kept a pack of harriers. But racing was the one engrossing object of his life, and in it he was decidedly successful. He first trained with Mr. John Dilly; but soon left him and came to Danebury, which he never left till he gave up racing altogether, which he was obliged to do through the extravagance of his family. I never heard that he did much good for himself on the turf until he commenced breeding. In this, however, he excelled beyond most other people. He lived at Gratton, near Bow, Crediton, Devonshire, and bred mostly from cheap, well-bred mares. One of his best brood-mares, *Margellina*—sister to *Memnon*, winner of the St. Leger, and not worth a guinea herself as a racehorse—he gave £25 for; and many others cost him very little if anything more. On the other hand, when he did make an exception, as in the case of *Mouche*, for which he gave £700 after she had run second to *Variation* in the Oaks in 1830, it proved to be a mistake; for she

was by far the worst mare in his stud, and never bred him anything that could run but *Worthless*.

His stud was a small one, seven or eight mares only. And the secret of his success was that he used to send them to the best stallions at any cost, and no distance was too great. Every horse he ran was always half my father's. They were valued at £400 each at the time they came to Danebury, and I think, up to that period, I never saw a better lot of yearlings, year after year. They were just as good as racehorses as they were in appearance. *Wapiti* was more like a cart-horse five years old than a yearling in point of strength when she arrived at Danebury; and as a two-year-old she won four races at Goodwood, including a walk-over, and gave *Deception* 2 lb. and beat her. And next year *Deception* won the Oaks, and was second for the Derby. The following is a list of some of his best winners: *Wintonian*, *Winchelsea*, *Wilderness*, *Warden*, *Wisdom*, *Wiseacre*, *Free Will*, *Welcome*, *Freeholder*, *Tyrant*, *Westonian*, *Westeria*, *Tory*, *Worthless*, and *Wit's End*.

Mr. Wreford betted but little. He preferred to rely for his winnings on the stakes. He generally engaged his horses in most of the larger races, in the Derby and the Oaks, the Ham and the Gratwicke. The 200 Sovereign Stakes, P. P., one for colts, and the other for fillies, was another favourite, as also the Lavant and Molecomb and Racing Stakes; and, in short, the rest of the best things at Goodwood, all

of which, or nearly the whole, I think he won, and many of them more than once, except the two first named, and these he might have carried off if *Wapiti* had remained sound. *Wahab* won the Buckingham Stakes, 300 sovereigns each, at Newmarket, beating Lord Exeter's *Abydos*, after running a dead-heat for it; and he also won this race another year with *Free Will*. Most of his best races he won with his two- and three-year-olds. He did little in handicaps; though he won the Goodwood Stakes with *Franchise*, and the Cesarewitch with *Wit's End*, and many other minor events. Besides the races enumerated above, he usually entered for the Produce Stakes, which in those days were always the best races at Stockbridge, Bibury, Winchester, Bath, and other provincial meetings. He often won most of them, up to the time he gave up racing. I do not think anyone for so many years consecutively won so many races of the like value with so small a stud.

But if successful on the turf, Mr. Wreford was fated to be unfortunate in his private affairs, through no fault of his own. His son caused him a great deal of trouble. He betted contrary to his father's wishes, and lost large sums. He also played cards, of which he was very fond, though he did not understand them, and more than once came to grief in doing so. As an instance of his folly in this way, it may be stated that he used to play with Mr. George Payne,

who, in turf phraseology, could 'carry him.' His father paid his debts for him once or twice—in fact, until he could do so no longer; and this was the cause of old Mr. Wreford's ruin. The son, when too late, was put under restraint, and did not live long. The father, on the other hand, lived to a good old age.

Mr. Wreford was a very fine strong man, and reported in his younger days to have been the possessor of an enormous appetite. He once called at the Gloster Coffee House, Piccadilly, now the St. James's Hotel, and ordered dinner for three. At the appointed time he turned up himself, and on inquiring for his friends, was told they had not arrived. He said he would not wait, and commenced. Not perhaps having been brought up in the most refined society, he was one who studied comfort more than appearances. After partaking of the various dishes as they came up with each successive course, he at last came to what he had specially ordered—a goose, a dish of which of all things he was most fond. This he attacked, in the brief absence of the waiter for a few minutes, disdaining to use the plate which had been placed for him, but grappling with the bird in the dish itself; and, as he got through it, throwing the bones over his shoulder into the fireplace behind him. To his astonishment, when the waiter returned, he found the goose had almost disappeared, without the usual fragmentary relics, which had been disposed of as I

have said. The man in his bewilderment looked at Mr. Wreford, who blandly explained :

'In eating small birds like these, waiter, I generally eat them bones and all.'

His simple habits and preference of comfort to ostentation were, of course, displayed in his home. He used to have his fried bacon and potatoes served from the frying-pan, which stood on the hob of the fire-place in his breakfast-room, on to a nice hot plate. On one occasion a friend partaking of this early meal, whose appetite had been sharpened by a long ride, in his hurry to appease his hunger scalded his mouth by hasty indiscretion. The burned visitor was extremely savage at this, and said he ought to have been reminded of it.

'No,' replied the host. 'If you had been told of it you would have done so the next time; and it is far better to learn a lesson of a friend that will never be forgotten, than elsewhere at the expense of strangers.'

I don't doubt the story is true ; but it has a great resemblance to another one I have heard. A little boy was eating some very hot pudding, which brought tears into his tender eyes. His grandfather, seeing this, compassionately asked the reason ; and being told that it was because it was the anniversary of his grandmother's burial, was satisfied, and incautiously turned to eat his own portion, and, burning himself severely, in his pain cried out :

'Bother you and your grandmother, too!'

I once visited Mr. Wreford, at Gratton, for a few days' woodcock-shooting, which in that part of Devonshire is often very good. But I was unfortunate; for it rained for three weeks incessantly, and caused me to extend my visit, in hope of a change for the better. As it turned out, I had only a few hours on the last day I stayed, and killed two and a half couple in the afternoon before leaving. Mr. Wreford once came to my place at Woodyates to have a little shooting. He was greatly astonished at the difference of the two counties. In Devonshire you kick an old cock pheasant, or a rabbit, or maybe a partridge, out of a hedge into which you have just driven it, a few yards before your nose; and you mostly bag it. He told me in this way some wondrous feats of his shooting; such as his having killed ten shots in succession, and hardly missing anything the whole day that got up within shot of him. But this I take to mean within ten or fifteen yards of the gun. Now in our open fields the birds are often extremely wild. Late in the season in crossing the first field, when side by side, a covey got up about forty yards or more from us, and flew towards the hedge, over which they very quickly disappeared. But I fired and killed a brace, falling one each side of it. Mr. Wreford did not fire his gun off, but, in great astonishment, said:

'I never saw it done like that before.'

I asked him, 'Why did you not shoot?' and he replied:

'I thought they were out of all distance; they get up so much closer to us in Devonshire.'

I have previously, I think, mentioned Mr. Wreford's name in connection with the notion of keeping the sheep off the Downs and watering the gallops. In both cases he was the originator of the idea. The water-carts were tried by Lord George Bentinck; but the system was found too expensive for practical use—or, at least, did not give compensating results, the water being too far off—and the undertaking was abandoned. The other idea was more successful. Mr. Wreford argued that, as in the young plantations, where sheep did not go, the grass was not only longer, but the herbage thicker, and consequently more retentive of moisture and better able to stand the effects of dry weather than where it was cropped by sheep, the Downs also would be improved if they were kept off them. At Danebury the Downs have been so preserved until this day.

Mr. Wreford was a man of good common-sense, prudent and careful. He was a rationalist; believing only in what he could see; and he used to say 'he should like to live here as long as he could, knowing what this life is, but not what the next might be.' Poor fellow, he was destined to suffer great distress before leaving the former. A delicate wife, and family disappointments which have been hinted at,

must have contributed to his affliction. The last time I saw him, he was at the age of eighty steeped to the lips in poverty, and overwhelmed with grief.

Sir Edward B. B. Baker, Bart., was one of the Danebury patricians whose name is familiar in the ears of racing-men 'as household words.' He raced from the year 1828 to 1865, and had never a large string; nor was he wealthy enough to support many more horses than he kept; for in all things he was extremely liberal, and spent his income without grudging. He had *Dairy Maid*, *Mr. Watt*, *Nicodemus*, *Bran*, *Spume*, *Montezuma*, and others. *Bran* was his best horse, but *Spume* his luckiest. With him he won the Blandford Cup and Stakes, Queen's Plate, Weymouth and Dorchester Stakes, and other good races. My brother John rode for him on all occasions. He never betted but a few pounds; but he dearly loved to see his horses run, and whether they won or were beaten it was the same to him, in so far that he never displayed any ill-temper at his reverses, nor was he immoderately elated by success. 'It's no mean happiness,' therefore, 'to be seated in the mean.' Sir Edward left Danebury to come to train with me at Woodyates. Not, I need scarcely say, from any dissatisfaction, but because Woodyates was much nearer his own seat, Ransom, than his old quarters were. As I hope some day or other to be able to give a fuller account of the doings of those gentlemen who have honoured me with their patronage during

my life as a trainer, I will only here say of Sir Edward, that he was unsurpassed in all the good qualities that a man of taste and honour may laudably desire to possess.

Sir John Barker Mills, Bart., was another faithful adherent of the Danebury stables. He was remarkably vivacious in manner and disposition. He lived at Mottisfont Abbey, not far from the Stockbridge racecourse, a good part of which he owned and leased to my father, and afterwards to my brother John. Like Sir Edward, he cared not a fig where his horses ran in the race. He was not, comparatively speaking, a rich man ; but kept a good house, and was quite one of the old style. Once, after a long run of ill-luck, of which he never complained (in fact, I should think such a thing never entered his head), on his winning a little race at Stockbridge, he hastened from the stand to meet my father, as the latter was returning from the scales, and greeted him with a cheery:

'Hallo, John! we have won again!' and received the congratulations of his friends with unfeigned delight.

Sir John's patience was certainly unexampled in my experience, except in the case of Mr. A——, a proctor of Doctors' Commons, who trained with my cousin Sam Scott, son of Mr. Scott of Ascot Heath. Sam was a trainer at Houghton Downs, Stockbridge. He never had many horses or employers, but

in the patron I have named he had one who made up in goodness for the paucity of numbers of those who honoured him with their confidence. Mr. A——, after training with him for fifteen years without winning, came to Stockbridge to see his mare *La Malheureuse* run in the race next day. In the evening Mr. A—— said to my cousin :

'I hope we shall win, Sam, to-morrow.'

'Oh yes,' was the reply; 'we shall win, but you are always in such a hurry,' an answer which I need not say caused hearty laughter. As Mr. A—— raced in Sam's name, I don't know what horses he had, nor is it important that their names should be set down. It must suffice to say that on this occasion the mare did win, after running a dead-heat. I should add that my cousin was, I think, the laziest man I ever saw. He was almost too lazy to eat and drink, and died when quite a young man, though not from want of sustenance. In fact, he was just the opposite to the industrious American who, we are told, ran so fast that he overtook his own shadow.

Sir John suffered martyrdom from the gout, occasioned partly, no doubt, by his own indiscretion. He was fond of fishing, and an excellent fisherman; and after every attack of his old enemy, he would, as soon as he was a little better, with the assistance of a stick or an attendant, hobble into the meadow through which the river Test runs, near to the Abbey, where mostly he caught—besides fish—a

cold, and the gout to follow, which used to lay him up again for months. And I suspect, too, that he was fond of good living, which helped to feed the gout as well as himself. When he came to the races, or in fact to Danebury to see his horses, he came in a carriage with four horses, with two postilions and two outriders, all dressed in livery—blue, red cuffs and collar; and though he could scarcely step out of his carriage, he would set the gout at defiance, and have some champagne if nothing else. He had a narrow escape of being thrown out in the yard one day after the races. The postilions, who had refreshed themselves liberally, in their haste to enter the yard drove against the gate-post with great violence; but beyond a severe shaking, happily it did him no harm.

He had running, about this time and later, *Cerva*, *Bar One*, *Cymba* (which he bought of Harry Hill after the Oaks), *Volunteer*, *Giantess*, *Miss Elis*, *Pugilist*, *Margaret of Anjou*, *Red Doe*, *The Slot*, *Deer Stalker*, *Black Doe*, *Pet of the Herd*, and *Remus*.

I have always understood that he was very fond of cocking. At any rate, his entire approval of the sport may be inferred from the fact, that many mains were fought at two inns which were his property, and not far from his place—The Bear and Ragged Staff, and The Mills Arms, Dunbridge, to wit. Without his sanction these contests could not have taken place. He died from his old enemy the gout, after a

long illness, leaving a widow and niece, besides innumerable friends, to deplore the loss of one so loved taken from them at so early an age. I may say of him that he never had an unpleasant word with either his trainer or jockey, who remained his attached and faithful servants to the end. His niece, I may add, married that most estimable gentleman, the Hon. Henry Curzon.

CHAPTER XV.

MEN OF MY TIME, OR DANEBURY PATRICIANS (*continued*).

Lord Howth—Acuteness in racing—His help in purchase of *Sultan*. A thorough sportsman — Hawking — Shooting at Boveridge—A novel 'get-up'—A spoiled servant—Lord Sligo; Lord Glenlyon; Mr. Pryse-Pryse.

Mr. Ralph Elwall—Appearance—Does much on limited means—His stud and winnings—Success in coursing—Remarkable purchase of greyhounds—My first red coat—Objection to vails to servants—Management of *Wild Dayrell*—Confidence of the stable—Expatriation—A visit to Cholderton.

Lord Dorchester — Produce of *Little Red Rover* mare—*Buccaneer—Cruiser*—A body of wise men—My father at Danebury—Love of his profession—A brief spin with the hounds.

I MAY, in this chapter, introduce some account of the noblemen from the sister countries who were amongst those that trained with my father at Danebury. Chief of the number was the well-known sportsman, Lord Howth, of Howth Castle, Dublin. He kept but few horses; but no man understood racing much better than he did. In his small stud, the two animals most worthy of mention were *Wolf-Dog* and *Peep o' Day Boy*. The former was the winner of many races, and the latter of the Chester Cup in 1848, as a four-

year-old, beating thirty-three others. His lordship had also the half of all the horses out of *Foinviella* that ran in Hill's name. He betted but little; but it is a proof how thoroughly he knew what he was doing, that when he backed anything, you might be sure the animal would win, or be very near the winner.

I think he raced more in Ireland than here, and no one knew better the form of Irish horses. He made my father buy *St. Lawrence*, which won him many races; and I can't forget that it was through Lord Howth's acuteness in finding out *Sultan*, and his kindness in writing to me and saying, 'He is a charming horse; come and look at him, and I am sure you will buy him,' that I secured that animal for Lord Anglesey. In consequence of this invitation, I went over to Howth Castle, where I was received with much kindness, and treated with true Irish hospitality. I saw *Sultan* at Slane Castle, Lord Cunningham's seat, and paid 1,000 sovereigns for him; and Lord Howth, I remember, was good enough to send on his groom with him to Woodyates. The horse was about the only good animal Lord Anglesey ever possessed, winning the Cambridgeshire for him, beating *Mary* second, *Dame Judith* third, and a large field very easily. Soon after this Lord Howth had a filly to sell, called *Termagant*, good for little, or was thought so, I should suspect. He parted with her for 1,000 sovereigns to Lord Anglesey, but, be it said to his praise, without mentioning the matter to me in

any way. I was lucky enough to win the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood with her, after which she soon changed hands, which was even more fortunate, as it was, I believe, her sole victory.

Lord Howth was not one of those who want to see their horses run every day; nor did he wish to see their names amongst the list of winners unless he had backed them. He would abide his opportunities, even if he had to wait years for them; and when they did come, he seldom made a mistake. In short, he was a model of sagacity in turf matters. He usually stood in 'a pony' with me on anything I backed of my own for a handicap; but as a rule he preferred it should be on one of the long races at Newmarket or Goodwood.

His son-in-law, Sir Charles Dormville, lived at Boveridge House, near Cranbourne, Dorset, which he rented, with the shooting, of Mr. Brounker. Sir Charles was fond of hawking, and often would make use of my downs at Woodyates for the enjoyment of the sport. It is a sport that always, at least, looked dangerous work, because to follow it you have to ride fast whilst intensely watching the hawk and his quarry in the air. Yet I never heard of any serious accident from it. On one occasion Lord Howth came to Woodyates on his way to visit Sir Charles and Lady Dormville, his daughter. After looking at the horses, and having a long chat, he invited me to shoot with him next day, which I did. I must confess that

I was at first struck with his lordship's 'get-up.' He was dressed in a light suit of clothes, and trousers that came no lower than his knees, leaving his legs bare to his boots, into which his socks, if he had any on, must have disappeared. I never saw the like of the dress before or after; yet I am not sure that it is not a good one for its special purpose. For in walking after rain or heavy dew through high turnips and rape or clover-heads, you might as well be walking through a river so far as the use of any description of leggings may serve to keep out the wet.

His lordship was a fair shot, and walked well for his age, which was then about sixty. The first partridge that got up between us, I left to his lordship; but before he could shoot, to my utter astonishment, the keeper fired and killed it. This was repeated several times, until I could hold my tongue no longer.

'My lord,' I said, 'if I had a keeper, he would not do such a thing a second time.'

'Oh,' was the reply, 'he is a spoiled old servant, who has lived many years with Sir Charles, and is allowed to do pretty much as he likes.'

We had a good day's sport, and before parting his lordship said:

'William, Sir Charles does not care about the shooting, and is not going to keep the house another year; so, if you like, you and your friends may come whenever you please. The keeper won't interfere

with you, as he is going to another place of Sir Charles's directly.'

I thanked him, and had some good afternoons' sport over the property, it being close to my own house, and showing a variety of game in fair quantities—partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, and particularly woodcock, for which the coverts were noted.

Lord Sligo was little known on the English turf; for he was content to keep one or two horses at a time. He had *Wedge*, *Winter*, and *Wire*, but not many other good ones; and, of course, out of so small a stud, anything beyond a win now and then could hardly be looked for. And this was about all he ever accomplished in England. He kept a larger stud in Ireland, but with what success I do not know.

Lord Glenlyon, a Scotch nobleman, commenced racing at Danebury in 1843, in my father's name, with *Ben y Ghlo* and brother to *Pharold*, which were both winners. The next year he raced in his own name, and had, besides the two horses referred to, *Hotspur*, *The Mountain*, *Glencroine*, *Lycurgus*, and several others, which he ran with fair success. *Ben y Ghlo* alone won him no less than three cups, as many Queen's plates, and six or seven other races. After his lordship's succession to the Dukedom of Athol, he raced but little, and, so far as I know, did nothing worthy of record. I never saw him; in fact, he never was at Danebury the whole of the time he trained there. But I have always heard him spoken

of in the highest terms of admiration, as a nobleman who raced neither for money nor anything else but the pleasure of the sport.

Mr. Pryse-Pryse, of Buscot Park, Aberystwith, a contemporary of Mr. Harry Biggs before mentioned, was one of the earliest patrons of Danebury, if he did not, like Lord Palmerston, train with my grandfather at Houghton Downs. He commenced racing in 1811, and between that year and the time of his leaving the turf, in 1848, had the following amongst many horses: *Grimaldi*, *Caliban*, *Bobtail* colt, *Frances*, *Duplicate*, *Dr. Eady*, *Cardinal Puff*, and *Buscot Buck*. Of these the three last named were probably the best, and won him many races.

Mr. Ralph Etwall, another gentleman associated with my recollections of Danebury, was for many years the representative of Andover in the Liberal interest. He was born in or near the town, about the year 1802. He was the most ungainly person, and for a gentleman the most uncouth, that ever I saw. His brother William, brought up as a Blue-coat boy, was little if any more polished than himself. Yet I suppose the fault was not due to want of education, for their parents possessed two or three freehold estates of five or six hundred acres each in the neighbourhood. Mr. Ralph Etwall, it would appear, soon ran through his property, as a consequence of the cost of his election contests; for in those days the Liberals stopped at few things to

secure a seat. He was fond of field-sports, and kept an extensive establishment, which in itself was 'more than his faint means would grant continuance.' Yet he hunted, raced, and coursed, and managed to do all three for more than fifteen years—a result due, I believe, to his success in racing rather than to anything else.

He commenced racing in 1832, and continued with varied success until about 1849. His earliest horses were *Caleb*, *Goldfringe*, *Maid of Underly*, and *Revenge*, amongst others; and later on he had *Hill Coolie*, *Thistle Whipper*, *Rustic*, *Auburn*, *Palladium*, *Passion*, *Discord*, and the last *Ira*. The following races were placed to his credit by *Thistle Whipper:* the Champagne Stakes at Bibury; Two-year-old Stakes at Stockbridge; a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs., half ft., at Newmarket Houghton meeting; and the horse also ran second for the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket. *Revenge* won him £80 and £20 at Bibury; £60 at Stockbridge; the King's Purse, £45 and £65 at Winchester; the King's Purse, £180 and £90 at Salisbury; and the Warwick Cup and £30 at Abingdon.

I do not know that his love of coursing proved very costly, for though he kept a large kennel, he kept it with fair success. I don't think he ever won the coursing blue ribbon, the Waterloo Cup at Altcar. He was, indeed, best known in the south, at Everley, Amesbury, and Ashdown Park, at which meetings most of the best trophies fell to his share.

An amusing and correct account can be given of his purchase of two greyhounds. A friend of my brother John's had two to dispose of, and said he would willingly give a trial beforehand. So a day was fixed to suit Mr. Etwall, and the place Danebury. Before the dogs were put in the slips Mr. Etwall asked :

'Have they ever seen a hare ?'

'Yes,' was the curt reply—'twenty-four, and killed them all without a miss.'

This was being asked to swallow too much. In fact, the effect of the confident statement was so great that the dogs would have been returned untried had not my brother John said :

'Try one, anyhow.'

'Yes,' replied the owner, 'and put your best dog with him, or he won't see which way mine goes.'

The suggestion was complied with ; a hare was started, the dogs slipped, and, after a long course, the stranger's dog killed his hare, just entering the rings one hundred yards in front of Mr. Etwall's dog. The surprise of the latter gentleman may be more readily imagined than described. But, recovering himself, he volunteered to have a trial with the stranger's other dog, asking the owner which he thought the best of the two.

'There's no difference,' was the answer. 'Sometimes one kills and sometimes the other.' Then the man added, in absolute seriousness, 'Now *do* put

your best dog with him this time,' a request Mr. Etwall was not at all slow to comply with. For this second course a good hare was started in a capital place, and, after a long slip, Mr. Etwall's 'best' dog did not gain a point, and the other killed single-handed in splendid style, never giving the hare a chance.

At this result Mr. Etwall was even more astounded than at the previous one. Here was a man with only two greyhounds, brother puppies, and both able to beat his best dogs easily! It was a most extraordinary thing, and naturally created in Mr. Etwall a most ardent desire to become the possessor of the treasures. However, he proceeded cautiously in his purpose; and, after chatting matters over, he asked quietly:

'How much do you want for them?'

'A lot of money,' was the brief reply.

'But how much? and what do you call a lot of money?' was inquired again.

'Fifty pounds the brace, and not a shilling less,' said the man, evidently thinking he had put the wealth of the Indies on them. Of course they were bought without the shilling abatement being suggested; and a few weeks after Mr. Etwall won £800 in stakes, besides bets; the latter not a large addition to his winnings, as betting on coursing was not so much in vogue in those days as it is now, or he might have won as many thousands with them as he did hundreds.

I have said that Mr. Etwall hunted; and when I was a boy of about ten, and weighed about 3 st. 4 lb., he made me a present of a red hunting-coat, top-boots, and leather-breeches, of which costume I was not a little proud. Indeed, I followed the hounds with him for two or three successive seasons with enthusiastic delight, and well looked after by his watchfulness.

He was peculiar, as I have said, and one of his peculiarities was, that he never would allow you to give any of his servants the smallest gratuity. He used to say that he paid them, and that that was enough. Acting strictly on the same principle, he would never give anything to anybody else's servants, no matter what they might have done for him. Nevertheless, on one occasion when leaving Danebury late on a very dark night, he was tricked into departing from this rigid rule. The man that held his horse, knowing his oddity, kept walking before him with a lighted lantern. This naturally elicited an inquiry as to what he was looking for.

'Sir,' answered the man gravely, 'I have dropped that shilling, if you gave it me.'

This had an electrical effect, and in an unguarded moment Mr. Etwall parted with the memorable coin. But never before or afterwards, to the best of my knowledge, was he committed to so indiscreet an act of liberality.

Mr. Etwall was a great friend of Mr. Popham, of

Little-cote Park, the owner of *Wild Dayrell*. The horse was trained privately by Mr. Rickaby, Mr. Etwall having the entire management of him. *Wild Dayrell* did most of his work in Lord Craven's park at Ashdown, in summer, or on the Downs adjacent. Mr. Popham had but two or three horses, none of which were good enough to lead *Wild Dayrell* in his work; so Mr. Etwall purchased *Jack Sheppard* of Mr. Ewbank for the purpose. But, like the rest of the horses that galloped with *Wild Dayrell*, he was found, with John Charlton the jockey on his back, unable to extend the crack, leading the latter's sanguine friends to say that such a wonder had not been seen for years, and that winning the Derby would be as easy to him as winning a £50 plate. *Wild Dayrell* won the race; yet, in my opinion, he had to thank Aldcroft, who rode *Lord of the Isles*, for his victory rather than any merit of his own. Mr. Popham did not after this keep many horses, nor did he do any good with those he kept, his luck having come all at once—or 'all of a lump,' as the old woman graphically described it when she found the sixpence.

I do not suppose Mr. Etwall won much on the race; for he very shortly afterwards had to give up racing and coursing, and left England heavily in debt. He lived many years in seclusion in France, only running over to visit some old friends occasionally, and then in strictest *incog.* He outlived his brother William, the breeder of *Andover*, winner of

the Derby, who died a young man in straitened circumstances, having led a life of celibacy. Mr. R. Etwall paid me a visit at Cholderton Lodge in 1882; the chief object in doing so was to tell me of a letter that he had written anonymously to the papers, saying how much he liked 'The Racehorse in Training'—a letter I never saw. He was then in straitened circumstances. He lived till over eighty, earning his livelihood by his pen, as a contributor to the papers. He came of a long-lived family, his mother dying a few years before him, at the patriarchal age of ninety-eight.

Lord Dorchester had but few horses. He bred, in 1841, the celebrated *Little Red Rover* mare, who, for want of being christened, remained nameless to the day of her death in 1858. She was out of *Eclat*, by *Edmund* out of *Squib*, by *Soothsayer*. Her first produce, *The Chase*, by *Venison*, won his lordship a race at Ascot. Then came the celebrated *Cruiser*, who ran second in the Criterion to the Duke of Bedford's *Para* in 1854, and *Bracken* and *Buccaneer*. Of these two, his lordship sold *Bracken* to Mr. Gully, and *Buccaneer* to Lord Portsmouth. The latter, by *Wild Dayrell*, was a real good horse; and, after winning the Two-year-old Stakes at Stockbridge, the July Stakes at Newmarket, and the Molecomb at Goodwood, became a favourite for the next year's Derby. He was, however, beat easily; and rumour asserted that he had been poisoned, many people believing that he was. But I should hardly myself

take it to have been the case, judging from his running so soon afterwards at Goodwood, where he won; and at Newmarket, when *Thunderbolt* only just beat him, as he could many others. However, his victory in the Royal Hunt Cup, in 1861, was sufficient to prove his speed; and Mr. Cookson was very fortunate in securing so good a horse as a stallion, though more unlucky in parting with him to the foreigners before his worth at the stud was known.

Cruiser, the horse notorious as unfit for anything, because of his dreadful temper, became, under Mr. Rarey's treatment, as quiet as a lamb in the stable. But though he made his tamer's fortune, he remained useless for practical purposes; for I never heard of his winning, or even running anywhere afterwards. Mr. Rarey made £10,000 in one sum by disclosing his secret to a select number of gentlemen and trainers, anxious to add to their store of knowledge, and pay £25 for the privilege. In other words, there were 400 persons who paid for the information. But I am told that even Mr. Rarey could never understand how, out of America, such an intelligent body of men, at such a price, could have been got together.

I have now enumerated amongst the staunch supporters of the Danebury stables in my father's time, Lord Glenlyon, afterwards Duke of Athol; Lords Palmerston, Dorchester, Sligo, and Howth; Sir J. B. Mills, Sir Edward B. Baker, and Sir Lewin Glyn; and Messrs. Biggs, Farquharson, Wreford,

Pryse-Pryse and Etwall. Surely these supporters were enough to have kept him from lack of horses to train, even without the aid of Lord George Bentinck! Of my father himself, in his professional capacity, I may, in closing this special reference to the patrons of Danebury, say a few words. To him, his business was a pleasure. He was never away from it when he could be there. His whole thoughts were absorbed in it, until it became an enjoyment, as real as lasting, of which he partook without stint. He brought it, by indefatigable labour and arduous study, to a pitch of perfection in all its bearings, to which it had never attained before. Once at Danebury, in reply to a nobleman who asked him if he hunted, he replied laconically:

'Yes, I hunt every day, my lord, with my horses —that's my hunting.'

Nevertheless, in fine weather, when the hounds met at Clatford Oakcuts, a cover close by, he would about two or three times in the season meet them, mounted on a thoroughbred, and wearing a great-coat. Directly they found, he would ride to the tail of the hounds; but at the first check, which was often caused by his over-riding, he would take out his watch, and say to those that might be near him: 'It's half-past twelve, gentlemen, and I am off to my dinner,' and would gallop a good part of the way back again; and this comprised the whole of his amusements, outside of his home and stable, for the year.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SWINDELL.

Origin—Takes to the turf; shrewdness and reticence—His first 'coup' with Mr. Merry's *Chanticleer*—Horses—*Weatherbound* in the Cambridgeshire; extraordinary trial; his confidence and the Admiral's disbelief—Sir Joseph Hawley's opinion of *Beacon;* beat by *Bevis*—The match with the baronet; the latter pays forfeit; diamond cut diamond—*Brocket* run for *Ruby;* how *Ruby* was kept Derby favourite—Exposure of a dishonest trainer.

Character—Employment of touts; generosity; business capacity—The Burton Brewery—How we parted—Attitude to his trainer—Rectitude—Non-interference—Instances of coolness—Love of a good story—Examples—Adaptability—Prudence—Last days.

No more remarkable figure has appeared upon the turf in recent times than Mr. Fred Swindell. His career, whether it be taken as an example of a struggle against initial disadvantages, as a success in varied undertakings, and specially in a line that he had made his own, or as preserving intact to the end the idiosyncrasies of a peculiar temperament, may not only teach a lesson, but is in itself interesting as a tale to be told. Mr. Swindell was born, I believe, in Derbyshire, not far from Buxton. His parents

were of the labouring class, from whom he could have received few, if any, of the advantages of education. He was married twice, his first wife being one of his own earlier rank in life, more studious of her husband's comfort than of appearances. His first occupation was to clean out engines; for which purpose boys of about twelve years old were generally employed. He did this so well, and with such untiring energy, that in a short time he had saved enough to promise himself a treat. This treat was to walk on foot to the races, about thirteen miles from the scene of his work, intending to win something, or lose what little he had laid by by his early industry. Fortune favoured his selections with such unwavering success, that when he returned home at night he at once determined to leave the cleaning of engines to others, and to follow racing, and become a backer of horses. Like every other adventurous person, he soon left his native place and the scene of his early success for London; and, like Johnson and Garrick, reached it on foot.

He entered on his new occupation full of youthful hopefulness, and no long time elapsed before he became a man in request as a commission agent. He possessed certain sterling qualities that led to this success. Not least of these was the dogged determination which caused him in early life to lose no opportunity to secure a prize, however small, when within his reach. He was always to be seen

at his post at the Corner, or at the Club, or any other public resort of betting-men. Here his shrewdness and perseverance brought to a successful end any business which he undertook, combined as these qualities were with sobriety, and above all, with reticence. In this particular he seemed to have laid to heart the moral law of the Persians, which taught 'that however a man might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at least were in his power; and though he perhaps could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.' And being a temperate and discreet man, he was well fitted to keep secrets he had committed to his charge, as is so well expressed in the following couplet by Francis:

> 'And let not wine or anger wrest
> The entrusted secret from your breast.'

I never saw him riding on horseback—perhaps he never saw a horse until the eventful and lucky day on which he first visited the races—nor ever wearing a great-coat. He would drive to the meetings and station himself in one part of the ring, whilst his satellites were doing the work in another, bringing him from time to time information as to where and how the commissions entrusted to them were executed. Mr. George Armstrong, his faithful henchman, was his constant attendant and great ally, through whom, in the latter part of his life, all matters of business were conducted. Poor George, poor and honest, and

a puppet in the hands of his friend and patron, was a gentleman and a dandy. Fred Swindell himself, on the other hand, dressed always in a funereal suit of black, as though in mourning for some animal whose death-blow had been administered by his skilful hands. Like Mr. Padwick, in his frock-coat, black satin stock, and tall hat, he could be easily distinguished from all other members of the ring.

The first great 'coup' that Mr. Swindell brought off was for Mr. Merry with *Chanticleer*. His shrewdness in this case was remarkable; and to it Mr. Merry probably owed his success. He executed the commission, which was a large one, to his own satisfaction, and to that of his employer. A second was given with a like result; but strange to say the horse became no better favourite. This strongly excited Swindell's suspicion, and he said to Mr. Merry:

'There is something wrong. What it is I don't know, but we must find it out, somehow.'

Bumby was to ride the horse, and it was suspected that the book-makers knew more than the commissioner, and indeed the upshot of the matter can lead to no other conclusion. Swindell, therefore, suggested that Mr. Merry, on his return from Edinburgh to attend the race at Goodwood, should bring with him a spare cap and jacket. This was done, and they were handed by Mr. Swindell to another jockey, C. Marlow, on the morning of the race. Bumby was then informed that he was not wanted to ride

Chanticleer that day, and the murder was out. *Chanticleer* in a few minutes returned to favouritism, backed by his detractors for anything they could get; but even so, they lost a large stake through his winning.

After this, as was only natural, Mr. Swindell's services were eagerly sought by those who thought they knew what they were about; and he gained a position that he never lost, and the reputation for shrewdness and reticence which followed him to his grave. He then, after the manner of his predecessors and contemporaries, took to keeping horses of his own, having a few in different stables, so that he might obtain information in what he would call a straight way and at the proper time, which was just before the race itself. He owned several good horses. *Sawcutter*, which he sold to Mr. Naylor, of Hooton, for whom he won the City and Suburban. Amongst others, he had *Wallace* and *Minotaur*, and the *Truth* gelding, which—trained, I think, by Mr. Matthew Dawson—as a four-year-old, with 5 st. 12 lb. on him, was beat a head for the Cesarewitch; *Tomahawk*, winner of the Lincoln Handicap; *Cecil*, trained by his Epsom trainer, besides many more trained by William Treen, myself and others. *Wallace* and *Weatherbound* were his two best. In late years he had several horses trained in stables that I never heard of until he told me. *Somersault*, a good horse, broke down with me, and I wished him to take him out of training. Mr. Swindell requested me to send him to a place

named in his letter. Two years afterwards, not having run in the meantime, I was surprised, when at Shrewsbury, to find the horse in training, fat as a pig, without a leg to stand on, and in such a condition, as might be expected, easily beat in the only race he ran in.

Weatherbound's trial and performance in the Cambridgeshire deserve special mention. After *Dulcibella* had won the Cesarewitch, on which Mr. Swindell, like the rest of us, had won a good stake, having done the commission, he said to me :

'I wish you would train a mare of mine. I have two in one stable at Newmarket, and I am displeased with ———, who is training them ; but, not wishing to injure him, I have ordered one of the two to be sent to you to-night.'

The mare was *Weatherbound*, and she, as is well known, won the Cambridgeshire that year, though Mr. Swindell did not think of racing her till the following spring. Indeed, he said to me :

'Take her home, and enter her when you like; and when you have tried her, next spring, tell me what you think of her.'

It happened, however, that *Precise*, a mare of mine, though she ran in Mr. Parker's name, was well in that year, and probably would have won the race much easier than *Weatherbound* did, had she but kept well. But, as she did not, I struck her out when all chance of her running successfully was past hope.

Dulcibella was first favourite, and *Weatherbound* at 100 to 1. I tried the two on the Thursday morning before the race, and telegraphed the result to Armstrong in cypher. He would not believe it, suggesting that a mistake had been made, either by the telegraph clerk or by myself. But Swindell was of a different opinion.

'It's right enough, lad,' he said (using his familiar expression in addressing his intimates); 'go and put the money on, and if we hear anything from William to the contrary, we will make the best of a bad bargain.'

This was done, and the mare backed for a good stake, and all know how she served her competitors. The trial itself is worth recording. It was as follows:

One Mile and a Distance.

Weatherbound, 3 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . .	1
Dulcibella, 3 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . .	2
Schism, 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb.	3
Bevis, 4 yrs., 6 st.	4

Won by two lengths; half a length between second and third; *Bevis* being two lengths from *Schism;* and this trial was confirmed in substance two days after. The two mares, I should add, were very much alike, at least in colour and size; and the 'wags' at Newmarket, on our return in the Houghton week, jocosely said we had brought *Dulci-*

bella back and called her *Weatherbound,* and so got a little weight off her.

It is not often that you see two first favourites for the great handicaps win them both, and in the same stable. I may say here, that on entering the town, opposite the Rutland Arms Hotel, I met Admiral Rous, and he asked me what I thought would win to-morrow, and I told him *Weatherbound.* To this he replied :

'Nonsense ! she is heads and tails with a dozen, and to have a chance you must have completely changed the nature of the animal.'

The Admiral went down to assist at starting that year, and the mare got badly off. On his return to the stand, just before he got into the crowd, he said to a man he met :

'Which has won ?'

'*Weatherbound,*' was the curt reply.

'Nonsense!' he answered, for the Admiral, too, had his familiar word—'Nonsense! she never got off.'

This was confirmed by what others have said as to the ground she lost at starting. So much for the judgment of the great handicapper and turf legislator.

After this Mr. Swindell owned but few horses, I think, and the only one of any note was *Lucy Glitters,* who at the time he bought her for £900 was lame, or very nearly so, there can be no doubt ; and she never did him any good. Amongst others, he did

many of Sir Joseph Hawley's commissions. The baronet would often pay him a visit at his house after dinner, and in the temper resulting from liberal indulgence, would abuse him in language more forcible than refined. But this was a failing of Sir Joseph's. He was haughty and intolerant of opposition. From pure love of contradiction he would, if you said one thing was right, unhesitatingly declare it wrong, and try to prove it so to your face even in his more sedate moments, regardless of the mischief he might make. Sir Joseph bought *Beacon* out of the Danebury stable, and very soon discovered that in his new trainer's hands he was, in his opinion, improved two stone, and that the Northamptonshire Stakes was a gift to him. Fred Swindell, therefore, put £2,000 on the horse for Sir Joseph, and stood a monkey on him himself, regarding the race as one of Sir Joseph's real good things. On this occasion he lent me *Minotaur* to try *Bevis* with, saying:

'If you can beat him, lad, at a stone, you will "copp" '—another expressive term of his, meaning 'you will win.'

I tried first at a stone, and afterwards with even weights, when the young one won again, and cleverly, too. He did our commission, as well for Mr. Parker as the stable, and stood in £100 himself, remarking that if he had the monkey 'off' *Beacon* he would have stood one on ours. In the result, *Bevis* won in a trot, and the wonderfully improved *Beacon*

nowhere. I may say here that little *Bevis*, quite a pony, was the worst goer I ever saw. When he cantered up the course before the race, a well-known horse-dealer laughed at the exhibition he made, and said it was a pity such a horse should be brought to the meeting, much less allowed to run; an opinion of which I reminded him afterwards, when he still said he could not understand how a horse with such action could win.

There is a good and true story to be told of a match that Mr. Swindell made with the baronet. Just before the time appointed for it, Sir Joseph's horse was taken ill and could do no work, although he was on the spot. This information was no doubt supplied to Swindell by his touts. But his own horse was in a much worse plight, not being able to leave the stable at all. Thinking Sir Joseph would never run his horse in such a state of health, or rather illness, he ordered his trainer, Mr. William Treen, of Beckhampton, to bring another horse of his that was something of the same colour, and to say nothing to anyone as to what it was, or its age, and not to satisfy any inquiry as to what he was intended to run for. This had the desired effect, and it was immediately concluded by the touts—those astonishing judges of horse-flesh—that the real Simon Pure had come up for the match, and the unwelcome news was forthwith conveyed to the baronet by the men employed for the purpose. The match was for £200 a side,

half forfeit. Mr. Swindell went to Messrs. Weatherby's office in the evening and paid in two hundred-pound notes, to make stakes for the match he had with Sir Joseph the next day, and straight away left for his lodgings. Sir Joseph, coming immediately after the other had departed, said to Weatherby:

'Have you heard anything of Swindell's horse?'

'No, Sir Joseph,' was the reply; 'but he has just been here and paid his stake, so of course he intends to run.'

'Then,' says Sir Joseph, 'I pay forfeit,' and the matter ended.

Of the truth of this story there can be no manner of doubt, for Mr. Swindell told me it himself, and indeed approved what I have said when alluding to it in my previous work. I may add, that he told Sir Joseph of the ruse afterwards, but the baronet would not believe him.

I remember a very similar case, when *Ruby*, or a horse that was run as *Ruby*, won the Althorp Park Stakes in a way in which that race has never been won before or after: the horse literally cantered in. He was trotted and cantered back to the weighing enclosure much in the same way that some of the horses were for the Cambridgeshire in *Catch 'em Alive's* year, his saddle taken off and himself covered up with immense cloths in the quickest possible manner, and was never seen at Northampton again. Now, if the jockey, owner, or trainer knew it was the right horse

and carried the right weight, what motive could have suggested this unnecessary haste? The solution of this intricate problem was, according to Mr. B. Way's account of it, which I had from himself, the following: Jones, then his trainer, took *Brocket*—a horse that in the following year won the Royal Hunt Cup with 8 st. 5 lb. on him—without his knowledge, order, or consent, to Northampton, where he was not entered for a single race, and placed him in a box by the side of *Ruby*. The man that had to take the horse out was no doubt aware of what was being done; and instead of taking *Ruby* out to run, he took *Brocket*, and, on account of the alleged fractiousness of the real horse, had him saddled at the post. Consequently, before the race was run, the horse had not been seen by anyone; and by very few after it, through the hurry in which he was taken away, to say nothing of the difficulty attending his recognition swathed in clothing, as I have described. The horse was then taken back to his box proper, which no one knew he had left beyond those concerned in the fraud. Mr. B. Way said he did not know even that *Brocket* had left Prestbury until he returned to it; and although convinced of the robbery, was not in a position to prove the facts.

Another clever thing was done with this same horse *Ruby* for the Derby. For that race he was an immense winter favourite. He had no chance for it, being afflicted in his respiratory organs. Yet that

clever party, Mr. Atkins, his owner, assisted by his astute trainer, managed that the failing should not be detected. They went further, and even invited people down to see the amount of work the horse was doing, and the gallant way in which he was doing it. It was dodged in this way, I am told. He used to be galloped round a hill, about half or three-quarters of a mile, whereas the real or farther course, which he was always supposed to go, was a mile longer, making the supposed gallop a mile and three-quarters. The hill, I understand, excluded any view of the horses except at the start and finish; and as the horse always went the shorter course, he was always credited with doing it very quickly, and always pulled up exceedingly sound and well; and to further prevent the chance of suspicion falling on him, he was galloped with a horse well known to be a confirmed roarer. This deception they managed to keep up so long as there was a shilling to be got out of the horse by laying against him, when the bubble burst, and he was struck out of the race.

Later in life, Mr. Swindell showed his shrewdness and sagacity in detecting and partly preventing a great swindle, of which a friend was the intended victim. Two wretched knaves, betting-men, aided and abetted by an ignorant but subtle trainer, in the shape of a lately turned-off stable boy as wicked and contemptible as themselves, were the intriguers. The names, though well known, I refrain from giving, as

nothing would be gained by the uninteresting information; and it would only add pain to innocent and respectable persons in other ways connected with the plotters, whilst the culprits themselves have long since passed away to the shady region of oblivion. The story runs thus: Mr. A., then training in the country, had just received with much pleasure the report of a successful trial of his horse, *G. P.*, that morning, for the Chester Cup, in which race he was entered, and leniently treated by the handicapper, and in turf phraseology was thought a good thing. Mr. Swindell executed the commission, and put a large stake on him, which, however, made him little or no better favourite. This naturally excited his suspicions, as it would have done a much less confiding mind. He felt sure there was an undercurrent at work, which he could not fathom. He expressed his doubts, and requested his friend to go and see the trainer at once. This the other did not like to do, but said:

'If you will go, I will accompany you, but not else.' Swindell's antipathy to visiting trainers or seeing horses anywhere but on the racecourse I have named. However, on this occasion he overcame his aversion in the interest of truth and justice, and went. A telegram announced that in the afternoon they might be expected, and would like to see the horses. After exchanging common civilities and a few words of a general character on their arrival, they

came to the point and asked if the horse was 'well'? 'Never better,' was the welcome reply. After partaking of some refreshment, doubly acceptable after a long journey, no time was lost in carrying out its object, to see this particular horse. He looked in blooming condition, to all seeming as fit as anyone could wish to see him; but they were told, as he had done his work before the receipt of the telegram, he could not go out again. He stood, as is customary in many stables, in a set of woollen bandages. When they requested that these might be removed, they were assured by the trainer it was quite unnecessary and contrary to his practice; and for fear of upsetting the horse, he begged they would not think of his doing anything so unwise. Mr. Swindell, however, said the owner would not rest content unless he saw, at least, the bandages taken off his fore-legs, and he peremptorily requested this to be done at once—when the mystery was solved. The trainer had then to relate that the horse had met with a severe accident whilst at exercise, and nearly severed the main tendons by coming in contact with some sharp cutting instrument, which of course rendered him useless for the season, if he would be ever fit to race again. He, however, by way of explanation, said he thought but little of it, and hoped it would soon be well; but in reply to further inquiries, he could give no satisfactory reason why the horse had gone back in the market after all the money they had backed him for.

The horse never ran, it is needless to say; and with the rest of Mr. A——'s horses was at once removed and placed under the charge of a better man. The cause of his withdrawal from the Chester Cup was explained, but discredited; and attributed to the dishonest motives of the owner and his friends, on whose shoulders the blame rested, whilst the real miscreants escaped with impunity. I may add, that the few horses that Mr. Swindell had at the place were removed at the same time; and the trainer lost, as he deserved to do, two good patrons.

Coolness in all circumstances was one of Mr. Swindell's marked characteristics. He was seldom put out of temper under any disappointment. The only time I remember his being moved in this way was at the result of the Goodwood Stakes in *Starter's* year, in spite of his assurance 'Not a jot, not a jot,' when to his surprise my horse won. He had backed him, although he had the first favourite in *Cecil*, which he had backed for a large stake too; for his Epsom trainer had told him that he was as sure to win as *Starter* was to get beat.

'In all his life,' he declared, speaking of the latter horse, 'he had never seen such a poor brute; and,' he added, 'if he wins I'll eat him!' reminding one of poor Feist, when he declared in print that he would perform the same feat if *Casse-Tête* won the Grand National at Liverpool. In both cases the horses did win, and the words, not the animals, were eaten. In

the instance at Goodwood, the utterance of these idiotic words shook to the foundation the small faith that Swindell had in his little trainer's judgment as to the condition of his own or anyone else's horses.

One of his marked peculiarities was the fondness he had for the opinion of 'touts.' Many of these gentry would call upon him daily, or rather nightly; and though in the midst of dinner, he would leave it to learn what they had to say, with as much alacrity as he would to attend a lord or a duke. After hearing what one man might have to tell him, he would return to the table, only to be disturbed by two or three more on the same errand before he had finished the meal. On these occasions he would expect to be told of some extraordinary trial that had come off, or was about to take place; the knocking out of the favourite, or the introduction of a new one. To all he listened eagerly; though I don't presume to say he often or ever acted on information received from such sources. He was far too clever for that. But, as he used to say, whilst cracking his sides with laughter, 'he liked to hear what the vagabonds had to say, and that the amusement was worth paying for.'

He was capital company. Many of his expressions were extremely witty, and his stories, if somewhat ancient, were told with a drollery that, to use his own term, 'was hard to beat.' He was certainly

of a generous disposition. To many of his old 'friends' in adversity that he had known in better circumstances, he used to allow a pound a week. Meeting one of his impecunious acquaintances standing outside a public-house, he said inquiringly:

'What's up now, lad?'

To which the other wittily replied:

'I am dining out. I have just had a pork-pie and a quart of beer with my last shilling.'

'Here is a sovereign,' was the prompt rejoinder. 'Go and rob some one as quick as you can, and bring it me back.' Of course the suggestion was only his fun.

His investments in the Burton Brewery Company, at Burton-on-Trent, gave him much anxiety at one time, as his capital in it appeared gone, and the speculation a failure. His friends Messrs. Parker, Dale, and Snewing all lost confidence, and sold out at a great sacrifice. But here the common-sense of which he was always proud, if he thought highly of any of his capabilities, did him good service, aided by his shrewd and business-like habits and his indefatigable energy. He thought he saw his way clear to advance still more money, but refused to do so unless he was made a director; and then he added another and last sum of £20,000, in this new capacity. He soon found scope for his ability, and detected the leakage, and remedied it by the removal of the head-brewer and cooper. After this bold

stroke in the right direction things soon worked better. His next move was to hire a lot of men, both in town and country, to call at public-houses and hotels which the brewery did not serve, to ask for its special brew, whether in beer, ale, or stout. On being told it was not kept, they would express their surprise, and declare they 'could get it just above, or just below, or round the corner,' and would leave for the apparent purpose of obtaining it. This ingenious way of getting customers may not have been novel, but it was a legitimate method of increasing trade; and more, it was effective, and with the further help of good management, so raised the value of the shares in the company that Mr. Swindell's investment in it of £70,000 became a valuable property. I have this statement, like most others relating to himself, from his own lips.

He once bought a large wholesale ironmongery business in the City, doing a large trade, for one of his relations—a nephew, I believe. But this young gentleman wanted to run before he could walk, and kept his brougham and pair of dashing horses, visited nightly theatres, casinos, and other places of amusement not of the most moral character, and so ruined his health and fortune, and brought on a premature death. A miser was once told by one of his old cronies that 'his son was dissipating his fortune,' and calmly replied that 'if he has only half the pleasure in spending as I have had in getting it, his happiness

must be complete.' But Mr. Swindell thought differently, and took possession of the business and disposed of it to a stranger.

Mr. Swindell left me when I became private trainer to Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Sturt, now Lord Alington. I had the privilege of training for Lord Durham and other noblemen and gentlemen ; but those of whom they did not approve had to leave, and one of them was Mr. Swindell, or probably he would have remained with me to the day of his death. He was in many things a pattern to racing-men, worthy of all imitation ; for he never, in my experience at least, asked the trainer, or anyone else connected with the stable, a word about other people's horses at an improper time, or until the morning of the race. Indeed, he seldom wanted to know anything of his own much earlier. He never arranged the weights of a trial (though he suggested, as I have related, that *Bevis* should receive a stone from *Minotaur*) or saw one ; nor did he ever see a horse of his own or of anyone else in my stable during the many years I trained for him, though often asked to do so. He used to say, 'What can I know more after than before I have seen him ?' Carrying out the same principle, however strange it may appear, he never saw any of his own horses at any place where they might be for the purpose of running, in the stable ; nor did he see one on the heath, except when racing, and then only in, or after,

the race. And he certainly never saw one whilst saddling, nor his jockey weighed in or out, nor spoke to him before a race. All this he wisely left to his trainer.

He was by no means fond of personally taking stock of the horses in their gallops before any great race ; nor would he see his own take exercise, although he may have had the first favourite. This was the case with *Weatherbound* for the Cambridgeshire, although his lodgings were close by, and he usually took his constitutional before breakfast. For this purpose he took the road by the Windmill, so as to preclude the possibility of his doing such a thing. Yet few men knew more of the condition of the greater part of the horses than himself, or the intention of their several owners. One morning, on my returning from the racecourse side of the heath with the horses on their way to the stable, whilst passing through Mill Hill Square, where he happened to be standing with his old friend George Armstrong, he said to me :

'Well, lad, has she' (meaning *Dulcibella*) 'passed the college ?' laughing heartily all the while.

'What ?' I replied, thoroughly at a loss.

'Why, the college of touts,' he said, and solved the seeming mystery.

When *Dulcibella* was at the Shoreditch station, on her way to Newmarket, she was, before entering the horse-box, seen by 'the clever division ;' and in their own estimation they are not a few. She was

disliked, being too small and far too light. Mr. Swindell was on the platform waiting for the train; and the division came to him in a body, intending to take 'a rise' out of him.

'Fred,' they said, 'we are in a raffle; make one of us?'

'What's up?' he replied suspiciously.

'Will you make one?' was again asked. 'It's only a pound a piece—ten of us.'

'Oh yes,' he said. 'What's it for?'

'*Dulcibella,*' was the answer, with a roar of laughter at Fred and the mare he had backed. But it did not turn out either that the mare was to be had in a raffle, or that the laughter was to be all on their side.

I have mentioned his coolness, or self-possession under all circumstances. I was standing by his side at Lewes one year in the betting-ring, when he kept offering to back a horse that he knew could not win unless all the rest tumbled down, with the intention of bolstering him up in the market for an ulterior purpose. Immediately they were off, he offered in a loud tone to take £200 to £100.

'Done,' said a man in the stand above him. 'I will lay you, Swindell.'

Looking up at him coolly, he replied:

'Ah! you have seen something;' and of course it was no bet.

A similar piece of nonchalance was shown on the

course at Newmarket, when *Foxhall* ran for the Cesarewitch. He was standing alongside one of my former patrons, whom I had been trying to persuade to back him (*Foxhall*), but he hardly believed in him, and said :

'I suppose he is a four-year-old?'

Swindell immediately replied in the gravest manner possible :

'If I did not think he was five, at least, I should not have backed him,' naturally causing a burst of irrepressible laughter from all around him.

At Newmarket, latterly, he seldom left the fly that brought him to the course, except to enter the Bird-cage to discuss with gentlemen, or others of his own standing, things past and future, or to gather some scraps of information ; or still better, to tell or hear some good thing—as some adroit trick, or some lucky hit made by an unlikely person ; for, as he said, 'Everyone had some game at which he is good.' At Doncaster, Epsom, and Ascot he always shunned the crowd, taking up his station in some out-of-the-way place near the ring, known to his satellites, in whose society he found plenty to amuse him. I never saw him at a small race-meeting ; and it must have been something particularly requiring his personal attendance that would have drawn him to such a gathering.

He dearly loved to have a chat with such wags as Charlie Coghlan, Francis Ignatius Coyle, and latterly

Jemmy Barber, and 'men of their kidney.' They used to invent all sorts of extravagant, improbable, and most outrageous tales for his amusement, and declare, by all that was good and great, that every word was to the very letter true. But of all the innumerable tales, old and new, these gentry were in the habit of relating to him, I think none took his fancy so much as Coghlan's inimitably told story of his double-event trial for a dinner and a wife. It appears that he had seen in some newspaper that a gentleman intended on the day of her marriage to give the husband of his only daughter £20,000. He therefore dressed in a becoming style, being a smart, good-looking fellow, and introduced himself the next day, and the nature of his business, by saying he could save the liberal father £10,000—a bait sufficient to ensure him a good start. He was asked to luncheon, and after full justice was done to the viands and wines,

'Now,' said his host, 'how can you save me £10,000?'

'By taking your daughter,' he replied, 'at that sum, instead of the £20,000 that you have agreed to give her husband.'

A hasty exit with considerable force was the result; but '£10,000 to nothing was always worth taking on the off-chance of getting it,' as he remarked.

Another story, told by one of these amusing friends, was to the effect that he, the relater, had never met a

man that he could not get something out of. For the express purpose of proving this, he made a trial on an old miserly customer in business as a silversmith in Exeter. He entered the shop, and after minutely describing with his fingers the shape of two bars of gold, weighing together about 3 lb., a little more or less, and of one of silver a trifle lighter, asked for a particular estimate of their value. The silversmith immediately invited him to dinner, then just ready, which was enjoyed, with the dessert that followed, immensely. Then came business.

'Have you got them' (meaning the bars) 'with you?' inquired the host.

'Oh no,' was the reply: 'I am going to California in a few days, and thought I might find some.'

After these stories were told, the relaters meantime having copiously quenched a very extensive thirst, would 'beg a favour' under the spurious guise of a loan, which, through the generosity of their host, would be readily forthcoming in the shape of a gift. I should not forget to mention that when one of his trainers, James Godding, looked in on Mr. Swindell at his lodgings at Newmarket on a certain convivial evening, he was asked by his host what it would cost to paint a face and nose complete like his. To this Jemmy had a ready answer—'He could not say; it was not finished yet.'

Mr. Swindell was conversant with the ways of every grade of society, from the lofty to the humble,

and was as much at home with the one as the other. His association with the former was, however, merely for business purposes. He made no effort to raise his own social position beyond what his occupation naturally accorded to him. He sought companions in the middle class, though he often found recreation in the company of those beneath him. Beyond a few immediate friends, he did not care for company in the best sense of the word. In one room of his house a peer would be seated, trusting his presence unknown, hoping to secure a loan of £1,000; whilst in the next, Swindell would be attending to the wants of a returned outcast desirous of borrowing a £10 note to start him in business again with a barrow and a moke. And he would feel more pleasure in assisting the one as a gift, than the other on the security of 'a promise to pay.' Indeed, in his bill transactions he was not happy. He lost money over them, discovering, as he said, that the 'professional borrower' knew much more than he did, and so gave it up.

He was often appealed to for advice in any difficult or delicate question. A gentleman, whose name he mentioned, but I have forgotten, once said to him:

'Fred, Mr. So-and-So has paid me £100 twice; what ought I to do?'

'Why, ask him for it again,' was his prompt reply, much to the amusement of himself and friend.

As of others, so of him, stories are told of his gallantry and the influence he had with the sex. But

whilst he was always ready to avow his admiration, he was equally ready to declare that their intrigues he could not fathom. I have mentioned, in an earlier chapter, that he had the repute of being a judge of wine. This was undoubtedly his due. He once enjoyed a very fine old bottle of port at Salisbury when staying for the races, and offered the late Mr. Henry Figes, of the Three Swans Hotel, a guinea a bottle for every drop he had in his cellar. The offer was refused, and the special bin immediately christened 'Swindell port'! And for a period after, whenever called for, with diligent search the landlord usually found one; and for years it was the very last bottle.

Every action of his life was characterized by prudence. One of his earliest precautions was the investment of a sum that would bring him in £100 a year, 'just to keep me and the missus,' as he phrased it. 'The rest I can play with,' he said. He lived for some time at 18, Berkeley Square, until, being offered a good premium, he 'copped' and disposed of his bargain. He then went to Craven Hill, and afterwards to Barnes, by the side of the river, until he settled in his own house, Royal Crescent, Brighton, where he died. He had his faults—who has not? And he had especially to fight against the lack of education. He was, as I have said, never out of temper; neither chagrined by defeat nor elated at success. I never heard him swear or speak evil of anyone in jest or seriously. Of him it may be truly

said: He was not a 'pipe for Fortune's fingers to sound what stop she pleases.' He never would allow anyone to open the front-door but himself when at home, and this he would do fifty times a day or more. His object in this, I imagine, was that he did not want anyone to know but himself who came; and then, as he used to say, 'they' (meaning his servants) 'could not tell anyone.'

His custom was to breakfast at ten, and dine at half-past six o'clock, seldom taking anything between meals. He was a hearty eater, and drank moderately of wine, especially port, though never to excess. But he paid the penalty of even moderate indulgence, and had to undergo a serious illness and painful operation, and to be content with the more wholesome if less palatable old Scotch whisky. The last time I saw him was at Brighton, on the Esplanade, in a cold wind, without a great-coat. We chatted matters over; but he felt his time for leaving this world was at hand, and said he did not think he should live long —nor did he. He left his wife well provided for, and several annuities to different persons; and the remainder of his great fortune, £140,000, he left to his son. But, on very good authority, I am told he left £100,000 more. Whether this remainder was concealed to save succession duty or not I don't know, but should think it very likely.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAINERS WITHOUT TRAINING.

Training at haphazard—The brothers Stebbing—Own *Flatcatcher* and other good horses—Accidental success and ultimate failure—Barber and Saxon—First association—Horses owned conjointly and separately, and their doings—Mistakes in selling—Oaks victory and subsequent decline—Saxon and the thief.

Mr. Thomas Parr—First start—His patrons—A large stable and few runners—Love of plating—A mystery; how was it done?—Training from a hayloft—Sale of *Fernhill* and *Isoline*—Embarrassments—A lucky release—Bovine appearance of *Rataplan*—Disappointment in the St. Leger—Misuse of good horses; *Saucebox*, *Fisherman*, and others—*Mortimer's* defeat at Chester—Curious excuse—How he got *Weathergage;* unexpected performances and curious treatment—Errors in training—A word for George Hall.

That there is 'nothing succeeds like success' is a truism 'as old as the hills,' and likely to be as lasting. You may be the cleverest person in the world, and the whole world may know it; but if you are not lucky, your talent, however brilliant and judiciously applied, is not appreciated, and every action of your life is criticized and condemned. Reverse the case, and you find men without ability or energy, if but momentarily fortunate, praised for virtues which they

do not possess, and which are only to be found in the imaginations of admirers more foolish than themselves. This is by no means an over-drawn picture, but a plain fact that may be seen every day of one's life; only to make us exclaim, 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?'

In the training of racehorses this anomaly has been seen in more instances than one, in which professors guiltless of the rudimentary principles of their profession have been successful beyond expectation. In these cases, it is true, the success has not been of a permanent nature; yet, whilst it lasted, brilliant enough to have given them credit before the world for qualities which they never possessed. Of a few such men I propose to give some account. The brothers Stebbing—William and Henry—deserve notice in this way. Their father lived at Newmarket, and for many years was a barber. It was here the sons were brought up, if they did not in early life take part in the same business. William very soon became an adept in the mysterious art of betting; and his successes enabled him to join a brother professional, Mr. B. Green, in forming a racing stud, with his brother Henry acting as trainer. Hambleton, in Yorkshire, was the place selected for the purpose. The confederacy commenced racing with a small stud in 1846, about the time Lord George Bentinck left the turf. In the following year this

increased fourfold, and they had some thirty horses, or more, in training—as they called it. At this time they had, amongst other good animals, *Assault*, *Flat-catcher*, and *Beverlac*, as two-year-olds, to do battle for their respective engagements in that and the following years. In this the adage 'that it never rains but it pours' was singularly confirmed; for all three were good horses, and carried off triumphantly most every engagement in the first year, winning large stakes for the stable. In the following year they were equally lucky in another way; for all the three horses, after being favourite in turn for the Derby throughout the winter, added more to their coffers by *not* winning that race—which everyone but themselves thought they were secure of—than by all their previous victories. At all events, this was the popular version of the matter at the time, and most likely the correct one. No doubt the defeat of *Shylock* in the Derby was a severe blow to them, though they did not lose on the race. The next year things did not improve with them. They relied on *Lady Superior* to win back their lost laurels; but fortune brought but disappointment, from the effects of which they never fairly recovered.

Such a string of horses as they had might, if properly managed, have been a fortune to any but themselves. But, if they had the luck to get the horses together, they did not understand how to make the best of them; and, from a variety of cir-

cumstances, either in the training or the misplacing of their horses, most likely in both, their career came to a short and inglorious conclusion, through that never-failing source of disaster, lack of funds. There could scarcely have been found elsewhere three persons together so unfitted for the several parts they had to take in the purchase and management of a racing stud. How limited was their knowledge, may be gathered from what I have related of their previous histories. Besides, their build, in its bulkiness, was against them. They lacked the activity and energy that alone give success to judgment and well-matured plans. Mr. Green took little interest in the management of the horses, and rarely, if ever, saw them tried. He preferred the comforts of his own fireside, and the solace of a well-replenished snuff-box, to leaving his bed at four o'clock in the morning to see what, he freely confessed, he did not understand and had no taste for. After the death of the other two, Henry Stebbing trained for Mr. Osbaldeston and others with better success, for even in his case I must suppose 'long experience made him sage.'

We have another similar case in the partnership between Messrs. Barber and Saxon, although it lasted longer, and was on a much larger scale. Where these gentlemen sprang from I have been unable to discover; although it was said, when they first came into notice, that they hailed from 'the black country,' where it is probable they worked in the mines. They

were gamblers at heart, and Barber as fond of billiards as he was of racing, or any other species of gaming. The two were as eccentric in manner as characteristic in dress. Barber always wore a black suit, loose-fitting trousers, resting in wrinkles on a substantial boot, a swallow-tail dress-coat, with a clerical necktie and hat to match. Fancy wearing such a dress in a betting-ring, by the side of his partner, who resembled a badly-dressed keeper, if you substituted trousers for the leggings generally worn by the game-killing fraternity! I should very much doubt if either of these sages ever saw a racehorse till they saw one on the racecourse. From fortunate speculations on other people's horses, they formed a stud of their own. Saxon was thought to be the trainer, and Barber to attend to the commissions; though I think, in most matters, they acted conjointly, and like so many cooks, spoiling their own good things. From what date their confederacy commenced must be a matter of surmise; for Barber ran many horses in his own name, as did Saxon also. The latter in 1851 had *Black Doctor*, who did him good service; but, like *Yellow Jack*, he was more noted for the number of times he ran second, than for the races he won. He was second for the Chester, Manchester, Doncaster and Ascot Cups, being beaten by *Joe Miller* in the latter very easy. These were disappointments; but a greater one befell him subsequently, when *Mary* had to put up with running second to *Sultan* for the

Cambridgeshire. This was, however, entirely due to his own mismanagement. The mare was not more than half fit when she ran, and stood still entirely from want of training when she had at least a stone in hand. Barber had many running in 1856, and probably others before that, which had not until this time been doing him much good. *Pretty Boy* fell at York, which may have prevented him winning the Great Northern Handicap, in *One Act's* year, as neither she nor anything else of the same age could give him 7 lb. when fit. But that is the question. I think that, like the rest of their horses, he had to train himself by running in public races, and was not really fit until much later, when he showed himself a good horse by his victory in the Goodwood Stakes, as a three-year-old, carrying 7 st. 8 lb. He also won the Manchester Cup, and the same year ten other races. Barber had also running about this time, *Commotion*, *Prince of Denmark*, *Prince of Orange*, *Polly Peachum*, and *Lord Nelson*, which did him good service. *Prince of Orange* was an unlucky horse, or badly managed, as he only won five races out of twenty-two that he ran for, and in one of these he beat *Yellow Jack* at even weights, who was, as usual, second. For several years the two men did little beyond winning a host of small races, though now and then a fair stake fell to their share. Saxon was unlucky with *Kennyside Hero* in only getting second for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and doubly

unlucky in the sense that had the prize fallen to him, it would have added greatly to the other trophies already adorning his splendid sideboard. Again, he was unfortunate with *Queen Bess* in the Cesarewitch; for after running a dead-heat with *El Hakim* and *Prioress*, she was beat in the deciding heat, over which he lost a good stake. Other horses did Saxon good service, amongst them *Mary*, *Tom Thumb*, *Ancient Briton*, *Lady Hereford*, and *Princess Royal*. It will be seen that, like Mr. Barber, he showed himself in the naming of his horses devotedly attached to the Crown, and remained to the last an enthusiastic admirer of Royalty. He made a mistake in running *Misty Morn* in a selling race at Chester, where he was claimed. On another occasion, in a selling race at Bath, I claimed *Truant*, the last in the race, of him for £50; and ran him twice at Newmarket, winning both times. He was claimed in the last race by Mr. Munday, and from him passed into the hands of Mr. Hodgman, without winning a race for either of them. But as they sold few, the mistakes made by the confederates in this way were not so numerous as in running their horses unfit, by which they lost their money.

In the year 1861, in winning the Oaks with *Brown Duchess*, they reached the zenith of their fortune, and, like Brutus, were 'ready to decline.' For though subsequently they ran horses with varied success, both in quantity and quality, their stud dwindled down till 1870, the last year in which I see

Mr. Saxon's name recorded in the list of winning owners, and Mr. Barber's in the year 1873, and then only credited with £50 which he won with *Lothair* at Liverpool. Thus a racing career of some twenty years was brought to a conclusion, anything but fortunate. Their aim and delight was to win small stakes; and in this capacity they were, in the North and Midland counties, as much a terror to their opponents as Mr. Parr was in the West and Southern districts. But after many years of patient endurance, they had to succumb to the inevitable fate of incompetency.

Mr. Saxon had his watch taken from him at Egham, one year; but he caught the thief, and in true Lancashire fashion, in an instant, tripped him on his back and rifled his pockets, finding on him sixteen watches besides his own, which alone he kept, and let the ruffian go. Saxon was fond of good living, and indulged his appetite, which was voracious. His favourite dish was a rump steak. This he preferred very tough to the tenderest. As he would say, 'There was something to bite at.' Though once, favoured by luck as we have seen, and possessed of a fortune, he died in needy circumstances, much the same as he began life with. Mr. Barber survived him many years, but I am afraid not in the comfortable position which might have been looked for from his many victories in the palmy days of yore. He died, I believe, last year.

I have now to give some account of a still more notable person amongst those who tried their hands at training without any knowledge of the science. Mr. Thomas Parr, owner, trainer, and jockey, was certainly one of the most remarkable men that I ever remember to have seen or conversed with. I am unacquainted with his origin. His occupation in early life was that of an itinerant dealer in tea, which, for economy's sake, he carried himself, and sold retail to his customers, sticking strictly to the ready-money system; a principle rigidly enforced on him by the factors whom he honoured with his patronage. He usually travelled in the West, starting in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, wending his way through villages and hamlets to Plymouth. As this business was not congenial to his feelings for the want of success, or otherwise, he soon left it, and plunged into the racing world, and succeeded.

It has been generally concluded that he only trained for himself, as most of the horses he had ran in his name. But this is a mistake. He trained for Lord Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), Messrs. Sexty, Williams, Thornhill (the baker who succeeded poor Glen, and got broke over *Weatherbound's* Cambridgeshire), Robson, Padwick, Rich, Thellusson, and, as I have specially mentioned, Starkey; and probably for many others of whom no one ever heard but himself, for he was generally pretty reticent over his own affairs. He was un-

doubtedly peculiar in his method of training his horses, both in their exercise and in the management of his stables; peculiarities which have been described and criticized in 'The Racehorse in Training.' Again, contrary to the received opinion, after his considerable successes, commencing at or about the time of *Rataplan*, he had a very large string of horses. But many of them never saw a racecourse, wherein he showed his wisdom, which indeed, in its way, was not often wanting. I never remember seeing him with more than two or three horses at any meeting. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that he mostly bought old horses without engagements, and only entered them a short time before the event, in any race in which he thought they would be likely to win—and no man did this better. It may, no doubt, have been pleasant to see them victorious, but it would not have satisfied me; for as to any tangible results, it was but 'grasping the shadow without the substance.' How strange is the contrast of so meagre a string, with the numbers that some of our best trainers have at different meetings! I remember sixteen or seventeen from one stable running at Ascot, and some thirty at Goodwood. But of course these were horses engaged a long time before, and taking their chance of success. Mr. Parr had no such inducement, as he preferred to keep running his horses at all sorts of places for the smallest of stakes.

Mr. Parr commenced his racing career auspiciously

in 1839, with the small number of two platers, and won his maiden race with *Malton*, at Gorhambury. From this date to 1846 he does not seem to have increased his stud materially, nor to have run for anything beyond selling and other small races. *Twin*, after running seven times, was fortunate in winning a stake of the value of £24; and *Trojan*, on his victory, enhanced the contents of his exchequer by another £25. Subsequently, he seems to have increased his stud to about a score, still of the same plating character; though in *Giselle* he aspired to high honours, by running her for the Cesarewitch, and spoilt her chance for future events by being second. Still the performance was creditable.

Travelling long distances, and running for stakes so wretched as those he occasionally won, could not by any arithmetical conjuring be made to pay. I am told that after an unsuccessful day, he and his horses would vanish from the course without the usual ceremonies at parting, to turn up at the next country meeting, wherever that might happen to be. I confess that the whole business is as inexplicable to me as that of the mystical dealer in brooms, who, professing to take the least profit possible on the wares he disposed of, found himself yet undersold by a rival. Anxious to get to the bottom of the matter, he sought his opponent out and asked him how it was.

'I cannot do it for the money,' he said, 'and I steal the stuff.' But was completely satisfied with the

answer that the other 'stole them ready made,' and so at one and the same time saved trouble and expense. But if I am mystified, I daresay Mr. Parr's faithful henchman, George Hall, if he had been consulted, or many of the hotel proprietors whom his master honoured with his patronage, might have considerably enlightened us on this interesting subject.

So, again, with training, as Mr. Parr conducted it, the business is a mystery to me. Training, like everything else, is easy to do when you know how to do it; and so long as things go smoothly, one man can do it as well as another. But when everything is wrong, and unknown difficulties present themselves in every direction, you must understand your business to be able to overcome them, and this is just what the unskilful cannot do. I once knew an elderly lady who confidently assured me that her son was so clever that he could attend to his farm in bed; which accounted for his not being seen till late in the day; and, as a natural consequence, shortly after was not seen at all. But I never before heard of a man who, though gifted with the best of abilities, could train horses from a hayloft. Yet this surprising feat of ingenuity, I am credibly informed, was successfully accomplished by Mr. Parr—to his own entire satisfaction, at least. George Hall was his faithful attendant on these occasions, for I fear they were not singular, and would receive his instructions, and see them carried out to the very letter. At all events, he knew

his master's wants a great deal better than did the many suspicious-looking gentlemen who so often wished to see him, and so tenderly inquired for his health. But, in training under these circumstances, we can perhaps understand how Mr. Parr mistook *Fernhill* for a plater, and sold him and some others, with his house and stables, for half the value of the one horse. *Fernhill*, the next year, won the Northamptonshire Stakes and the Metropolitan. *Isoline*, parted with under similar circumstances, won the Goodwood Cup and other races after he sold her.

When the new law of liquidation came into force, Mr. Parr had no longer the need to enlist the services of the faithful George, or lie *perdu* in a hayloft. He could then give a gracious welcome to all comers who had kindly done him a service; and though unable to settle their little requirements at the moment, could assure them that he had another good horse with which to recoup him his losses, and enable him to settle up everything with liberality. For, naturally, he infinitely preferred liberty to confinement, and his meals in his dining-room rather than in the loft. It must be said of him that, alternating from good to bad fortune in quick succession—to-day rich, to-morrow moneyless—he bore his hard fate with admirable patience. Up to the year 1850, with the exception of his old slave, *Clothmaker*, no one horse in his numerous stud did more than pay its way, if it did so much, and, in addition, provide sufficient for

the total expenditure. He had at this time a horse running at York, which, from prudential motives, he ostensibly sold to a friend for £300, with the condition that that sum should be put on the horse for the race for which he was engaged next day. On Mr. Parr's arrival at York, it is said that, owing to some little inattention on his part, or it may have been the want of some formality in respect to a bill transaction, he was politely invited to visit the Castle; which he did, and remained till the next day, when the success of his horse enabled him to give consideration for the document to which his valuable autograph was attached, and he was enabled to leave, delighted at the fortunate result.

From this date we see him associated with *Rataplan*, who, though raced in his name, was, I believe, always the property of Mr. Thellusson, as he ran as his the following year. *Rataplan* was such a curiously made animal that a description of him may not be uninteresting. He was own brother to *Stockwell*, and half-brother to *King Tom*, by the *Baron* out of *Pocahontas;* a good horse over a distance of ground, but extremely plain. He was a dark chestnut with white legs, long fore-pasterns almost amounting to a deformity, plain head and Roman nose, short neck and bad shoulders, with a large barrel, so cow-hocked that his hind-legs nearly touched each other—indeed he walked more like a Guernsey cow than a racehorse, and galloped very little better, more

closely resembling in appearance the bovine than the equine tribe. His performances for such a misshapen animal were wonderful. Out of twenty-nine races he ran in 1854, he won eighteen; many over long courses, and at heavy weights. Here again it seems to have been impossible for Mr. Parr to divest himself of his plating proclivities. For we find this good horse doing the drudgery of a hack, and actually despatched to Pontefract to run for a prize of the full value of £15, which he won without the resemblance of a race for it; and again sent on further similarly useful missions. With him in 1854, *Saucebox* in 1855, and *Fisherman* in 1856, Mr. Parr may be said to have had luck which few merited, and no other trainer hardly met with. In the hands of a man who thoroughly understood his profession, what, it may be asked, might not the three have achieved? That he made the worse rather than the better of them we shall see. *Saucebox* won the St. Leger, and Mr. Parr should have won a really good stake. But he had prepared his own disappointment. The horse had lost the Great Ebor Handicap at York, simply because he was palpably unfit, whilst Mr. Parr thought he was well and sure to win, and lost a great stake over the race. In the meantime, this and other races in which he took part had been gradually preparing the horse for the great event; but *without his owner's knowledge*, who in his ignorance could not take advantage of his great opportunity. And just

consider the preparation that, in public, the horse had had. In the early part of the year he won a stake at Chester, a mile and a half, of the value of £67; and before and afterwards several Queen's Plates, two miles. In the summer he won eleven races out of the twenty-eight in which he took part. Pretty good preparation for a St. Leger candidate!

But this was nothing to the work that *Fisherman* had to do, at the same age. It is certain that if he had been properly, I had almost said decently prepared, he would have won the City and Suburban, just as easily as he won the Queen's Vase, or any of the twenty-three races he won that year; and probably, if trained, half of his defeats would have proved victories. But when we read of a horse such as *Fisherman* was, running for £60 at Stamford and £60 at Liverpool, what are we to think? Indeed, out of the races he won in this year, more than half did not average £100 each, and for one of them, value £30, he had to go all the way to Carlisle. In fact, in spite of all the study he gave to the matter, Mr. Parr signally failed in winning large stakes, either in bets or prizes.

Besides *Fisherman*, *Rataplan*, and *Saucebox*, he had another fair horse in *Mortimer*, his Chester Cup favourite. Indeed, this race was regarded as an absolute gift to him from the moment the weights came out; and, no doubt, if the horse had been only

fairly prepared he would have won. But he was not, and he was beat, though the owner always maintained his defeat was due to the twisting of a plate, near the winning-post. Yet some time after the horse goes to Ascot, and carrying a heap more weight, wins the Stakes; and this undoubtedly proves that he ought to have won at Chester. But Mr. Parr could always find excuses after every defeat, no matter how ridiculous or unreasonable. One instance is as good as another for the purpose of showing this easy habit. *Fisherman* one day is beat very unexpectedly, is sent off at once, and after travelling all night runs the next day at Abingdon, and wins easily, to the surprise of everyone. There was little or no betting on the race. Mr. Parr, when asked if he could account for the difference in the running on the two days, calmly answered: 'The sun was in his eyes the first time; and he never could run when it was so.'

One more horse of which Mr. Parr had the care, *Weathergage*, requires a special notice. Though run in his name, the animal was probably not his; but belonged to Mr. Megson, just as *Fisherman* was undoubtedly the property of Mr. Starkey. Nevertheless, of all the horses he had to do with, no one did him so much credit. For with *Weathergage* he achieved a triumph in training or management, or both, that no expert could ever account for. The whole story is so strange that it reads more like fiction than fact.

Weathergage was the property of Admiral Rous. And the Admiral said he had tried him fourteen times and could never get him first. In consequence, he was sent to Northampton with orders that if he did not win, or get claimed, he was to be got rid of in some way. Frank Butler, the jockey, brother to William Butler the trainer, would not allow his intimate friend, Sam Scott, to buy him at any price ; and as no other purchaser could be found, the horse returned to Newmarket with the rest of Butler's string ; and here he was bought for £40 by Mr. Armstrong, and sent to Mr. Parr with the following message: 'I have bought you *Weathergage*, and think he will do you some good.' These are the actual circumstances under which he came into Parr's hands, the latter probably never having seen or heard of the horse before in his life. About a fortnight after winning a first race with him at Lewes, Parr takes the horse to Bath, well knowing him to be a good one. He meets the Admiral there and tells him so, but is only laughed at for his pains. However, *Weathergage* won, and Parr again assured the Admiral that he was a good horse; but the more he told him so, the less he was believed.

What the horse subsequently did—how amongst other races he won the Goodwood Stakes and the Cesarewitch the same year, is a matter of turf history. But the most curious part of the whole business is that Parr did not give himself time to prepare the

horse before Lewes—assuming, as we may, that the horse had been beaten for want of preparation in his former races—but had tried and found him a good horse almost as soon as he arrived at his new training-quarters. We cannot, therefore, in this direction discover how the improvement came about.

Some curious incidents in the management and running of *Weathergage* may be briefly noticed. He first wins £35 in heats, then in a gentleman-rider's race Mr. Parr himself steers his favourite to victory; rather hard work for a three-year-old that had so many and such great things set him to accomplish. After being tried at home, Mr. Jones of Prestbury tries him for the Goodwood Stakes, which he wins. He is then immediately despatched to Lichfield, to York, and Derby, where he suffers defeat in the first four races, and, as a kind of set-off to this disappointment, wins the two last, both on the same day—one of them a mile-and-a-half race of the value £179; the other the Innkeepers' Plate of £50, two miles. After travelling nearly half over the British Isles in search of £50 plates to run for, and horses to try him with for the Cesarewitch—a service ultimately effectually done for him by *Joe Miller*—he triumphs in the dual victory, and, glutton-like, finishes up the season by winning his best race with Charles Marlow on his back, in the Audley End Stakes at Newmarket, giving *Black Doctor* his year and 7 lb., and a lot of

weight to *Adine* and others, and beating them in a canter.

Avalanche I should name as another of his treasures, accidentally obtained from Captain Olliver, who gave her to him for the payment of her forfeits. Little, perhaps, need be said of *Odd Trick* and *Malacca*, both Cambridgeshire winners, unless it be that the former, like most of its predecessors, had plenty to do, though the work must have been injudiciously administered. He won the traditional £15 in two heats ; and, as no one dared oppose him, cantered over for the Queen's Plate the same day. His platers were too numerous to mention ; it must suffice to say that though they won many races, they could not as a whole have proved financial successes.

I have, I think, plainly shown in my description of the horses and their eccentricities of running, that something must have been wrong in their preparation. This might easily arise, if in no other way, from the continued absence of the master from home. No matter what races he had his horses engaged in, nothing would keep him from personally attending a selling meeting with his platers, to the injury of the horses he left behind him. He did not, in short, err so much in mistaking the merits of his horses, as in not properly preparing them, as shown in the case of *Fisherman*, *Saucebox* and *Mortimer*. Nor was it that he worked them too little, but that he did so injudiciously at improper times. He would most

imprudently run the best horse in the world over any course, even the worst, any distance for £20, even though the unfortunate animal had on the same day, or the day before, won him £2,000, and was engaged in a similar valuable contest on the next. He would run if he had the chance every day of the week, and travelled on Sundays in readiness for a race, at any distance, on Monday. Training under such circumstances was out of the question ; nor do I think he ever studied it much under any other.

A succession of good luck now brought him many friends and much gain. Unfortunately he could never manage to keep, for any length of time, the one or the other—hence his perpetual troubles. 'The Squire of Wantage,' as *Argus* used facetiously to call him in the *Morning Post*, must have been at best but a bad financier, and singularly unfortunate in his monetary transactions ; for I believe he was scarcely, if ever, out of the hands of money-lenders and lawyers, and in debt to all of whom he could borrow anything. He was served with more partly printed papers, probably, than any man in the world ; indeed, he used to say they would have covered the walls of his own house. He died at about the age of seventy in straitened circumstances at his house at Titcomb Regis, leaving a widow and son to lament his loss.

These are by no means the only instances I could point to, where men have presumptuously under-

taken to do things they were totally unfitted to accomplish, and unconsciously worked their own ruin. It is true an accident may have made their fortune, as it has made fortunes for others before them; but only to complete more speedily their downfall. Nevertheless, Mr. Parr was a wonderful character. Talented he must have been, and as persevering as he was reckless in the waste of the good things that came to him.

I have mentioned George Hall, his factotum, and cannot close this chapter without a word in praise of a character as marked as it was curious in type. He spent his life in the faithful service of his employer, who, without his aid, would have lost much of his claims to attention. George would first attend to the toilet of the horses, and then to that of their master. Moreover, he rode them at exercise, in their trials and for their races. He was patient in riding, and steered many to victory under difficult circumstances. In fact, the colours he rode in were, through his instrumentality, better known than described. Tradition says they were originally puce-and-white. But, alas! age, and the effect of a variable climate, left but the faintest trace of one colour, and none of the other. Still, George in the old familiar Noah's Ark jacket, with breeches and boots to match, on *Fisherman*, was often vociferously cheered when hailed the winner, as, after being weighed, he led his gentle old favourite back to the stable with inward

feelings of satisfaction. Indeed, on the Western circuit, George's victorious rush was as well known and as much dreaded by the rest of the jockeys, as ever were the performances of Buckle and Robinson in their day at Newmarket. Whilst Mr. Parr himself, in the same colours and capacity as a gentleman rider, was a veritable 'triton amongst the minnows.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

'LORD OF THE ISLES.'

Doncaster Town Moor—A search for a yearling—*Lord of the Isles* bought for Mr. Merry—Trial—Wins Lavant Stakes at Goodwood; *Paradigm* a good second—The 'owner's friend'—Comments on my riding—My brother put up for the second race—An invisible difference—Mr. Merry at Woodyates—Remarkable scene—Detailed trial for the Two Thousand—The race—Rival owners and trainers; heavy wagering—In the saddling-ring—Mine wins—The owners after the race—The Derby—*Kingstown* mysteriously backed—Why did *Lord of the Isles* lose?—A jockey's opinion—The real facts.

On the Town Moor of the far-famed Doncaster, early in the morning on the Monday, and during the race week, may be seen thousands of people from all counties, and representing every class, eager to catch a glimpse of the favourite. Conspicuous amongst the throng, in number and enthusiasm, are the Yorkshiremen themselves. Epsom and Ascot have their numbers, perhaps greater than any other race-meetings can boast of, from the humble coster to royalty itself; but as a county foremost in sport and all that relates to racing we must place Yorkshire. Here it is the

trainer has the hardest week's work of the year. Horses to exercise, sales to attend, then the racing itself, and afterwards a search for the best-looking yearling, or, at any rate, those that are worth searching for, bring a long and hard day's work to a close. It was on such an excursion, the search for a treasure of the kind, that I was bent, on the Wednesday evening of the St. Leger of 1853, when I was led to inspect the Sheffield Lane, Mr. Johnstone's, yearlings. Here I found a colt that I knew not whether to admire most for his fine shape and quality, or his breeding—being by *Touchstone* out of *Fair Helen*, by *Pantaloon;* a bright bay with white legs and a star on his forehead. In shape he resembled his sire, but without his power. He was lengthy and deep in his fore-ribs, but light over his loins, and stood a little upright on his fore-legs. But taken altogether, he filled the eye and bore scrutiny. At the fall of the hammer to my last nod for £350, he became Mr. Merry's, for whom I bought him.

I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Merry long before this, having been of some service to him in trying the high-priced *Hobbie Noble* for the Cambridgeshire—an event to which I shall recur presently. I have now to do with *Lord of the Isles*, as this handsome colt was subsequently called. He went to Woodyates, and was trained there with the rest of my horses; proving to be nice tempered, though showing much courage and determination

during the process of breaking. Afterwards a child might have ridden him. Being a light shelly sort of horse, he gave early promise of his latent powers; and, after trying him successfully before Ascot, I communicated the result to Mr. Merry at that meeting, where I met him for the first time after parting at Doncaster. I preferred to tell him by word of mouth rather than in writing; for letters of this nature, as I know to my sorrow, are often intercepted, their contents ransacked, and then resealed and despatched to their destination. After giving Mr. Merry my reasons for preferring a personal interview, and consulting with him, we decided to keep the horse for his Goodwood engagements. Both of these he won in a rather remarkable way. As the events formed the subject of much gossip amongst the *quidnuncs* during the week, I may briefly relate the particulars.

In the first race, the Lavant Stakes, I rode the horse myself, as I did other of Mr. Merry's horses at the time, and, after a close race, won by a head; Mr. Merry and the stable gaining a large stake, which was probably doubled by his second victory later in the week. The remarks made on my riding in the first event were anything but complimentary to myself, or, indeed, creditable to the good taste of those who made them. 'I had come too late,' as many of Mr. Merry's friends confidently assured him; or 'I could have won "a street."' Whilst others, and a

more numerous party, had no hesitation in stating from the very first that 'I had ridden the horse to a stand-still, and but for his indomitable pluck must have been beaten.' The acquaintances and would-be friends of owners of horses are a numerous class, both presumptuous and officious. They know what the owner can't possibly know, according to their own ideas, and what is for his good, better than those he employs. They point out the mistakes that have been made in the training and the riding of his horse, or the utter folly of the ridiculous instructions given by the trainer to the jockey. Even Mr. Merry himself was not, on this occasion, proof against these well-intended suggestions. He asked me if I objected to my brother Alfred riding the horse for the second race on the Wednesday ; and, of course, I replied that I should be delighted if he did. Alfred was accordingly put up, and the race ended exactly as the first had done ; the fiat of the judge being a head victory, after a most determined struggle. On this occasion the jockey was, and very justly, eulogized for his admirable tact—the patient skill in the early part of the race, and the coming at the last with an electric rush, measuring the distance to a hair. Mr. Merry himself took a sensible view of the matter. In the Lavant Stakes *Paradigm* had run his horse to a short head ; and he very wisely said that she might have been a real good mare, and so attributed his own horse's victory by so short a distance to her merits

and nothing else. But, of necessity, he could not make his friends think so. *Paradigm,* I should add, broke down in her second race, and never, so far as I recollect, ran after that meeting, and was early put to the stud. She became the dam of *Lord Lyon*, *Achievement,* and others, and, we may conclude, did General Pearson, her owner, more service there than she would have done on the racecourse had she continued running.

Lord of the Isles did not run after as a two-year-old, being kept specially for his two spring engagements—the Two Thousand and the Derby. Of his performances in both these races, I think I can find something to say of interest. Mr. Merry came in the spring to Woodyates for the first time. After seeing the horses and looking at the training-ground, in the evening we arranged the weights and selected the horses that should take part in the trial, and after dinner and a pleasant chat, about eleven o'clock retired to rest. The next morning at four o'clock, the boys—I usually had them and not jockeys in trials—were weighed and sent with the four horses on the Downs, there to await our arrival. We were somewhat delayed by the fog that had suddenly made its unpleasant appearance. This, after the first canter, became so dense that we could scarcely distinguish one horse from the other. Had it not been for Mr. Merry's anxiety to leave for town, the trial would have been postponed, and the horses sent

home; for fogs are dangerous things for horses to be kept long in at exercise. The most extraordinary scene now took place that I ever remember to have witnessed. The fog rolled lazily up the east side of the hill in dense clouds, resting on the top and western decline. A sudden atmospheric disturbance took place, the wind suddenly veering from east to west, causing the mist to disappear from the upper ground, but leaving the sides as densely clouded as ever. Taking advantage of the brief moment thus given, we had a most satisfactory trial, *Lord of the Isles* winning. A few minutes afterwards the fog from both sides had mingled, all was obscurity again, the horses reaching their stables with difficulty.

As this was one amongst many notable trials, I give the particulars as follows:

Lord of the Isles, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	1
Noisy, 3 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb.	2
Nabob, 6 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.	3
Harry the Great (brother to *Little Harry*), 3 yrs., 9 st.	4

Won by a length, the same between the second and third, and four lengths between the third and fourth. I have no doubt if it had been half a mile farther, *Noisy* would have won, as he stayed so well. But knowing Mr. Merry had backed *Lord of the Isles* for a great stake for the Derby, we—that is Mr. Parker and myself—told him our horse should not run in it. As *Noisy* went a roarer after Chester, and could not beat anything afterwards, it was of little consequence.

Yet our intention of serving him was the same. Why we should put *Harry the Great* in 7 lb. above *Lord of the Isles* will seem strange, unless I explain that he was thought to be a good horse, and we wanted him beaten that the boys might see it; and this was the best way of managing it. The running of *Nabob* deserves notice in relation to the subsequent performance of *Kingstown*. How he could have given *Kingstown* $2\frac{1}{2}$ st. in the Trial Stakes at Salisbury and a 5 lb. beating, and then the latter within a few weeks run within three lengths of *Lord of the Isles* at Newmarket for the Two Thousand, and beat him in the Derby, is what I could never understand—unless he, *Kingstown*, was not half prepared in the first instance.

So much for the trial. Now for the race itself—the Two Thousand—which was one of the most interesting on record on account of the wagering upon it, which far exceeded anything I remember to have heard of either before or since. Three powerful stables were engaged in it, and all sanguine of success, and noted for the staunchness of their followers. Mr. Merry, the owner of *Lord of the Isles*, in my hands, was a heavy bettor, who when sanguine stood a very large stake. His opponents, Messrs. Padwick and Hill, who had not at that time become confederates, the owners respectively of the two other favourites, *St. Hubert* and *Kingstown*, also betted largely, though not to the same extent. My father

had *Scythian*, *Little Harry*, and many of the best horses in the world for the purpose, with which to try *St. Hubert;* and with all his care and ability in trying, was thought not likely to make a mistake. My brother John, too, was credited with talent sufficient to ensure his being able to gauge the merits of *Kingstown* to the greatest nicety; whilst I had many who believed in what I did, and my stable was to some extent considered powerful. My father expressed his opinion a few days before the race in these words: 'William,' he said, 'I shall win, and you will be second.' My brother feared mine. I feared neither, because I believed in one good horse, and knew that others were difficult to find. *Kingstown*, it is true, ran well, showing an improvement of about two stone on his form at Salisbury, which, however, could not be considered formidable.

The race itself has been described and redescribed at the time and afterwards by so many able pens, that I shall venture but a slight description of it. After the candidates for high honours had entered the saddling-ring, they were scrutinized with eager eyes by friends and foes, and pronounced well or unfit, as reason or fancy dictated. Save of the three cracks, little was said of condition. Certainly, *Kingstown*, when he walked round the ring divested of his clothing, looked well; and being on the big side, as my brother's usually were, was deservedly much admired. *St. Hubert* looked as if nothing on earth

could improve his condition, though some might, and I have no doubt did, think he looked a little light; and the same opinion was held against mine. But the result justified the means adopted, and after a severe pace all the way to the bushes, where the field was tailed off, *Lord of the Isles* lying half a length behind *St. Hubert*, and a neck behind *Kingstown*, they raced in this order down the hill and across the Abingdon mile bottom to the rise at the finish, when *Lord of the Isles* gradually crept up and won a most exciting race by a neck, three lengths between second and third.

Mr. Hill's face, not at any time having the most pleasing expression, now looked unutterable things. He stood pale and motionless, musing over the event. Probably his appearance on this occasion gave rise to his subsequently being alluded to in the sporting papers, as 'Mr. Henry Unwell.' Mr. Padwick, on the other hand, bore his defeat with equanimity. He had a good horse, well ridden, but unfortunately it met a better. He consoled himself, doubtless, with the thought of the high pressure that would be put on visitors for accommodation at Hill Street on the Monday following, in order to recoup himself his losses; pocketing the disappointment and allowing the whole business to be buried in oblivion, as a true philosopher should do. Mr. Merry viewed the exciting scene, though secretly in rapture at the victory, with a dignified air worthy of himself. It

was certainly a race to be remembered: three good horses running for a large and very popular stake, well and truly ridden by jockeys of the greatest eminence in their most admirable style. Mr. Dixon (*alias* 'Druid'), 'On Condition,' says: 'William Day is popularly supposed to adopt the severe system' (of training); 'but be this as it may, we do not think that we ever saw a horse brought to the post in more perfect form than *Lord of the Isles* was for the Two Thousand.'

So much for the race between 'the Saint and the Lord.' With the former we have done; but as the latter failed to fulfil expectations in not winning the Derby, the circumstances surrounding the latter race may well be reviewed, if it be only to throw a little light on a matter which to most people is still an unsolved problem. One of the things that 'no fellow can understand,' is the inducement which led Mr. Hill to keep backing *Kingstown* for this event, against a horse that had just beaten him. To one friend of that worthy who ventured to ask him the question, he replied that 'the strong in battle was not always victorious, nor the swift in the race;' a quotation, if properly cited, worthy of a better application. It had, however, its own significant meaning, not difficult to guess. There is one gentleman, I think, still living, who could, if he chose, give an account of the whole thing that would at once satisfy the most sceptical, that *Lord of the Isles* was

prevented winning the Derby by some controllable circumstance, of which, probably, no one but himself knows anything. The popular theory was, that the horse was not trained—certainly a new phase in my system of training! This report was set on foot by the jockey Aldcroft, who, however, was at the time looked upon as himself not altogether free from suspicion—a fact that might account for his starting any theory that would relieve him of the odium, and put it on the shoulders of another. Mr. Merry, indeed, told me that Aldcroft had assured him that the horse had not been trained, and that he could not be anything like the horse he was on the Two Thousand day.

As Aldcroft did not see the horse between the two events before the morning of the race, he must have drawn largely on his imaginative powers to reach such a decisive conclusion. Yet he was believed before the trainer, as jockeys are in the present day. What the horse did, and how he was treated in the interval between the two races, I may therefore briefly relate, as it is information never given till now. After his return from Newmarket, nothing interfered with his usual work till ten days before the time, when he coughed. The fact was immediately conveyed to Mr. Merry by myself. He ate well, and in other respects seemed in perfect health; and being fit so lately, he was eased in his work for three days, not being absolutely idle, but taking cantering exercise, and then

resumed active work. Mr. Merry was daily receiving my reports of the state of his health, and what he was doing. I considered, after his preparation for the Two Thousand and his race in it, a few days' ease would not hurt him, but, on the contrary, it may have done him some good. As for the possible advantages of rest, I may point out that *Dangerous*, some days before the Derby, hurt his leg in his trial, and did not from that day until the day before the race have faster exercise than trotting, and on that day was only cantered twice. Yet he won. Pretty much the same may be said of *Amato* and *Phosphorus*, both Derby-winners, and both lame at the time. I should add, that as a precautionary measure, I advised Mr. Merry to hedge his money; for though I have known many horses to cough without detriment to their running powers, yet no one can tell to what extent a cough may prove injurious to their bodily health. I believe that he followed my advice; and I know that after this disappointment, Aldcroft was never much in his favour as a jockey. And this I believe to be a full, true, and particular account of *Lord of the Isles*' performances in the two great three-year-old races against *St. Hubert* and *Kingstown*. Shortly after the former left me, with the rest of Mr. Merry's horses.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TRIAL FOR MR. MERRY.

I try *Hobbie Noble* for the Cambridgeshire—Difference of opinion as to weights—Result—Why he beat *Joe Miller*—Treatment before the race—How it was lost—Another trial ; *Weathergage* for the Cesarewitch—A difference of opinion as to distance—Something about Mr. Merry and his satellites—His success at cocking—An old cockpit—Regret on his leaving the turf—Buchanan and 'Tass' Parker—Characteristics and associations—Buchanan's betting—Loses himself in a lawsuit against his employer—Different ending of the two men—A doubtful gift—'Betting on a certainty;' but the biter bit.

I MENTIONED in the last chapter that at one time I was able to be of some service to Mr. Merry. I have had to do with this good sportsman in his direct connection with my stable in the case of *Lord of the Isles*, and I may now perhaps not unfittingly describe this trial of another of his horses, and the result of the race that followed it. *Joe Miller* had followed up his success in beating forty-two horses in the Chester Cup by winning the Emperor's Vase (Ascot Cup), beating in it *Hobbie Noble*—for which Mr. Merry had given as a two-year-old, the previous year, the large sum of £6,000 to the then Lord John Scott—besides

Voltigeur, and most of the best horses of the day. Meeting Mr. Merry at Newmarket, he asked me if I would try *Hobbie Noble* for the Cambridgeshire; to which, of course, I readily assented.

'I will,' he said, 'send Saunders and Mr. Buchanan to your place with the horse, and I wish you to try him as you would try one of your own that you thought good enough to win such a race; and,' he added, 'I have Mr. Parker's authority for saying you can take *Joe Miller*, or any other horse of his for the purpose.'

About ten days before the race, Mr. Saunders, his trainer, with Mr. Buchanan, arrived at Woodyates with the horse in readiness to be tried the next morning. In the evening the subject naturally occupying our attention was the weights that *Hobbie Noble* and the other horses taking part in the trial should carry. On this point Mr. Saunders's notions and my own were totally different. He thought that the two, *Hobbie Noble* and *Joe Miller*, should be tried at a difference of 10 lb. only. I argued that the difference should be 21 lb., *Hobbie Noble*, of course, giving it, to enable him to win; and this notwithstanding that *Joe Miller* had beaten him at even weights a few months before at Ascot. I declined altogether to stake my personal reputation on surmise. And I think, as many will think with me, that had *Hobbie Noble* won a trial at 10 lb., he probably could have done so, giving 10 or 20 lb. more. Mr. Saunders,

however, was an older man than myself, and his opinion entitled to, as it received, respect. Ultimately at the suggestion of Mr. Buchanan, who reminded him that I was 'to try the horse as I liked,' an agreement was reached, the difference in weight being fixed at 17 lb., a mile and a distance, and in the result *Hobbie Noble* won cleverly; *Joe Miller* second, and the others beaten off. It does, of course, seem strange that *Joe Miller*, his quondam victor at even weights two and a half miles, should be beaten with an allowance of 17 lb. at a mile. The explanation is that the one horse could, and the other could not, stay over a longer distance than a mile. Moreover, *Joe Miller* may not have been quite at his best at the fag-end of a long season, after running in so many long races, including the Derby. Besides, his quite recent trial with *Weathergage* was an additional reason for my wishing to try at 21 lb.

As for the race itself, I should say that Mr. Saunders stayed at my place the whole of the week preceding it, and to my knowledge, after the trial, the horse had but a few canters; work he may have called it, but not in my opinion sufficient to enable so gross a horse, with such a weight on his back, successfully to compete with others properly trained. He failed partly from this cause, and partly from the execrable riding of poor little Petitt—with the best intentions. He had not, if I remember rightly, ridden for years before, and then but seldom (for

the Duke of Bedford). And on this occasion he entirely lost his head and rode his horse to a stand-still. There are plenty of men living who remember the circumstances connected with the race; how it rained incessantly for days before, which made the ground very heavy going; the distance the horse led everything till near the winning-post, when he was beat by the *Knight of the Shire* carrying 6 st. 2 lb., stopping from sheer exhaustion, and blowing like a porpoise on his return to the scales. Yet in common fairness to Mr. Saunders, it should be stated, even as he was, the horse would have won in the hands of any competent jockey; and probably would have won with poor Petitt up, had the ground been in a state fit for racing, and not the mud-pond to which it had been converted by the late deluge. Therefore I would not too severely criticize the method of his training, or rather, in my humble opinion, the lack of it. Such is a fair account of *Hobbie Noble's* trial, and the disappointment which followed it in the race itself. The simple fact is that the horse could not stay over a mile. At and about that distance, he won a few races; but, like a good many others, was never so good after he was a three-year-old, as he was at or before that age.

Perhaps, naturally, the mention of this one trial brings to mind another in which a difference of opinion occurred. *Joe Miller* was sent to Mr. Parr's

place, Benhams, in order to try *Weathergage* for the Cesarewitch. In this case the difficulty was not as to the weights, but as to the distance at which the trial was to be made. Mr. Parr wanted to try the two a mile and three-quarters, for a race that had to be run two miles and a quarter. With such practice I was totally at variance; and as Mr. Parker, the owner of *Joe Miller*, who was present, sided with me, Mr. Parr had to give way. We tried them at even weights the whole course, and *Weathergage* won as easily as he did the race itself. Mr. Parr assured me repeatedly before the trial that the farther his horse went, the better he was. To which I naturally replied, 'If so, let us see it;' and the event, I must say, bore out his statement in a most conclusive way. Why he should have objected to try the longer course was a thing I could neither divine then, nor since. One must be the right way, and any other the wrong way, of doing anything; and what reason could be given for adopting the wrong and discarding the right, is beyond the ken of my discerning powers. Yet in trials this is too often done, with disastrous results.

I do not know that I have anything else worthy of special record in regard to my own dealings with Mr. Merry's horses. But of that gentleman himself I may perhaps say a few words, and also jot down my recollections of the peculiarities of some rather eccentric personages in his employment. To the

present generation Mr. Merry was known only as a racing-man ; but much of his early life was passed in two pursuits of diverse character, viz., in the lucrative business of an iron-master, and the not unremunerative recreation of cock-fighting. I am told by one likely to know, and therefore am ready to believe, that at one time he possessed more game fowls than any other person in the world; keeping thousands of game-cocks at a time, entirely for the purpose of matching them, and seldom had a less number. It was his singular fancy to breed all the birds the same colour—black-breasted reds. In his business, which he carried on with Mr. Cunningham as his partner, he accumulated an immense fortune; but big as it was, it was increased, I believe, in no despicable manner by his luck or good management at cocking. Many of the battles he fought were for 50 guineas aside, and 500 guineas the main ; and not a few were fought for much heavier stakes. On this sport, in those days, as on racing to-day, large sums were lost and won, and from all I hear Mr. Merry's balance was usually on the right side.

Without professing to know much of cocking, I may say I have, when a boy, both kept game-cocks and fought them. The great art consisted in feeding and heeling them—that is, putting on artificial spurs—a task always beyond the compass of my ability. I never heard whether Mr. Merry fought his birds in silver or steel spurs ; but the latter were

generally considered preferable, and he would most likely use them. I remember very well seeing a main of cocks fought at Aintree, and still retain a lively recollection of losing my money over the same. The pit was situated at the entrance of the Liverpool racecourse, and built by the then Lord Derby (the present nobleman's grandfather), where he fought his own birds until the sport and bull-baiting were prohibited by law. It is now converted into a church or chapel. Of Mr. Merry, personally, I may say that I have had for many years the privilege of chatting over times past and present with him, discussing the merits of public horses belonging not only to himself, but to others. On my telling him, at Ascot, how greatly all classes of racing-men regretted his leaving the turf, he entered very readily into the matter, and told me the whole reason of his taking the step, which was deplorable in the extreme as depriving him of his chief if not only pleasure, and the turf of a staunch friend.

Amongst those Mr. Merry employed, two notable persons, dissimilar in character yet useful to him in their way, were Norman Buchanan and 'Tass' (Hazard) Parker, and the two were always in great request before a trial, and at all race-meetings. Buchanan was Mr. Merry's friend and representative in all racing matters. He may have been a descendant of George Buchanan, the regent and historian of his own country, who alone, amongst writers, has accused

Queen Mary of a criminal love for Rizzio. At all events, he had a fondness for accusing other people without the shadow of a suspicion, that might well indicate such a descent. He was a wine and spirit merchant at Glasgow, a position he entirely owed to his friend Mr. Merry, who supplied him with the needful for stocking his well-stored cellars. He was fond of racing, but followed Mr. Merry's fortunes more for the sake of benefiting himself than for real love of either the sport or his friend. He accompanied Mr. Merry to all the principal meetings in the South where he ran horses; and often, in his absence, took the management of them altogether. He instructed his commissioners what horses to back, and for what races, and the amount he wished to have put on for Mr. Merry as well as for himself. He also gave directions to the trainer as to which races he wished the horses to run in, and, moreover, told the jockeys how they were to be ridden. Tass Parker, who was another, and deservedly, of Mr. Merry's especial favourites, was usually sent on a day or two before to secure rooms at an hotel, or to take a house for the race-week; and to have dinner or whatever was wanted comfortably ready for the others on their arrival. But Tass had more taste for the horses, and was more at home with them. He was generally to be found in the stable with the trainer, to the great discomfiture of the 'touts;' for he always mercilessly thrashed them when caught spying on the horses at Russley

or anywhere else. Still he would often be with Mr. Merry and Buchanan on the racecourse, and spend the evening with them at their lodgings—evenings which I am told were often extremely lively, especially when the female element was present to assist the festivities. It is to him that I am indebted for much that I have said as to his patron's doings in the cockpit.

Of these two satellites of Mr. Merry, Buchanan was the less worthy of the confidence he enjoyed. I understand that, for one thing, he often betted more than he was prepared to pay; and at the end of the week had to anticipate his expectations, or borrow of his friend, to prevent the gentlemen of the ring making unpleasant remarks in their primitive language, as most assuredly they would have done, if everything had not been attended to at the Corner with business-like promptitude. An amalgamation of his own with Mr. Merry's accounts often assisted him after a bad week; the difference, whatever it may have been, being left as a rule to be settled with his friend after. But complication of accounts soon led to disputes, and the intimate friendship, extending over many years, ended in a quarrel over money-matters; and finally in a lawsuit, in which Buchanan claimed money which he alleged he had paid on Mr. Merry's behalf, and also payment for services done and performed at his request.

I cannot help thinking that the difficulty had its

origin in the discovery by Mr. Merry of many things of which he could not approve; and that Buchanan's pretensions were entirely wrong. For, whatever Mr. Merry may not have done, or have done wrongfully—to my mind one thing is perfectly certain; and that is, that he always supplied Buchanan, beforehand, with sufficient funds for any and every purpose for which money might be needed. How could it be otherwise? As is well known, all the accounts were paid on the nail, as it is termed; and it is equally certain that Buchanan had no money of his own wherewith to settle them, even if he had the wish. I was subpœnaed on the trial for the defence, and attended at Westminster for several days; but when it came on for hearing it was settled out of court by Buchanan taking a part of his claim, and the threatened exposure averted. As for 'the exposure' —it stands to reason that, in the close connection of the two on the turf, there may have arisen matters, however straight the conduct of the one of them who had a high character to maintain had been, the discussion of which, under the leading of a hostile counsel, might have created discomfort. And it was probably in this belief, rather than that any claim whatever existed, that the attempt to get the money was made. But Buchanan profited little by it; for my opinion was that held by many others, and he never got over the disgrace.

It is difficult to understand how Mr. Merry ever

brooked Buchanan's company; for he was not in manners or education a fit associate for him, unless, indeed, he used him to do what was unavoidable in the shape of dirty work, and so gave him the fancied power, which he used to his own destruction. Buchanan was irritable; whilst disputes without judgment, and zeal without discretion, led him into many difficulties. He retired from the racecourse to his home near Glasgow, where he suffered much from illness; though, strange to say, he lived to see his death twice recorded in the papers before it actually took place. Poor 'Tass' Parker, on the other hand, lived respected and in ease to a good old age, and died lamented by all who knew him. He had, in his time, many battles to fight besides those on the turf. In the P.R. he was well known to be staunch as he was scientific; and though once accused 'of showing the white feather,' that the charge was unfounded I am quite certain, the actual fact being that he was over-matched at all points by a heavier opponent.

Before concluding my notice of Mr. Buchanan I may relate a little incident that occurred between him and myself. After he had won a good stake on one of Mr. Merry's horses that I was training, he, in gratitude I suppose, gave me a small cask of whisky. He did not send a receipted account with it until I asked him to do so. Shortly afterwards, for it was towards the close of his career, he was forced, unfortunately, to suspend payment, as the commercial

world phrases it, and the official receiver wrote to me demanding payment for the whisky. I replied that it was not my usual custom to pay for things for which I held the receipt, and that I saw no reason to depart from the rule on this occasion. With all his faults, I do not for a moment believe that Norman intended that I should pay for the whisky; but that he had simply neglected to strike it off his books. Nevertheless, I should have been liable if I had not taken the precaution to ask for a receipt. The need to have a receipt and to keep it has been impressed upon me again and again by my experience in transactions covering many years.

Lastly, I may give an illustration which will better describe the man than anything I can say. Card-playing is not the only amusement by which one may win or lose money in railway travelling, either with friends or strangers. Once, whilst travelling to Doncaster races, Buchanan hit upon an ingenious scheme for adding to his revenues. Soon after leaving King's Cross Station, he carefully counted the number of the several cords or fringe forming the tassel at the end of the sash by which the carriage window was drawn up; and, on arriving at the first stoppage, he left the carriage for refreshments. A gentleman who had been watching his movements, and suspected his intentions, in his absence did the same, and, like him, left for the refreshment-rooms. They returned together to their respective seats. Norman soon began

dandling the tassel in a careless sort of way, and casually said to the gentleman who sat opposite to him :

'How many ends are there on this tassel ?'

To which his friend replied :

'Perhaps there are sixty.'

'Well,' said Norman, 'I give the correct number nearer than anyone else for a pony.'

'I am a pretty good guesser generally,' quoth the other, 'and I don't mind; I will lay it you, and I will tell nearer than you, if you will give the number first.'

The bet was made. Norman said he should think there were 'forty-nine,' fearing to give the exact number, lest it should have been looked upon as suspicious. The other said he would make it even numbers, and say 'fifty,' and, of course, won. At this Buchanan was furious. He appealed to his friends to know if he were called upon to pay, alleging that his opponent had been betting on a certainty, as he could not have guessed the exact number without knowing it. But it was a clear case of diamond cut diamond, or 'the biter bit,' and they were all against him. He had to pay, got well laughed at for his pains, and sought refuge in his ulster and somnolency.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.

Eccentricity of manner—*Chorister's* St. Leger; a reminiscence of 'the old Duke'—The late Duke—Better known as Lord William Powlett—Shrewdness in a bargain—Bad luck in racing—Some of my 'deals' with him—I sell him *Cedric*—A long bargain, but a huge relief—Points left open, and their settlement—Sale to him of *Promised Land*, and purchase of *Dulcibella*—An intricate negotiation; satisfactorily brought off—Insurance money—Sam Rogers on the transaction—Absurd charge of collusion—How Sam made a mistake—I claim and keep *Romulus*—His chances spoiled—A young man's gratitude.

It may be remembered that in the account given of 'The Danebury Confederacy' a description was introduced of the scene at the betting-rooms at Doncaster in *Margrave's* year (1832), for which I was indebted to the graphic pen of 'Sylvanus.' Chief amongst the characters then present was the old Duke of Cleveland, who was credited with partly pulling the wires on the occasion when Richardson and the Bonds were 'tabled.' We are told that 'his white sardonic countenance' added much to 'a picture worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.' The old Duke was undoubtedly a

power on the racecourse in his day. The authority from which I have quoted says of him :

'The most astute customer in the Red Book to deal with of late years on the turf was, out-and-out, the late Duke of Cleveland. He had, as they say in Yorkshire, "money for ever," and so did nearly as he pleased on the turf.'

This command of unlimited means apparently led his grace to become one of the earliest magnates of the sport to pay big prices for racehorses. It is said, as a matter of considerable interest, that he had given as much as £3,675 for two horses, *Trustee* and *Liverpool;* and the same authority tells us that, at a subsequent period, he had paid for four racehorses—*Swiss*, *Swab*, *Barefoot*, and *Memnon*—the large sum of £12,000, which, though dwarfed by comparison with the prices paid in recent years, was, I need hardly say, an enormous sum in those days. His grace had an extensive stable, and amongst his notable horses, other than those above enumerated, were *Pavilion*, with which in 1806 he made the great match at Newmarket against *Sancho*, the property of the celebrated Colonel Mellish; *Emancipation*, by *Whisker; Muley Moloch;* and last, but not least, *Chorister*, the winner of the St. Leger in 1831.

My own knowledge of 'the old Duke's' proceedings on the turf is confined to a little incident in connection with the last-named event—the victory of *Chorister* in

the St. Leger. My father rode for him on the occasion, and it is not unlikely that the success was in a measure due to his jockeyship. At all events, not only was the noble owner highly pleased at the result, but the Duchess also showed her appreciation of my father's services in a very charming way. I can just remember her as a tall, handsome lady, whose appearance is impressed on my memory by the remarkable simplicity of her dress. That she took more than an ordinary interest in the race was shown by her action in presenting my second brother with a memento of it in the shape of a handsome gold watch with chain and seal complete. This delicate method of showing her goodwill was duly recognised at the time, and long after remembered in our little circle.

My reminiscences, however, have to do, not with the old, but with the late Duke of Cleveland, who for many years raced as Lord William Powlett, by which name he was much better known on the turf. He deserves more than a passing notice in regard to his ill-luck, and also in respect to some personal dealings which I had with him. His grace, or his lordship, as it would seem more convenient for my present purpose to call him, was one of the notable personages at Newmarket. He was well known to its inhabitants and frequenters of all classes, high and low, both for his peculiarities of appearance and supposed eccentricities. These peculi-

arities were probably exaggerated in public estimation by a nervous habit which he had acquired of twitching his face when in conversation. I have heard, at different times, many amusing stories told of his eccentricities, which probably had as much basis of truth as is generally to be found in similar fabulous accounts of the sayings and doings of those who occupy a conspicuous rank amongst their fellow-mortals.

It is not, at all events, any part of my design to deal with his lordship's social characteristics, beyond what I may be able to portray in recounting the circumstances of my own intercourse with him, which was naturally of a purely business character. But whilst it would be presumption on my part to attempt to do more, I may say that I had special opportunities of forming an opinion of his lordship's method of dealing in the exchange and purchase of racehorses, as I had important transactions in this way with him. He was reputed to have been lavish in the matter of private expenditure, and doubly keen in all business connected with his stable. My experience did not in any way go to show that in the fifteen years or so during which Lord William had raced before I was privileged to know him, he may not have displayed all that shrewdness with which he was credited in the matter of bargaining, his knowledge of what he was about putting those who dealt

with him at a disadvantage. A simple recital of the particulars of the transactions I had with him will best show whether or not I came the worse off of the two in these dealings, which, so far as his lordship was concerned, were always carried out with scrupulous exactitude.

But first I may observe that whatever may have been Lord William's tendency to free expenditure on his personal pleasures, he was not, so far as I am aware, given to extravagance of any kind in connection with his stables, although he was not, as will be seen, unwilling to pay a fair price for a good horse. To his jockeys, at all events, he paid only the regulation fee. In so doing he may have acted with the laudable desire of giving offence to no one; feeling that if he did otherwise, he would of a certainty offend many without satisfying the recipients of his bounty; like Louis XIV., in fact, who in restricting his liberality defended the action by saying, 'When I give away a place, I make a hundred discontented and one ungrateful.' Nevertheless, in the matter of gifts, we may, as I have had reason to show more than once, have worse examples set our aristocracy in the treatment of their jockeys than those handed down to us by the noble lord.

The very fact, as shown in this case, of his care not to open his purse-strings too wide in the rewards given to those who rode for him,

is a proof that he possessed that certain intuitive good sense which looks after pounds, shillings, and pence; and the possession of this he again showed in the bargains he made in the horse-dealing line, in which, as a rule, he could make a few pounds go as far as most people could. He commenced racing as far back as the year 1843, in which he had a couple of horses, *Nelly* and *Mallard*. Old Mr. Joseph Rogers trained for him at Newmarket, and Sam, his son, rode his horses, and after the death of his father trained them till he died. Lord William seldom kept more than half a dozen horses in training at the same time, and often not so many, though he may have exceeded the number at times. He was singularly unlucky; for though he would give any price for a horse, he never had one that did him any good except *Tim Whiffler*, which he bought of Jackson for £2,500, and won with him the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, and other races.

My first introduction to him was at Bath in 1857; and as this was in relation to one of the two or three deals I had with his lordship, in which perhaps he did not come off with quite his usual good fortune, I may relate the circumstances. I had then in my stable *Cedric*, bought by Mr. Parker at Tattersalls' for 50 guineas, when Lord Anglesey gave up racing. He was a clever horse, but a bad one. However, as a three-year-old he won the Somersetshire Stakes,

two miles and a distance, beating *Polestar* very easily by ten lengths, seven others tailed off. *Polestar*, I should add, ran second to *Vengeance* in the Cesarewitch in 1856, and at one time was the property of the unfortunate Mr. Cook; whilst *Vengeance* belonged to his partner, the man who poisoned him—the notorious Palmer of Shrewsbury, who was hung for the crime. Now Lord William liked a horse that could stay, and seeing *Cedric* win two miles, was anxious to have him for his own, and asked the price. This I said was £1,500. He replied that it was too much, and declined him. However, I afterwards persuaded his lordship to come down and look at him in the stable in the evening, which he did; and after examining his legs with great ability and minuteness, he said he thought the near one was a little filled, which he attributed to the race more than to anything else, and thought 'a little rest would set him right.' I was thankful for this expression of opinion, for it saved me offering one of my own on a very delicate subject. However, his lordship again declined to purchase on account of the price, which he said was too much. I had my own reasons for not wishing to let slip my customer, so, after a bit, I said:

'Well, your lordship, even at the risk of displeasing Mr. Parker, I will, to oblige you, lower it, and take a little less.'

This I carried out pretty much after the fashion of the Cheap-Jacks, coming down first from £1,500 to £1,400; then from £1,400 to £1,300; and lastly, from £1,300 to £1,200; but all to no effect. His lordship refused each offer in succession; and I felt that I had exhausted my knowledge of persuasive arguments to exhibit *Cedric* in his most flattering form. I had, in fact, to give in, fairly confessing myself unequal to the task of convincing him of the intrinsic worth of so valuable an animal. And it was plainly evident, too, that his lordship had as much faith in his own knowledge of the horse's running as in anything that emanated from me respecting him—which was also a little relief to my mind.

Having so singularly failed in my advances, I had to reverse my tactics and make a waiting race of it, which, as it turned out, succeeded admirably. After a little while, I said:

'What offer, my lord, can I tell Mr. Parker you will make?'

'If I don't have the horse at all,' was his answer, delivered with some warmth and apparent determination, 'I will never give more than £1,100 for him.'

And to these degenerate terms, strange to say, I submitted, and *Cedric* became his lordship's horse, and was sent next morning to his trainer, Sam Rogers, at Newmarket; which destination, I was glad to hear on the return of the boy, he safely reached in good

health ; for it took a burden off my shoulders, as the man said who lost his head in a gale of wind—if the remark has not also been made, in an anticipatory sense, by some one else before decapitation.

In the completion of the sale, two little matters had been overlooked, which were afterwards left to Messrs. Weatherby to settle. The one was the question of engagements, of which the horse had several. One of them, at York, was, to look at, a good one ; and this one his lordship, with his usual acumen and foresight, wanted, but not the others. As I was acting for Mr. Parker, I would not give my assent, but agreed that he could have all or none, and he took them. The other little difficulty was only a matter of £55, nothing in comparison to the first, and came about in this way. His lordship said he did not know whether it was pounds or guineas he had given. I replied that candour compelled me to say guineas were not mentioned ; but as horses were always sold for guineas at auction, and Sir Tatton Sykes would not sell his horses except for guineas, I thought his lordship would, looking at it in this light, consider the sale had been made for guineas. This he generously thought a fair way of putting it, and gave the extra money, or £1,155 in all. I got a commission of £50 on the sale from Mr. Parker ; a fact I mention, as it was the only money I was ever presented with for selling a horse for any of my numerous employers. *Cedric*, I should add, was

not the only horse that had been sold; and, like many others that are sold, he never won a race afterwards.

In 1860, I had another deal with his lordship. I disposed of my string at Bath races, having more horses than I wanted; and wishing to sell many of them, put small reserves on most of the lot. I may mention that amongst those that went for his moderate reserve figure of 100 guineas, was one of the yearlings I bred, the colt by *Flatcatcher* out of *Rather High*. He was bought by Sir William Codrington, was returned to my stables, and was afterwards called '*Catch 'em Alive*.'

This by the way. To go on with my story. I had put a reserve of 3,000 guineas on *Promised Land*, and 1,500 guineas on *Traducer*. Lord William had purchased the latter at his reserve, and had bid £2,500 for *Promised Land*, as Messrs. Tattersall told me after the sale. The next day I saw his lordship, and said:

'I should like you to have the *Land;* he stays well, and is just the horse that would suit your lordship.'

His excuse was, that he had not got the money to spare. This difficulty was met and overcome by my saying I would trust him. But this would not induce him to purchase; for he afterwards said he had too many horses, and if I would take back *Traducer*, he would have the *Land* at the price. To this I could not agree, having only a half-share in the animal; and for the time the matter ended, the horse returning to Woodyates with the rest that remained unsold.

I was still very anxious to dispose of *Promised Land*, because, to be candid, I did not think he would do me any good if I kept him. I thought the best three-year-olds would beat him in weight-for-age races, and that in handicaps he would have no chance. On the Monday following I decided to go up to town and see his lordship. I called in Curzon Street, but he had gone to Tattersalls', where I very soon found him. I should say that on my way up, in looking through the Book Calendar for races past, I found his lordship had some five horses in training; only one of them being named. This was *Dulcibella*, a mare I had never seen. Her performances were wretched, both in that and the previous year; but I knew his lordship's love of 'a deal,' and thought she might be worth £100 at the stud, if only for her breeding. So I said to his lordship when we met:

'If, my lord, you would like to have *Promised Land*, you can; and I will take anything else you have in exchange at a fair price.'

'I have *Dulcibella*,' was his immediate reply; to which, without waiting to hear her price, I answered:

'She is worth £100 for a brood-mare, and can be fit for nothing else.'

This was true enough on her public form, as *Cape Flyaway*, a moderate horse of Lord Derby's, had given her 17 lb., and I don't know what beating, both being three-year-olds. He then said he wanted £400 for her; and after fruitless attempts to induce him to

take less, finding him not very eager to make the purchase and give her in exchange, I closed with him, selling *Promised Land* for £2,500 nominally, but actually for £2,100 and *Dulcibella*, which his lordship had priced, as I have said, at £400. But I had also the contingency that if the horse won either the Ascot or Goodwood Cups I was to have £500 more; subsequently, by his lordship's request, modified by my accepting half the sum absolutely, making the actual price given me for the horse £2,350, with *Dulcibella* thrown in as a gift.

I have had enough to do with all sorts and conditions of men to know how forgetful they are in business matters of this sort, and that, in them, none are so likely to make a mistake as gentlemen ; often to the injury and the annoyance of both parties to the contract, yet without the remotest intention of causing a dispute, but simply because they pay no attention to the matter. On this occasion I asked Lord William to come into Messrs. Tattersall's office, when a note was made in writing, signed by his lordship, and witnessed by Mr. Tattersall. I felt I had done the right thing this time, although for the little ceremony of attestation I had to pay a commission of £125, which I gladly did, knowing it to be customary, and regarding it as insurance money. I returned home, took the horse the next day to Epsom, and delivered him to the trainer, Sam Rogers; arranged with Messrs. Weatherby to witness a verbal

agreement as to the mode of payment—by Lord William's desire. The bargain was completed, and a cheque for the money received in due course; and thus ended, in the sale of *Promised Land*, one of the luckiest deals I ever made, if his purchase may not be considered the more fortunate of the two.

I have given my reasons for selling him; but I must say here that he was the soundest horse alive, and showed that he was in form at the time by having won me three races in succession that spring; and, as if by way of contrast, after he was sold, he lost the like number, without adding further to his previous well-earned fame. But of *Promised Land* and his performances I shall have something more to say later, in connection with the gentleman who was part owner of the horse, Mr. Robinson. I have here only related the incidents connected with his sale, and may now go on to describe what happened in respect to the mare that I took in part-payment for him.

On my arrival at Epsom, after the horse had been duly handed over to him, Sam Rogers gave me up the mare, which, according to Lord William's orders, would have run in the Oaks had he kept her, a race she could not have lost had she been fit and started, according to her running in the autumn. Then the following little colloquy took place.

'I suppose,' says Sam, addressing me, 'I suppose "the *Land*" is lame, or you would not have sold him.'

I assured him over and over again that he was the soundest horse in the world, but he would not be convinced. Then, in answer to my inquiries as to my new purchase, he said:

'She is a nice little mare, and will win you a handicap if you do not aim at too much with her;' and he named the Leamington Stakes at Warwick as likely to suit her; and he added that if she were well he would like to stand in with me £10 on the race, or in any other little handicap I thought she might win.

So ended the incident of my purchase of *Dulcibella*. I give it in detail, because shortly afterwards it was said, with such confident impudence as to obtain implicit belief in some quarters, that Sam Rogers and myself had devised a plan of cheating Lord William out of his valuable mare for our own gain! There is really no occasion to refute this audacious statement, because, as I have shown, the purchase was completed between Lord William and myself before Sam knew a word that such a thing was even in contemplation. And to show how unlikely the assumption was I may say that Sam Rogers was never a friend of mine, nor was he a man with whom I associated, or ever met anywhere but on the course, when business occasionally compelled us to meet. Indeed, I doubt if after the Cesarewitch, and the mare's victory in it, he ever condescended to speak to me, as he was greatly enraged because I would not let him stand £50 on her at long odds. He had overnight sent me

a verbal message to this effect, through his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence. This I could not agree to. I reminded his ambassador that Sam had only wished to stand £10 on her in the first instance; but I offered to lay him 12 to 1 to any part of the £50 he liked. This more than generous offer was indignantly refused, and out of sheer spleen Sam went and laid £600 to £100 against her, declaring, as he termed it, that he had thus 'got £100 out of her;' and he then backed *Killigrew*, a horse of whose form he knew something, not only from his public performance, but from having ridden him in trials when he belonged to the Admiral. Thus in his double defeat in this race he probably suffered a greater disappointment than he ever met with in the whole course of his life—not only in losing his money, and that no small sum, but in seeing the mare in other hands run about three stone better than ever she had done in his. This is the true story of the race and Sam Rogers' connection with it; and in what point the alleged collusion between us could have existed it will take a very clever one indeed to discover.

I had yet another notable transaction with Lord William Powlett; but in this case it was not 'a deal.' I ran a little horse called *Isthmian*, in the Houghton Meeting, after winning the Cambridgeshire, in a selling race for £350. In the same race Lord William had a colt by *Flying Dutchman* out of *Priestess—Dulcibella's* dam. My horse was favourite

at 3 to 1, won easily, and was claimed by Mr. Craven. I claimed the *Priestess* colt; though he had never been out before, and in this race ran very badly. But knowing how *Dulcibella* improved from a two- to a three-year-old, I thought probably the colt might do the same. Besides, he was a great fine horse that looked likely to do good another year. Lord William came to me the next day and asked me to let him have his horse back again. But I said I could not, as I had parted with him already to Mr. Murphy, which was true. Yet I think I could have found another excuse, if it had been necessary, for not parting with him. But, as the sexton said, 'One reason was sufficient,' when asked by a parishioner why they did not ring the church bells; and that was 'because they had none; but if that was not enough,' he added, 'the parson did not like them.'

Poor Sam Rogers! As though the loss of *Dulcibella* was not dreadful enough, he must put her half-brother in a selling race the next meeting. If this were not akin to insanity, I know not what might be in such a matter. For I tried the colt, afterwards called *Romulus*, and found he had good speed, and the following year proved he could stay well; and, in fact, was a better horse than his sister was a mare. I have very little doubt, indeed, that he would have won both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire as a three-year-old, if he had been left in my hands. But the grateful youth, Mr. Murphy, left me for a

fresh trainer, and for some cause or other never won a race with him. The horse never ran in my hands at all; but he was in the Lymington Stakes at 5 st. 7 lb., and probably would have been in the two autumn handicaps at the same weight; for the Admiral knew how badly he had run in the Selling Plate at Newmarket, and that Lord William was an unlikely person to play tricks with his horses. But as Mr. Murphy left me in so ungentlemanly and shabby a manner, I contrived to put a little spoke in his wheel by telling the Admiral what *Romulus* really could do, who accordingly clapped 8 st. 7 lb. on his back for each race, and of course they did not accept.

I had very great difficulty in getting a settlement of my account from this grateful young gentleman, and when the needful did arrive, it came in several large packages of post-office-orders, one-pound notes, and other negotiable documents of a varied description. In this, no doubt, he thought he had his revenge; but I was simply delighted, for I had begun to think that I should have to sue him for the recovery of the money, or lose it altogether. To show what I thought of *Romulus*, I may say that I got Mr. Parker to buy him for a stallion. But he was, as many good horses are, a failure at the stud. He had, however, but few mares, and those not good ones, which was a greater hindrance to his becoming fashionable.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAINERS AND JOCKEYS—A COMPARISON OF THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Change inevitable—The new school—Advantage taken of improved educational facilities — Improved social position — Imitation in amaranthine pleasures of their betters—Travelled experiences—'The seahorse'—Increased duties—Rapid advance from stable-boy to trainer—'Success is genius'—Changed habits—Greater care of health—Relaxations—Absurdity of early rising—Advantage of the jockey's control of horses—Legitimate gains from stable secrets—Trainers properly set right in trials—Marvellous horsemanship—Carping owners —Improved habits—The whole secret of training revealed by a light-weight jockey.

The modern stable—Added cares of the trainer—His needed absence safe-guarded—The vet. and the head-lad in sickness —Condition balls and others—Flowers supersede the dung-pit—Improvement in food and drink—Suggested additions —Clemency of jockeys towards owners—Apology for treating the subject.

'It has,' says Pope, 'been long, my dear countrymen, the subject of my concern and surprise that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there has not risen among us one person so public-spirited

as to perform the like for the moderns, although it is universally known that our in every-way industrious moderns, both in weight of their writing and in velocity of their judgment, do infinitely excel the said ancients.'

This paragraph, if slightly altered, will substantially corroborate the opinions I have formed, after mature consideration, of the wisdom of the present generation in all matters applying to trades, professions, arts and sciences, and late discoveries of things in general. But to none does it apply with so much force as to the present race of trainers and jockeys, more particularly the latter, in the rapid stride that has been made towards perfection in the *manège*, and that part of it which teaches the art of riding.

'It is an observation,' says Johnson's biographer, 'of the younger Pliny, in his epistle to his friend Tacitus, that history ought never to magnify matters of fact, because worthy actions require nothing but truth.' Such advice is indeed deserving of imitation, and I must try strictly to follow it. To illustrate my theory in a plain, practical, and I hope not less truthful way, my best endeavours shall be used; though I feel unequal to do anything like justice to the many virtues and the great abilities of the trainers and jockeys of the present day. Nevertheless, I may add my quota in admiration of a class of well-deserving, industrious, and honest members of the *élite* of society, into which indeed, by their morality and

irreproachable conduct, they have been so well received, rather than that such deeds of prowess should sink into oblivion for the want of an honest chronicler to proclaim them. Doubtless the Education Act has had on them, as on other classes of society, a beneficial effect—an advantage which our forefathers never possessed. Too much praise therefore cannot possibly be given to the politicians whose great minds conceived such an inestimable measure, and to whose untiring energy and wonderful ability its speedy passage through both Houses of Parliament, and its incorporation as one of the most essential parts of the English laws, for universally uniting all classes of the community in one indissoluble bond of friendship, are due. The elementary part of it—the three R's—would alone have been sufficient for all practical purposes in the education of the rising generations of political aspirants to fame, who have not had the opportunity of studying Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' and to have stamped their name for all time as loving benefactors of their still more loving and grateful species. So great is the commendable thirst for knowledge, that not a single principle taught, or a syllable used, is by the greatest sages thought redundant; nor is the expense of obtaining the blessing considered by the most rigid economist a farthing too dear. What a happy combination of fortuitous circumstances for the good of all! Yet I blush to say

that there are misanthropes who may and do think differently. Like the 'dog in the manger' in the old fable, they cannot learn themselves, and selfishly object to the acquirement of knowledge by others. Coupled with the new Franchise Bill, whose teaching is decidedly more political than social or domestic, we have a very perfect system of education for all classes, the benefits of which I venture to think our trainers and jockeys will, with their usual forethought and industry, not be slow to embrace, and thus, by the spirit of emulation, raise themselves to still greater eminence in the wise selection of fitting members to represent them and their interest in Parliament—a privilege many of them have never before had the opportunity of enjoying. The manners and customs of each succeeding generation differ so widely from those of its predecessors, that a fair contrast yields scope for argument, interesting and instructive, from which many amusing facts and agreeable morals may be gleaned. All things animate and inanimate are, as we daily observe, in a constant state of mutation. This all-powerful Nature proclaims, to attentive observers, with never-failing certainty. The weather changes from heat to cold, and from wet to dry. The seasons differ: vegetables and flowers grow and luxuriate at one time, at another languish and die, according to the universal law that governs all things. The first record we have of this changeability in monarchs, was in the

case of Diocletian, who abdicated his throne for the planting of cabbages; and the last example of a great man so doing is that of the ex-Premier in vacating his premiership for the felling of timber. The familiar games invented for our amusement, croquet and the skating-rink, have given place to badminton and lawn-tennis. Man, the most intelligent of all created beings, is the most capricious ; proposing to himself the accomplishment of one thing, and ending by doing another. In nothing, perhaps, is this variableness so marked as in racing. To illustrate this, we need not go very far back in search of knowledge from the records of antiquity. Every day proves it too plainly, with regrettable certainty. The Olympian games will show us that the charioteers drove their steeds with reckless impetuosity, at the continual risk of their lives, in the vain hope of obtaining a perishable and worthless memento of their courage and dexterity in driving. But those impractical days are past, and with them the pleasure they excited in undergoing great feats and hardships for the sake of barren honour, in 'giving from fool to fool the laurel crown.' Falstaff did not believe in honour, and I may ask, Who does ? 'Honour, who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it :—therefore I'll none of it.' Again, Butler, in his inimitable

'Hudibras,' has in verse, like Shakespeare in prose, compared it to a bubble:

> 'Honour is like that glassy bubble
> That finds philosophers such trouble;
> Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
> And wits are crack'd to find out why.'

So much for honour. As to money and learning, a superficial knowledge of the immortal bard will teach us in what estimation they were held in the days in which he wrote. Of the one he said: 'Therefore, though gaudy gold, hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;' and of the other: 'I once did count it, as our statist did, a baseness to write fair.'

Again, in the days before Shakespeare lived, and in his own time, vile and useless men were most sought after. Prince Henry, in his admiration of Falstaff, said of him when alive: 'How now, my sweet creature of bombast?'—and in his soliloquy, when deeply lamenting his death: 'What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spared a better man!'

So much for men, morals, and money, as they were viewed in old days. I may now apply myself to the strict consideration of the subject I have in view—the progress made by trainers and jockeys in our days, and the happy contrast which their present position affords when compared with the, in this sense, benighted condition of those of the older school. The

most sceptical, I think, will agree with me that the present generation of these estimable beings could show no greater wisdom than in their strenuous endeavour to add, to the superior educational advantages which they enjoy, the cultivation of the mind, and the corresponding increase of virtue. And how can they better reach a blessing so inestimable, than by copying to the letter the worthy actions of 'the wealthy curled darlings of our nation'? In the courageous attempt to reach to this high moral tone, they have nobly laid aside all squeamishness, and betaken themselves to mansions built for others, but destined for their habitation—to lordly palaces, or the bijou residence of exquisite beauty tastefully decorated, and affording every pleasure that man is capable of thoroughly enjoying. Moreover, they have creditably and soon learned from their employers all that is worth knowing in this world, and how to obtain their desires in all that is worth the having. In these Elysian abodes of luxury may be seen fairy-like queens in great numbers, decked in splendid attire, with coy duennas of incomparable beauty, ready to introduce you to all the novel charms which all the surroundings afford. And like as 'one volunteer is worth many pressed-men,' so with these fair, each lady in delicate and affectionate rivalry presses her favours on all her dainty visitors alike without distinction, in the most free and unselfish manner imaginable. Here, too, her visitors are treated to a

sight of those games in honour of Flora, at which we are told Cato himself once was present, and retired lest, as he said, the sight of his austere countenance should hinder the enjoyment of the other spectators; a true revival of the amaranthine pleasures of past ages. It is true that our forefathers were not strangers to the little attentions due to ladies, nor backward in paying them. It is true that to the assemblage of the two sexes they attributed their chief comfort as well as pleasure in life. But it was their misfortune that in their days St. John's Wood was unknown, and agapemones were unbuilt. It is therefore no wonder that those of the present more lucky generation, with unlimited capital at their disposal, should seek to recruit their health, and reinvigorate their mind, almost, if not actually, demented by ceaseless overwork, by taking every opportunity to visit, unencumbered by the possibly tiresome presence of their family, their marine or other residences. For so commendable a purpose, surely it is better to seek health in inhaling the salubrious air of your own coasts in your own or a hired pleasure-yacht, than seek it in foreign climes after painful voyages! At least in so doing they properly receive the tacit sanction of their employers, who from their own experiences can appreciate so laudable and self-sacrificing an effort to secure so needful an aim. Shooting, again, is a manly and invigorating sport, having many votaries; and a few weeks spent on the

Scottish moors, as Mr. Parr used to say, and he was an authority, 'do more good than a month anywhere else.' Hunting and coursing, both being inexpensive amusements, come well within the compass, means, and ability of both jockey and trainer, and are indulged in with freedom.

Then, again, in travel in search of needful recreation, have any men, with the exception of idiotic adventurers and foolish explorers, who lose their lives for the sake of notoriety, or our sailors and soldiers, had the opportunities of enriching themselves with important knowledge which our jockeys and trainers enjoy? What 'moving accidents by flood and field' must they have witnessed before reaching 'The rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,' in order to converse with the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, or dine with the cannibals of the Fiji Islands! Europe, Asia, Africa, and America they have traversed, and carefully studied the manners and customs of the people inhabiting those great and distant lands. In sum, they have compassed the whole terraqueous globe in search of knowledge and horses to ride; for be it known that in the vast and illimitable watery elements there exists the sea-horse in enormous multitudes, untamable as the zebra, but less beautiful. But that any of these great and noted travellers and horsemen have left us any account of their peregrinations and discoveries I am at present unable to ascertain.

Probably their experiences will be left for future historians to delineate. Yet some such account, differing perhaps not greatly in its scope from what we might look for from them, has been handed down to us by one Martinus Scriblerus, whose cosmopolitan mind and herculean frame enabled him to achieve extraordinary things, in or about the year 1669. A few of the wonders he relates I venture to describe in a form best suited to give the greatest amount of information perspicuously. In his first voyage (for he had many), we learn 'that he was carried by a prosperous storm to a discovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmen Empire; that in his second he was happily shipwrecked in the land of the giants, now the most humane people in the world; that in his third voyage he discovered a whole kingdom of philosophers, who govern by mathematics, with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country.' In his travels he tells us he visited 'the highest mountains, from the Peak of Derby to the Peak of Teneriffe; and, amongst others, reached the top of the Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's Ark first moored; Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fiction, as well as Vesuvius and Etna, and the burning mountain of Java. But chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in the northern regions, whence he dived into the bowels of the earth, and surveyed the work of nature underground, and instructed himself fully in

the nature of volcanoes, earthquakes, thunder, and hurricanes. He then returned to survey the deserts of Arabia and Tartary' (these are the only two places necessary for a jockey thoroughly to be acquainted with) ; 'and, before concluding his tour, he crossed the seven gulfs, measured the currents in the fifteen straits, and searched for those fountains of fresh-water that are at the bottom of the ocean.' Here it was that, in the home of Neptune, Scribulerus first saw the sea-horse, sea-nymphs, and mermaids ; the fifty daughters of Nereus and his sister, who he declares were all young and beautiful virgins, sitting on dolphins, with Neptune's trident or garlands in their hands. Sea-horses at the time were, I imagine, nothing thought of, being unmanageable for equestrian purposes; for it does not appear that any were captured, and, like the hippopotamus or river-horse, brought home in triumph. This failure is the more to be regretted, if only for losing the chance of improving the breed of our present race of weight-carriers just now so much in request. Our historian of wonderful travels ends his narrative rather abruptly; but in another authority—Professor E. D. Clarke's 'Travels,' vol. i., pp. 227, 228, a remarkable book of vast erudition, held in great esteem by competent judges for its truthful descriptions of matters and things—we see what can be learned by those who, like our jockeys, go abroad, and like them have that valuable faculty, best if rudely described as 'being

wide-awake.' In the following passage he gives us something akin to the wonders related by his elder brother in travels.

'A report,' he says, 'was circulated all over Loretto of a wonderful Madonna that had been discovered five miles off within these last fifteen days, who was found underground, and worked miracles every hour by the dozen. The people of the house,' he continues, 'told me that she got up in the night and rang the church bells to call the people together, and did many other wonderful things.' It appears from this veracious history that its author was honoured with an invitation to see this august and extraordinary person, but declined the offer with great civility. It may perhaps be that this mysterious and wonder-working lady, though living close by, may, after all, have only been a distant relation of the person I once heard of, who, by occupation a timber-merchant, otherwise a match-maker, for the sake of secrecy, and to escape the tax proposed to be put on his manufactured goods by Mr. Robert Lowe when Chancellor of the Exchequer, worked out of sight, and pursued his daily avocation two miles underground by the light of an enormous diamond, which he carried secreted about his person for the purpose.

So much for the travels of great men and what they have seen and heard, and what we may expect to learn, in due time, from the experiences in foreign parts of jockeys and trainers. We may now descend

to consider the profession of racing in its more practical surroundings. We have only lately seen 'the blue ribbon of Altcar' fall to an elderly trainer of a much-respected family living in the North. Indeed, in these days, few gentlemen can boast of so large a kennel of greyhounds as our jockeys and trainers often possess. This is but one feature of the all-round success of the present generation, accounted for in those engaged in the profession by the great rapidity with which they rise from one extreme of it to the other. One day its adherent will be a boy in the stable and a learner; the next, a proficient teacher of the subtle art, himself a trainer and owner of race-horses, with a stud in value far above what the generality of employers can compass. And if these quickly self-made men seldom run their horses in their own name, it but shows a creditable diffidence which much becomes them.

Formerly trainers used to bring their sons up to the profession, and when they reached the age of twenty-five or thirty, thought they might be tolerably efficient, and generally took upon themselves the responsibility of conducting their own affairs. No stable-boy then came quickly to the dignity of a master; because, in selfishness, the trainer would not instruct him sufficiently, and reveal secrets of the profession that were necessary for him to know in order to successfully contend with his employer's son. How many do so now? To-day precocious boys are

masters of the business before they are out of their teens, in either capacity, and often in both ; whilst from the kindness of gentlemen engaging them, and of their employers in so highly educating them for the station in life which they occupy with so much grace and ability, they give presage of still greater knowledge and skill. We have trainers, undoubtedly men of eminence, whose antecedents verily gave little promise of the astounding wisdom which they have displayed. We see this phenomenon in all trades; but in my own profession we see masters of the art created out of barbers, packmen and piemen—Stebbing, Parr and Petitt to wit, and others whose only acquirement was the utter absence of all knowledge whatever of a horse and its needs in any shape or form. Nevertheless, success however gained is genius, and talent in any form will be recognised without regard to antecedents, whether on the racecourse or in the Senate. The latter, indeed, wants debating power; and it is to be regretted that up to the present time no member of the racing profession in its two branches has acceded to the wishes of some powerful constituency in order to represent the interests of a much-neglected body, and to figure side by side with the self-sacrificing Mr. Arch, the friend of everyone but himself, or the elegant Mr. Bradlaugh, the champion of the people's right to believe in nothing at all. For one thing, trainers and jockeys have money, the one powerful source of success without argument. They

are not deficient in modern languages, and they are disputative, and have a good choice of singularly fine and powerful words, and are most anxious to be heard. If a lecture lately given by a trainer to his employer at Brighton before a large and respectable concourse of strangers be any criterion, there can be no doubt that our profession would shine in such a meritorious assemblage as our present Parliament will be. In short, there are 'great geniuses' existing in both branches of it, who only want the opportunity to distinguish themselves anywhere, be it in the Senate or on the field of battle.

Then as to the delicacy of treatment which their physical condition imperatively requires. How changed is all to-day from the rough ill-considered usages of times gone by! Does not the attenuated form of the wasting jockey proclaim the absolute necessity of relaxation, such as I have before alluded to? The over-burdened frame, the enervated system, borne down with excessive labour and fatigue, attended as it is with extreme depression of the mental powers, all loudly demand it. Periodical rest, not partial and remittent, but a total cessation from all bodily exertion and mental excitement whatever, must be had. All men who are old enough to remember things as they were forty years ago will say, as I do, that no such needed recreation was known or enjoyed in that primitive time. Those who have carefully studied the history of *Bimana* will need

no assurance from me that no such-like indulgence was encouraged, if existing in those days. Hence the mental derangements or other ailments brought on by inattention to hygienic principles, and a lack of fixity of purpose to secure necessary comforts. Much benefit has accrued in our day from the abandonment of the smoking of bad tobacco and home-made cigars at about a shilling the hundred, and of the vile spirits, sold under the pretence that they were smuggled and foreign, in which our forefathers were content to indulge. Champagne is much lighter, and when well-iced is a cool refreshing beverage with which to quench early thirst. Well-matured wines of superior vintages, and genuine spirits with foreign cigars, may be taken later in the day, *ad libitum*, for the attainment of good health; in this way following the precepts of Galen, and those of Æsculapius much to the same purpose, which should not go unheeded.

Again, a few years ago, horses were taken to exercise, if not in semi-darkness, at least at four o'clock in the morning in the summer, exposed to a humid and raw atmosphere, thus subjecting not only themselves but the poor lads who rode them, as well as the thoughtless trainer who in those days was always seen with his horses, to colds, influenza, and bronchial affections of every description. Indeed, to this practice, no doubt, can be ascribed the prevalence of illness amongst horses generally, and the existence, in those days, of so many confirmed roarers. To-day

this is all happily changed. No exercise takes place until the sun has warmed the atmosphere. The time is appropriately fixed about nine o'clock, before the heat is excessive :

> 'Now ere the sun advanced his burning eye,
> The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry.'

In this way the new school avoids all dampness to the horse's feet, so productive of catarrh, the forerunner of all disease, and often terminating fatally in death. The father of the late Lord Shaftesbury had a great abhorrence of a cold. By avoiding all risk of such a thing as much as possible, he lived to a great age, and when told by any friend that he was pretty well 'except a slight cold,' he would reply, 'What ! would you have the plague ?' This maxim should be borne in mind by those who wish to escape simple ailments, as they are termed, the dreadful effects of which have been shown.

It is but fair to say that the credit of this great discovery is entirely due to the intelligence of our jockeys. Nine o'clock, or a little after, is in all conscience early enough to exercise any horse, and before that hour or in wet weather they will not ride for anyone. Though in strict justice to the trainer, it may with equal truth be avowed that at least one has set his face against the evil practice : as the lameness of so many of his horses was ascribed to rheumatic affections arising from damp and cold, more than from any other cause whatever. This trainer won the

Derby after the change more than once; but never before. But alas! 'Who can control his fate?' For soon after we find he had to succumb, manfully fighting the battle in the cause he so ardently espoused, to uncontrollable hardships arising from extraneous matters, 'Enough to have brought a royal merchant down.' Though for the sake of science it should be said that the new custom, so happily introduced under such favourable auspices, had really nothing whatever to do with the lamentable event, and is still carried on successfully by the rest of the wily craft.

Jockeys used to ride at early exercise, and each trainer had one who rode for the stables, and this used to complete the day's work. But to-day they have to ride horses for many trainers the same day, at exercise, and for many days consecutively, before a great race takes place; and now these are very frequent. This, by the good-nature of the trainer, they are easily able to accomplish, by not galloping the horses until it is quite convenient for the jockeys to attend. It makes a little difference to stable arrangements; but this, in comparison with having the jockey's services, is as nothing. By this system, knowledge is gained that it would be absolutely impossible to obtain so effectually in any other way. The advantage thus obtained for the benefit of the jockey and trainer is, and must be admitted to be, great. The jockey, to begin with, knows the form of nearly all the horses in training; and the trainer

sometimes actually knows the form of his own horses. Moreover, the owner shares in this triumph of genius as well as the betting-men and touts, and through them the public at large. Such universal knowledge ought to extend its benefits to all that take part in the amusement; but somehow we don't quite find it so in practice; for we are continually hearing wails from disappointed owners, and of their censuring their trainers for allowing secrets to escape before they have taken advantage of knowledge that they should have had exclusively to themselves. Trainers are seldom satisfied with the results, which are often more disappointing to themselves than to anyone else. Jockeys, through the superior knowledge and the opportunities which no other people possess, given them by the kindness of owners and trainers, in riding so many trials, properly 'rule the roast.' But 'we cannot all be masters, nor can all the masters be truly followed.' Yet owners, through the advice of their jockeys and trainers, do often win large stakes, and so may be said to be served; an admitted fact for which jockeys, as they should be, are always well paid, and the trainer occasionally personally thanked.

In the present day, many wondrous facts have been brought to light, which, but for the ingenuity and indomitable pluck of the jockey, may have for ever lain concealed in the hidden womb of time. Owners see this, and for their own ends eagerly seize the 'golden opportunity' of securing the services of

these eminent persons for private trials or in public races, in which they show themselves infinitely superior to the vulgar racing-men of old. Who ever saw or heard of Chifney, Buckle, Robinson, Butler, or indeed any jockey of that day, riding horses in the gallops, even for their own stables, much less for any other? These ignorant trainers were even satisfied with trying their horses with the lads who usually rode them in their everyday work. This Sir Joseph Hawley did, and a few others. Indeed, in the present day a few trainers still adhere to the obsolete practice; but a bad system, however well conducted, is sure to come to grief.

But, as in most things, so specially in the race for wealth or money-making, the modern jockey has outstripped every other horseman, and effectually left owner and trainer behind him. He is the modern Crœsus; but a Crœsus generous and liberal. I do not say that this liberality is exercised in the distribution of that wealth, but in the distribution of knowledge, which is better; for it enables him to add greatly to his own fortunes. For valuable advice given in this way they are continually being presented with munificent sums; as witness the generous deeds of the American Walton, the renowned and amiable Theodore! Some owners, I am told, rather object to this dissemination of useful knowledge. They go so far as to say that it interferes with the state of the odds. But as these complaints take the form of

careless indirect comment, and not a face-to-face accusation, we may take it that the jockeys are in the right; and that owners are really fond of seeing their horses favourites, and tacitly admit their pleasure at the fact that it should benefit everyone else and not themselves.

In this matter of silent complaint, I am reminded of a story to the effect that whilst two incorrigible desperadoes were awaiting their trial in prison for a petty larceny, they agreed to assist each other with mutual information. The first man, Jones, on his trial, abused with the most filthy epithets the judge and jury, and the members of the bar, and was honourably acquitted, and hastened to give Brown (his companion) the benefit of his experience. But Brown, notwithstanding his eloquence in the same direction, was not successful; for he was put back for three months for contempt of court. At first this to Jones was unaccountable, though it was afterwards explained on his saying:

'Do you think they heard you?'

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Ah,' was the prompt rejoinder, 'that made all the difference, for they never heard me.'

Or owners may think with Juliet, in her reply to County Paris, for an assurance of her love:

> 'It will be of more price
> Being spoken behind your back than to your face.'

In no particular is the marked improvement of

modern training shown more than in the riding of trials and the galloping of the horses. In the dark ages past, the trainer relied upon himself. With the march of science, he would be a fool indeed who would rashly attempt to do without the valuable assistance of the jockey in a matter so essential to the due preparation of his horses. It often happens, indeed, under the new system, that in their gallops the horses go a farther or a less distance than the trainer has intended they should go, and in direct opposition to his instructions, or go the distance too fast or too slow. This might seem vexatious; but on the return of the jockey the matter is quickly set right by his saying, in the former case, that 'I found he (the horse) was blowing too much, and was short of work, and I took him a little farther and increased his speed;' and in the other, 'I find she (the filly) is very delicate, and I was afraid of overdoing her, so let her go three-parts of the distance at half the speed you requested, and suggest a day's walking exercise now and then would do her good.' This explanation the trainer accepts, though he can hardly bring his mind, in a moment, calmly to believe in facts so important. Information so intrinsically astounding, however, is not to be lost sight of, and the jockey's promises of a similar favour on the next and succeeding days are readily welcomed. For without such aid, in what sort of condition may we expect to see horses sent to the post? It once did very well,

perhaps, for the trainer to rely a little on his own judgment in running long races; but, seeing he is outstripped by the march of intellect, he to-day wisely and tacitly accepts the proffered assistance of his own or anybody's jockey, or indeed of anyone, and by the friendly aid of owners and their dear respected friends, he succeeds.

The skill of our modern artists in riding is, with few exceptions, every day more and more conspicuous in winning with a horse that apparently has no chance of contending successfully with many of the others he is engaged against; and, in turn, by the same delicate handling, the vanquished is proclaimed the victor, to the astonishment of all concerned in the wonderful transformation scene, and the delight of the bystanders and bookmakers. Nothing in ancient history is recorded of such surprising and truly wonderful feats of horsemanship, nor could Witticombe himself at Astley's have produced anything so marvellously effective. Formerly—that is to say, in Mr. Chifney's time—horses were trained on the severe sweating system, and ridden with loose reins and severely punished, lest the jockeys should be accused of not trying to win. Now we see horsemanship in a state nearer perfection than it was ever witnessed before. In a long race the jockey, by the exercise of patient calculation, will allow his field to get a quarter of a mile before him, and when they are all well beaten, takes the very nick of time to come

up and win an exciting race by a bare head. Another, differently gifted though equally talented, takes and keeps the lead and wins in a canter. This, however, is not the popular style, nor is it liked by owners, who foolishly think it may expose their horse unduly. Nor is it gratifying to the artist himself; for, instead of receiving the ovation which the other is sure of, he may be derisively informed, on his return to the scales, that 'any butcher could have done that.' It has the advantage, certainly, of making the race secure, which the more admired style lacks. For the most approved and elegant way of riding of the leading jockeys, is to wait till the last few strides, and, if they have only a few pounds in hand, to come with a tremendous rush at the last jump and win or lose by a head. This is truly effective. To the rider it is of no earthly consequence, for he is sure of an ovation; though to the disappointed owner it makes a difference. To say that the jockey with a stroke or two of his whip fairly 'lifts' the tired creature for the last few strides is not an exaggerated expression, and one that may often be heard emanating from lucky backers—that is, should the horse win. But whether in making play or in waiting, our jockeys seem as much at home in one way as the other, and without adulation may fairly be said to be men of great eminence in their great profession. Indeed, I have often, with painful forebodings, thought what a distressing loss it would be to the world, more

particularly that part of it forming the racing community, if by any accident one of those great men were incapacitated from following his professional vocation ; and how the dire event would be bewailed by a sorrowing multitude of friends and admirers, till reading, by chance, a passage from 'The Rambler,' which revived my drooping spirits. This, without comment, I literally transcribe for the benefit of owners, trainers, and jockeys themselves :

'The world, says Locke, has people of all sorts. As in the general hurry produced by the superfluities of some and necessities of others, no man need to stand still for the want of employment ; so in the innumerable gradations of ability and endless varieties of study and inclination, no employment can be vacant from want of a man qualified to discharge it.'

Comforting and most acceptable words! Something very much akin to what I have elsewhere heard to the effect that there is 'as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.' Let us hope, for the benefit of the present and succeeding generations, it may be so !

The olden time, Pope tells us in his 'Dunciad,' was dull. In Hamlet's day, according to the gravedigger, the people of England were mad as Hamlet himself. It was an age, all things considered, of little learning and debasing luxury. From this condition we are, I hope, reformed altogether. The

orgies, the bacchanalian feats, the profligacy of other times have vanished. This is specially the case on the turf. 'Circumstances alter cases' is an aphorism that will apply to nothing more strictly than to the late or early hours of rising in the past and present days of racing. Locke himself, who laboured much, was of opinion that all men must have seasons of substantial repose, and more than is indulged in by many that are not thought to be over-industrious. In confirmation of this we have the old adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' Time, philosophers say, should be divided into three equal parts—for sleep, for recreation, and application to study; whilst others say, 'Six hours' rest for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool,' leaving the inference to be deduced from such a conclusion that the remainder should be divided between pleasure and work. But it is not so much with the number of hours allotted to repose, as with the proper period at which it is taken. In old times jockeys and trainers indulged in unnecessarily late hours, to the detriment of their bodily health and the abuse of their morals. It is true that hours equally as late, or even later, are the fashion now. But it is just here that the case is altered by its surroundings. Under their present wiser system, jockeys and trainers have from five o'clock in the evening to nine o'clock the next morning to themselves. By the institution of the fashionable late dinner they wisely get through two

hours or so pleasantly, and yet more agreeably make the remainder pass away without weariness in some convivial party, which breaks up at three o'clock in the morning, when all seek in calmness the allotted hour of repose. We hear of no dissipation, no cards or dice, no night-brawlers disturbing the peace of their neighbours, no licentious revelry, nor mixture of the sexes at improper times or places ; no ribald jesting, and, above all, no fighting over a misapplied word or ambiguous sentence uttered in an amusing strain of exuberant conviviality.

If one proof were asked of me to show the obvious intuitive knowledge and superior wisdom of our present race of riders, the following incident will clinch the question. I have before mentioned that trainers are often disappointed, and even dissatisfied (though it is not politic to show it to their jockeys), at the running of their horses in public. For this, no reason can be assigned. All sorts of excuses have been formed ; such as the want of skill on the part of the jockey, though not substantiated—a difficult thing at all times to do ; the state of the ground ; the inequalities of the course ; or the unsuitable distance the horse has had to run. But all to no purpose, till a youthful rider, like another Alexander, 'cut the Gordian knot,' by saying, quite unoffensively and without the least hesitation, to the trainer, an old man :

'He is not fit, sir; but when he is he will win you a good race.'

Unfortunately he did not say if the horse was too big or too light, that it might in its future preparation be put right. Therefore the tedious difficulty had to be overcome by experience; whilst he might have solved the mystery beyond doubt and in an instant, and may further have informed the trainer how long it would have taken to remedy his mistaken preparation and the steps necessary for the completion of such a weighty matter—thus pressing the thing to a logical conclusion, and having himself hailed as a benefactor to mankind, and ranked amongst the great discoverers of the day. 'There are,' we are told, 'few tasks more unthankful than for persons of modesty to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good; and a generous spirit asserts its merits and vindicates itself with becoming warmth.' Some such generous sentiment, we can well believe, actuated the feelings of this intelligent youth when he thus unostentatiously expounded this great discovery. But I feel bound to disclose the whole circumstances; to accord the praise to him to whom it is due. And, therefore, I publicly make known the fact that the ability so shown was exhibited by a light-weight jockey at Brighton, who discovered the comparatively aged trainer's error, and with candour so deserving of all praise made known the discovery

of an error that, without such disinterested outspokenness on his part, might have remained a secret standing menace to the whole profession.

So much for the debt that our profession owes to the jockey. But the trainer of the new school deserves also his meed of praise. When we compare him with his predecessor, we must make allowance for what he has to do. In the present day he will have, perhaps, a hundred horses in training, half as many brood-mares, a few stallions, thirty or forty foals, and a like number of yearlings to look after; besides his carriage-horses, hacks, and hunters, forming no small addition to every well-regulated establishment. Then to those who have farms and sporting proclivities must be added the supplementary care of cart-horses, cattle, and kennels of greyhounds, spaniels, and sporting dogs innumerable. In sum, he must perform the feat of the personal supervision of some two hundred and seventy horses, besides sheep, oxen, swine, cows, and calves of treble that number; with dogs, cats, rabbits, cocks, hens, and chickens thrown in. So great, indeed, is the mental strain, that rest is imperative; though it would seem impossible had I omitted to mention that so admirably are these modern establishments regulated, and so completely are those employed kept under control, they can be carried on with perfect harmony under delegated authority, in the frequent absence for weeks together of the trainer

himself. Indeed, so thoroughly do owners understand how great is the strain upon them, that they almost insist that this should be so.

He has always the comfort of knowing that in his absence he is sure of the aid of the veterinary surgeon, who in old days was known as 'the cow-leech,' when the panacea for everything was blood-letting or cathartics—remedies which as often killed as cured, and in combination did to death the stoutest horse. But under modern improvements and new sanitary arrangements, we know that disease has, or has almost, disappeared. Strangles and influenza, if they do appear, appear in a mild form, and at once succumb to veterinary treatment. Moreover, we know how suddenly illness overtakes horses.

'He's mad,' says the fool in 'King Lear,' 'that trusts to a horse's health, as well as a boy's love, or a courtezan's oath.'

In disease, the next best thing to doing anything well, is to do it quickly. Here the advantage of the modern system is shown in teaching the head-lad how to distinguish between the different diseases, and by allowing him access to the medicine-chest, to ensure the administration of the proper nostrum without the least delay. For when castor-oil has proved little effective, croton-oil, nux vomica, calomel and arsenic are readily exhibited.

Amongst our advanced trainers the absolute necessity of daily administering a ball is recognised as an

essential of training, and in their opinion could as ill be spared as either food or exercise. They are given just before the horses take their exercise, or immediately on their return to the stables on an empty stomach. Mr. Parr, to whom I believe the honour of this great discovery is due, used to give them at the former time; but so long as they are regularly administered once a day, or even in the night, I don't think there is much difference in their powerful effect; for we know that epicures take their digestive pills, either just before they dine, or late in the evening. Then there are fever-balls, tonic and laxative; balls for giving tone and clearing the respiratory organs, such as the prima donna will take for strengthening her vocal powers. For removing the rumbling caused by flatulency, a complaint to which the racehorse is very liable, another ball is given as necessity requires. The component parts of this most excellent of all medicines is a secret known only to the favoured few who make it; but I think I am not far wrong in stating that, in essence, this ball closely resembles 'Page Woodcock's celebrated Wind Pills,' which have so startling an effect upon the human system. To name others, or to give a list of the various drinks and powders that cannot now be dispensed with, would be to extend my observations to the length of a treatise on medicine, for which end I lack time, space, and ability. I will therefore content myself with saying, that that most useful remedy, the

ball for reducing corpulency, is of a rather purgative character, requiring careful watching, owing to the necessity of repeating the dose at frequent intervals, and the placing of the animals entirely in the hands of the veterinary surgeon. The condition-ball is the last I shall mention. It is more simple, and may be given at any time, and is, I think, the most desirable of all. Its powerful effects are shown in the muscular development of the whole frame, and the splendidly glossy appearance of the horse's coat, always the recognised indications of the standard of health and acme of condition. The use of balls was not unknown to our forefathers; for I remember to have heard Mr. L. O. Weeks, a celebrated practitioner, say, when attending the Danebury stables, that 'a dozen or two of his cayenne-balls would make the horse eat the rack and manger, if his craving for food were not quickly allayed.' But old-fashioned trainers were properly restrained from experimentally treating the animals they had to train; or what would have become of the whole equine race? And it has been left for later professors to prove beyond possibility of doubt that things are changing, and changing for the better; and that a complete victory over all disease has been achieved by the free use of the medicine-chest, and the initiation of the head-lad into the mysteries of the medical art. Indeed, a few months ago a very clever country practitioner was heard to say 'that the head-lad knew as much of veterinary

practice as he did himself'—an avowal that of itself speaks volumes. It is true that now, as in old days, disease will make its unwelcome appearance, and that horses will and do get incurably lame. But it has not been proved, or even recorded, in any single case in which a serious or fatal end has supervened, that the fault has been that of either the veterinary surgeon or the head-lad. Indeed, it has only been through the knowledge of these gentlemen, on a *post-mortem* examination, that the true nature of the disease has been traced; that in its incipient state it was fatal, and that there was nothing to be done but to let it take its course, and life ebb gently away.

In the surroundings of the stable itself, what improvements have been made! The unhealthy dung-pit in the yard has been done away with, and its place taken by parterres of lovely flowers. We know how dainty horses are in eating and drinking; how water put into a bucket that has before contained any greasy substance will be rejected. How grateful to the olfactory powers of animals with such an acute sense of smell must be the aroma of these odoriferous plants, tastefully set out in beds of divers colours! These mellifluous perfumes, taking the place of the deleterious gases, almost entirely do away with the necessity of having choice exotics in the stable itself; for which the late Lord Hastings, before coming to Danebury, once found a charge in his account of £70. Moreover, who can say that the virtue ends here?

Who can tell what benefit the animals may derive from beholding such beautiful things on leaving and returning to the stable? What trainer, in the old time, did not know the fatal effects of glanders in his stable, as in the case of the late Mr. Isaac Sadler, who, on first going to Stockbridge, lost nearly the whole of his stud through that disease? I may say that, then, flowers were unknown as a decoration, except 'in the perfumed mansions of the great,' or they might have proved a powerful antidote to this complaint.

Again, as to the food given to the racehorse, how knowledge has advanced with the march of time! In the olden days it was of the simplest kind, least calculated to repel disease. Oats, hay, and straw, with occasional bran-mashes as a precautionary measure against constipation or inflammation, exhaust the whole catalogue. But we have since learned that change of food is essential to the health of all animals, and especially of those in captivity. We have now a variety of food unknown till lately, a few kinds of which I will venture to enumerate. Linseed is now given, either boiled as a mash with oats or mixed dry with the corn. This has a stimulating effect, and if properly and regularly administered in sufficient quantities, will ensure, if nothing else, a glossy coat and round barrel. Wheat, barley, beans and peas, both white and grey, are usually given with oats on account of their strengthening qualities.

Vetches, trifolium, lucern, clover, and all the natural grasses make a nice change, if sparingly administered, throughout the summer. For the winter, carrots, white and red, mangel-wurzels, and swedish turnips form a nutritious food; whilst for the spring, nothing yet has been equal in its beneficial effect to a regular diet of water-cresses. But as for over-worked or delicately constituted horses the restorative qualities of dry food are admittedly unrivalled, various condiments are now pretty generally used in first-class establishments, such as 'Thorley's Food for Cattle,' and 'Brownie's Calf Mixture.' As to their beneficial effects in the stable, I need only refer the reader to the beautifully coloured works of art to be seen at every railway station.

Yet with all that to this point has been achieved, further improvement may be possible. I do not say it is. I have no such presumption. I only point to certain foods not yet embraced within the list of stable-fare, and to their qualities; leaving to others of greater judgment and experience the choice and manner of their use. Indian corn may be given in combination with rye, the laxative properties of the former assisting the digestion in extracting the nutritious qualities of the latter. Holcus saccharine is considered feeding, is palatable, and is generally given in cases of mental weakness. Potatoes and arrowroot, from the starch they contain, are nearly allied to cereals, which they might often beneficially

supersede. Cow-cabbage—or drumhead, by which name it is better known to the rustics—on which sheep and kine do so well, must have cooling properties, and great results may be confidently looked for from the extensive use of this esculent. Again, lettuces, radishes, celery, and mustard-and-cress are appetizing to a delicate stomach; and the onion and leek, so beloved of man in their raw state, would probably become palatable to the equine tribe when accustomed to their use; just as donkeys, from an acquired taste, give the preference to the thistle. Artichokes, vegetable marrows, spinach, and asparagus, with many well-known garden products, will occur to mind as edibles that may be given to horses without any fear of ill-results, and indeed with the full expectation of producing some extraordinary benefit.

I have now only to offer with becoming diffidence a suggestion which, it appears to me, has to this time unaccountably eluded the observation of those who give their powerful intellects to the study of the wants of the racehorse. For centuries past nothing whatever has been added to water as their beverage. We know that wine and spirits have been given neat to horses just before running a race, with extraordinary effect. But why not give them at other times, or mix them in palatable proportion in the water they drink? Linseed-tea and other strengthening vegetable infusions also appear to have been over-

looked. White-wine whey, given after a hard day's work, or to horses with colds, must be nourishing and grateful. And why should not milk, the most nutritious of all liquids for foals and yearlings, be given to old horses? Cows' milk would no doubt be good, but asses' milk would be infinitely better, because of the closer affinity of the genus to the equine race. And there would be no difficulty; for 'the purveying of asses' milk' is now a common and honourable vocation. I am quite serious in my advocacy of it. It is highly recommended by the faculty, and extensively used in all families of distinction. Milk, indeed, has acknowledged wonderful properties. A pompous person once rested his claims to greatness solely on its wonderful efficacy.

'Do you know,' said he, addressing himself to a farmer with whom he was disputing—'do you know that I was brought up at the hands of two wet-nurses?'

'That may be,' replied the other; 'and with much the same effect that I witnessed with a calf that was reared by two cows. It only made him the greater calf.'

The effect of asses' milk on the human subject is thus narrated by Miss Digby, daughter of Lord Digby, of Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire, who, in writing of her brother's illness in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated July 17th, 1724, says: 'Last night he began to drink asses' milk, which had the usual

effect in giving him a good night's rest, free from pain.' The original letter may be seen in the British Museum, with a translation of the 'Odyssey' on the back of it.

I will not say more on this subject. I must trust to having been explicit in stating my theory. I will revert, in conclusion, to the difference between the jockey and trainer of to-day and their predecessors. But first a well-deserved compliment must be paid to the owners of racehorses, not only for their urbanity of manner, but for their discreet and disinterested conduct in leaving to the jockeys the sole management of their horses. Indeed, I think all jockeys should be trainers. Owners of horses now rightly and unmistakably express their entire satisfaction with their jockeys, and their sincere admiration for them. Social distinction, however great, nowadays forms no barrier against intimate acquaintanceship. Even friendship, often most hastily formed, is known to exist between the two, for a time. With them 'familiarity breeds no contempt.' Gentlemen seldom attempt to admonish even in the mildest terms under any provocation, serviceable as advice so given would often be, for fear of repeating the fiasco by which a nobleman was deprived of the valuable services of a jockey for ever. It came about through his folly in injudiciously asking him why he did not attend to ride one of his horses the week before. The matter, report has it, was taken before the authorities,

and the evidence of the jockey, most fairly given, to the effect that 'private business of a delicate nature required his personal attendance at his private residence in the suburbs of London,' at once settled the case in his favour. The effect has been good ; for no further offence on the part of an owner in attempting to 'carpet' his jockey has occurred since last November.

I trust in what I have said I have not, in the warmth of discussion, too severely criticized the sayings and doings of the veterans of the old and effete school, who in their day had many warm friends and sincere admirers. Nay, I must allow that there are some living who still speak of their virtues and talents in terms of high praise. Nor on the other hand will it, I hope, be thought that in my desire to do justice to the merits of the great men of the present day, I have written euphemistically of their high qualities, or have courted their favour—a course which would be distasteful, I am sure, to a body at once so enlightened and fearless of the world's opinion. Of myself individually, I have not said a word directly or indirectly. As one of the body I must stand or fall, excused or accused, by their unbiased verdict. I have ventured to show the differences existing between the old and the new schools by stating unvarnished facts ; and the difference is so palpably manifest as to make any comparison, as Dogberry has it, 'odorous.'

CHAPTER XXII.

ZACHARIAH SIMPSON, ESQ.

Excellent position as a banker—Perverse misuse of it—An example at Newmarket—Turf career—Our joint ownership of horses.

Traducer in the Two Thousand—*The Gillie's* dead-heat with *Brick*—The trial and the race—*Manrico*—Getting a horse out of a well—A bet luckily recovered—Partial stud successes—How a breeding establishment may be ruined—Curious disposal of yearlings—Other costly occupations, and result—A fortune saved on a pound a week—The teeth-test with chickens and horses—How *Delilah* lost and won her pedigree—Social attributes.

Mr. Simpson, of Diss, in Norfolk, was probably one of the most eccentric men of the age; though he did not betray outwardly the least symptom of any peculiarity. He dressed as other gentlemen were usually attired, neither foppishly nor meanly. His household establishment was in keeping with his social position. He had his meals at fashionable hours; and took walking, riding, and driving exercise, and in no way differed from the custom of living the life of a country gentleman. He married when young a Miss Manning, an attractive lady of considerable fortune, who pos-

sessed personal charms without vanity, and prepossessing manners without affectation. He was a banker by profession, in partnership with his uncle, Mr. Fincham, whose fortune at his death he inherited, besides the bank at Diss. This concern had several branches at different towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and, independently of his private fortune, brought him a gentlemanly income, and he apparently wanted for nothing that could conduce to his happiness and well-being. But, alas, he wanted more! 'It is never,' we are told, 'without very melancholy reflections that we can observe the misconduct or miscarriage of those men who seem exempt from the general frailties of human nature and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons whom the eminence of their qualities mark out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of the slain, but follow the hero with our whole attention through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thousands that have fallen around him.'

Mr. Simpson may be well described as one of those who, amongst his own associates and connections at least, was thus 'marked out from the multitude' by the solidity of an assured position; but also as one

who, instead of making the most of his advantages, 'dissipated his wealth in a boundless vanity, without profit either to others or himself.' Besides the bank and its branches, he had other businesses to which he could not or did not attend. Inattention to the concerns of the former was alone the cause of his losing thousands a year. Of this I remember one instance when he was attending the races at Newmarket. I may say I never saw him at any other race-meeting; but latterly he was, as a rule, present at the gatherings on the Heath, and he would sometimes, I believe, visit Yarmouth. During the racing at the former place, one of his clerks used to come once or twice a week, bringing his letters and taking instructions back to the head-manager. On one occasion he was much annoyed to find a customer had overdrawn his account £1,500, of which sum, he told me, he should never see a guinea again. This caused him to write a strong letter to his manager, to tell him never to let any other man overdraw his account in his (Mr. Simpson's) absence from home. A few days after, he found that his best client had taken away his account on being refused the usual overdraft; and this, he told me, was worse than the other, and he must leave at once to see if he could not remedy the matter. But I never heard with what success.

His career on the turf cannot be considered successful, though he had his chances. In some portion

of it I was associated with him. He had, amongst other expensive and multifarious undertakings, to which I shall later refer, an extensive breeding establishment. The yearlings he bred and did not sell, he either trained himself, or gave them to some trainer for a share in their winnings should they prove successful. With me, at different times, he had many horses; and amongst them the following: *Traducer*, *Manrico*, *The Gillie*, *Isthmian*, *Signalman*, *Watchbox*, *Countersign*, and Colt by *Vedette*, dam by *Cowl* out of *Venus*. These, with many others, were our joint property.

Traducer was a good horse, and if he had been second, instead of being beaten, as he was, half a length for second place in the Two Thousand in *The Wizard's* year, would have won it; for the jockey who rode the winner carried 2 lb. over the weight declared, and would have been disqualified, just as Wells was disqualified on *Blue Gown* in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, for riding 2 lb. overweight without declaring it; only in our case, the second horse, Mr. Tute's (*alias* Mr. Padwick's) *Rap* was in the same stable as the winner, and, as all the party had largely backed the latter, no objection was made. The trial of *Traducer* for this race showed he had a good chance for it. In it he beat *Promised Land*, then in very good form, a mile, at 16 lb., by a head. The fact is, in the race itself he met an extraordinary good horse at the distance in *The Wizard;* and it was

only the fact that he closely pressed him across the bottom and half-way up the hill that allowed *Rap* just to divide them at the finish. With the winner out, my horse must have won. It shows, indeed, how much luck there is in having to meet good or bad horses. For had *Promised Land*, in the year he won it, met anything so good as *The Wizard*, he must have lost; just as *Traducer*, had he, in his year, nothing better to beat than *Cynricus*, must have won. *Traducer*, after winning a race for us at Chester, was sold for £1,500 to Lord William Powlett, as I have named.

I stood more money outright, *i.e.*, without hedging a shilling, on *The Gillie*, at Goodwood, for the Nursery there, than I ever did on any other race. How far I was justified the trial will show. The following are the horses that took part in it, and the weights each carried:

The Gillie, 2 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	1
Muezzin, 2 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb. . . .	2
Surbiton Hill, 3 yrs., 7 st.	3
Salisbury, 2 yrs., 6 st.	4

Ground good going after the late rain. Won by a length; three lengths and a length, respectively, separating the others. Distance, one mile. All the horses were in good form at the time. *Muezzin* had won the New Two-year-old Stakes at Epsom Spring Meeting, beating *Orphan*, that had the day before won the Two-year-old Stakes, and

Le Maréchal, a good horse that afterwards won the Gimcrack Stakes at York. On the day of the race *Elcho*, one of mine, won the Metropolitan, with *Caractacus* second, the winner at the next Epsom meeting of the Derby. The Waterloo Plate I won with Lord Coventry's colt by *Mildew* out of *Underhand's* dam; and the Balaclava Stakes with a filly of my own by *Tadmor* out of *Fortune-teller*, beating fourteen others. These were the only four horses I ran that day, proving my trying tackle was to be relied on; and yet *Brick*, at their respective weights, was as good as mine, for we ran a dead-heat. We divided the stakes, and the bets were, of course, put together and divided, each taking half in the usual way.

Now if the running was correct—though I cannot for a moment accept it as having been so—it would make *Brick* a long way the best horse of his year, or perhaps of any year, and of this public form never gave any proof whatever. *The Gillie*, we have seen, was 16 lb. and a beating better than *Muezzin;* and *Brick*, allowing 2 lb. to have enabled him to win, was 16 lb. better than *The Gillie*, which made him 32 lb. better than *Muezzin*, or a stone superior to the best horse of his year. Yet he ran unplaced in the Biennial Stakes at Ascot, and only beat an animal like *Taje* a neck at Goodwood. So in this case, as in many others, the trial was the truer form; and if I did not win the race outright, it was rather from

some 'controllable cause' than from an error in judgment.

With our other horses we ran first for the Danebury Nursery with the colt by *Vedette*, dam by *Cowl* out of *Venus*, and won a good stake over it. *Manrico* was prevented running in the Goodwood Nursery by an accident. But he afterwards won us, amongst other races, the Trial Stakes at Lincoln, and the next day was sold to Lord Westmoreland, for whom I won the Lincolnshire Handicap with him. The other horses we had together did nothing beyond winning many races of little note.

As the accident to *Manrico* was singular, the particulars of it will be of interest. After arriving at Westerton, where we were staying for the week, the horses having been cleaned, watered, and fed, we had our dinner, and soon after returned to the stable to finish doing the horses for the night. On entering *Manrico's* box, the boy that went into the stable first came running back to me and said :

'Oh, sir, the horse is gone!'

'Where to?' I asked.

But he only replied :

'I don't know.'

The search for him was not so difficult as looking for the proverbial pin in a bundle of hay, for I soon saw his head about a foot below the surface of the stable, oscillating, like the pendulum of a clock, from one side to the other of a gloomy cavity. The well,

for such it was, into which he had fallen had, it appears, been closed and pitched over, like the rest of the stable, some years before, and therefore its presence could not be detected ; but the pitched flooring had given way with the weight of the horse's hind-quarters. His position was erect, his two fore-legs and head and a part of his neck being all that could be seen of him. The news of the accident spread with great rapidity, and we soon had plenty of volunteers very kindly tendering their assistance ; everyone knowing the best and safest way of extracting him from his perilous position. Among racing people, the two first to arrive were Captain Hawksley and the lovely 'Nelly'; Mr. G. Angell following soon after.

I had previously and luckily taken the precaution, to prevent the horse doing himself any mischief, to stuff two sacks with hay, and have them placed at the sides of the well. My own opinion had been from the first, that he would have to be dug out. But, at the suggestion of a gentleman present, who was positively certain that if a rope were passed beneath his fore-legs—not an easy thing to do—and swung over the beam in the stables, the horse would come out as easily as drawing a cork from a bottle, for we had plenty of strength, I allowed this to be tried. But what terrible results would have followed if the operation had been persevered in, I cannot say. I had to stop it when it had become a nice question

whether it would end in dividing the poor animal asunder, or in bringing the roof of the stable bodily to the ground; for it was fast giving way under the pressure. Lots of people then said that 'they knew it would be so.' But, possessing this gift of prophecy, it is to be regretted they did not exercise it before the attempt, and not after its failure.

Yet undeterred, each one had again his own plan to suggest, as visionary and absurd in my opinion as the first. Consequently, I would not listen to them, and insisted on having my way tried. Pickaxe and shovel were soon had, and the ground removed in front of the horse's fore-legs in a slanting direction towards the manger, so that in struggling he might, with assistance, be enabled to get footing; and he walked out, like climbing up a steep hill, at two o'clock the next morning, and was thus rescued from his uncomfortable situation. Mr. Angell, with the rest, worked like a nigger. Poor creature! when once more on his legs—the horse I mean, not Mr. Angell—he was unable to support himself without assistance; his hind-parts being seemingly paralyzed. But on removing the dirt and being carefully tended, he recovered, and was enabled the next day to return home in the van that had brought him. It was very remarkable that in the fall he had only rubbed a little skin from off his back, and slightly cut his near hind-leg.

Mr. Simpson had horses in training at Newmarket. The best of these was *True Blue*, who did him some good, but might have done much more; for he was capable of greater things than to win two or three little races. I do not think that on the whole his racing, pure and simple, was a very costly amusement to him; and in betting he could scarcely have been out of pocket. To begin with, he was not fond of it, or objected to it as harmful to his standing as a banker. He seldom backed his own or other people's horses. When *Macaroni* won at Newmarket, however, he wanted to back him for the Derby, and did so, getting 8 to 1. Fearing, I suppose, that some of his people at Diss should hear that he betted, he never put the bet down in his pocket-book, and when he found *Macaroni* had won, wrote to ask if I could tell him whom it was he had betted with. But I could not; and he would have lost the money, had not Mr. F. Fisher, who heard the bet made, given him the name of the person who made it some weeks afterwards, and he recovered his £800. Of course betting-men do not anxiously search for those to whom they owe money. They think it time enough to pay it when it is demanded. On the other hand, if you lose money to them, you are sure to hear from them at once—which is, after all, only business. Beyond this bet, I never knew him risk anything, unless it was on something which we jointly owned, and this was not a losing business.

He had some successes, too, with his stud. He owned *Tadmore*, *Lacydes* and *Vedette*. The latter he bought of Lord Zetland for £3,000, at my wish; and he, like *Bay Middleton*, could get a good horse for anyone else but his owner. Still he got many winners for us, as did *Promised Land*, which Mr. Simpson also had. He gave Lord William Powlett £1,200 for him; but he was not a success at the stud, at which I was much surprised. Many people thought that both he and *Vedette* had too many mares. But though that theory may apply to the former, it can scarcely be said of the latter; for *Vedette* got the winner of the Derby, *Speculum*, and other pretty good horses. From his stud sprang *Galopin*, by *Vedette* out of *Flying Duchess*, by *Flying Dutchman* out of *Merope*, winner of the Derby, and one of the greatest sires of to-day; as did also *Seclusion*, who was bred there by *Tadmore* out of *Miss Sellon*, winner of many races and afterwards the dam of *Hermit*, winner of the Derby. Furthermore, it may be said that *Cast Off* was the dam of *Robert the Devil*, by *Promised Land* out of *Wanona*, from the Diss stud.

Mr. Simpson, in fact, dissipated his wealth 'in a boundless vanity,' as I have said, which, in his case, took the form of eccentricities in the method in which he would conduct one and all of the affairs he was engaged in. Everything he undertook he did badly. His breeding establishment was one of the

largest in England, and must alone have cost him a great fortune, whilst it could have afforded him little pleasure, as he only saw his mares once a week, and that generally on Sunday afternoon. He had more horses than he had room for. His mares were badly bred and worse attended. They were crammed into small paddocks which they trod to a mud-pond in wet weather, whilst the sun made them like brick-fields in dry. In some paddocks there was no shelter at all; but in others there were open sheds to which the mares could retire in inclement weather. But here, from overcrowding, many got kicked, and sometimes fatally injured by the vicious propensities of the others. In this way many a foal has been destroyed or rendered useless for racing purposes. He had cribs placed in most of the enclosures—they could hardly be called paddocks—ranging from one to two acres each, though it is true some were more extensive. He separated the foaling from the barren mares as soon as he knew, or thought that he knew, those that were in foal. Their food in summer consisted of grass, vetches, or trifolium—in fact, they lived on soiling; and in winter, mangel wurzel and swedes, given whole in large quantities, with field hay, mostly made on his own farm. Latterly, I think, he gave his mares with foals by their side a little corn, which the latter had no chance of getting the benefit of under such unfavourable circumstances. But after they were weaned he

was much more liberal in their diet, as well as in the quality of it. His stud altogether must have suffered very much from bad management and inattention to their requirements—insufficiency of strength was a fatal error. 'A penny wise and pound foolish' system is not a good one; yet he thought so, and did not mind 'spoiling the ship for the sake of a penny-worth of tar.' To look after some ninety brood-mares, fifty foals, forty yearlings, and three stallions, he had a stud-groom on a pound a week, with eight or nine men and a couple of boys under him. The number of foals and yearlings, it will be seen, is not quite up to the average; but the wonder is rather that he had so many. When he commenced, his stallions were like his mares, bad; but afterwards he bought a different and better class. He hired *Happy Land* (own brother to *Promised Land*) from me, but after serving a few of his mares, on leaving one he fell backward and broke his back. He was only five years old at this time, and a great loss to me. I never received one shilling compensation.

The way in which he used to dispose of his yearlings was singular. He would sell in a lot the whole at about £40 each, or let you take half the best at about £60 each; or he would sell and take in exchange for part of the money, cows, pigs, or bullocks; but, like all bankers, he liked to see *some* cash. He once sold a lot to Mr. William Stebbing for Messrs. B. Green and Co.; but I don't think much

good was done with them. I bought many of his yearlings, sometimes at Diss privately, and sometimes at Newmarket by public auction, year after year. I once bought forty-five of him at one deal at £40 each, jointly with Mr. Padwick, who, as I have related, repudiated the purchase. These I took to Alvediston by special train of fifteen horse-boxes, where they all arrived safely without the least accident of any kind happening to any one of them. After some little time I had them sold there, and had a very good sale; so on the whole I had no cause to regret my bargain.

Besides this expensive, extensive and ill-regulated establishment he kept a pack of harriers and a large stable of high-priced hunters, which he seldom if ever rode. Moreover, he was fond of shooting, and shot well. Indeed, this was the only sport I ever saw him take any delight in. He always rented one good manor, and sometimes two, besides having one of his own, all well stocked with game, and strictly preserved. He kept also a kennel of greyhounds; but I never heard of his seeing a course—that amusement was left for those who had the care of them.

To this long list of expensive amusements must be added others that were costly in the extreme; and not the least was his fondness for horse dealing or coping. He would give for a hunter £200 or £300, keep him for a year or two without riding him, and then sell him back, with two or three more of the

same value, for about half the price he had given for the one, if he had but a chopper thrown in; for which purpose the dealer, knowing his man, generally had 'the very animal on the spot that would suit him above all others.' He was also fond of trotting and other ponies, and mostly had a few kept in the stable to look at. For these he would give large sums, and when tired of seeing them, they would be got rid of in the same way as his hunters, only to make room for fresh and more useless creatures. It was with him an infatuation; and though he knew he lost by it, he could not resist the temptation to dabble in these profitless animals of whose value he knew nothing. Thus it came about that in the same ratio that his expenses increased, his income diminished; and ultimately he had to seek the indulgence of his creditors, ending in everything that he had being sold. Happily for his sake and for that of his family, they had separate fortunes, and so escaped engulfment in the wreck which his negligence and his eccentric, not to say insensate, diversions brought about.

I have referred to the fact that his stud-groom was paid a pound a week. He, Sturgeon by name, could neither read nor write. An incident connected with him will admirably show his master's eccentric way of viewing practical matters. He lived in a house neither commodious nor comfortable, had a wife and ten children besides, whom by some mystery he

managed to send to school and bring up on this liberal pay of one pound a week, and out of it in a very short time was able to save £300. This for secrecy, safe keeping, and adding to his store a little by way of interest, he placed in a bank in the town, which very unfortunately for him suspended payment, and he lost it. Mr. Simpson, seeing his name on the list of creditors, condoled with him, and said he should have placed the money with him, where it at least would have been safe; and offered to take charge of any other little sum the groom might have over and above his weekly requirements. This offer Sturgeon readily accepted, and began again to build up another little fortune, which he accomplished speedily; but that also, like the first, was lost shortly afterwards, and by a most singular coincidence exactly the same amount, through Mr. Simpson's suspending payment. Of the truth of this romantic tale there can be no doubt, as Sturgeon told it me himself, and said it was 'a hard case for a labouring man to have two such heavy losses in so short a time.' It would be still more interesting to know exactly how he got the money together.

I have not the least desire to be censorious, especially as to the actions of a gentleman with whom I was on friendly terms; but I must confess that I sometimes had my suspicions that Mr. Simpson's eccentricity at times reached a point when he was inclined to regard somewhat obliquely the rights of others. But as

these cases were connected with horse-dealing, in which, as in love and war, some think that 'all is fair,' too much should perhaps not be made of what he did or attempted to do. For one thing, he several times asked me if I really thought that a veterinary surgeon could tell the age of a horse by the appearance of its teeth; or in other words, could a two-year-old be known from a three-year-old by the same means? To which, when I used to say 'Yes,' he would reply, 'I don't believe they can.' Of course there are several methods taken to arrive at the different ages of different animals at different periods of their life. I accordingly reminded him of the story of a professional man who said he could tell the age of any number of horses by the never-failing teeth-test.

'Yes,' said an elderly lady present, 'and so can I any quantity of chickens or geese by the same means.'

'Why,' said the gentleman with astonishment, 'poultry have no teeth!'

'No,' replied the lady, 'but I have.'

This did not seem thoroughly to convince him. I gave the attempt up, thinking either that he must be incorrigible or my story pointless.

I have named his stud-groom Sturgeon. This man could neither read nor write, to which qualifications, or the want of them, he was indebted for his situation. Mr. Simpson himself kept the few books that were kept, and no one but himself knew what

was entered in them. I don't for one moment suggest that anything improper was done; but that Mr. Simpson should take upon himself extra work of the kind that properly should have fallen to the stud-groom is curious. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt; and that is, that on the night before his sale at Diss, he knowingly falsified the name of one of his mares. I was staying at his house for the sale, and in the evening told him I had come to buy *Delilah* and *Amaranth*.

'They are not here,' Mr. Simpson said in reply. 'But they are close by, and you shall have them another time.'

Thus the matter seemed at an end for the moment; but next morning, on looking round the mares before the sale, I came to a black mare, on which Sturgeon, who accompanied me, promptly said:

'I don't know how she's bred, but Mr. Simpson can tell you. She's No. 44 on the catalogue.'

On looking at the document I saw that No. 44 was 'a black mare, pedigree unknown, covered by *Delight*.' I looked at her again for an instant, and exclaimed:

'Why, it's *Delilah!*'

'Oh no, sir!' says Sturgeon. 'It's not her.'

'I'm quite positive she is,' I said; and after a little fencing Sturgeon confessed.

'I told Mr. Simpson, sir,' he said, 'that you would be sure to know her.'

At the sale I stood by the side of Mr. W. Blenkiron.

'I have come to buy two mares,' says he, 'but I don't see either of their names in the catalogue.'

'What are they?' I inquired.

'*Amaranth* and *Delilah*,' was the reply.

The black mare was put up, and I bought her for the large sum of ten guineas, and then told the auctioneer that it was *Delilah*.

'I don't know anything of them,' he replied, after looking at me. 'I took the description myself from Mr. Simpson, and know the catalogue so far is correct.'

I afterwards mentioned the matter to Mr. Simpson himself. But he only laughed. This I took as a tacit admission of the truth of the charge, for he would no doubt have gladly denied it, had he been able to do so.

When Sturgeon brought the animals that I had purchased to Alvediston, he at my request made the following declaration:

'I, J. Sturgeon, stud-groom to Mr. Simpson of Diss, Norfolk, of the same place, make statement and say that the mare sold at the Diss sale, as "pedigree unknown," is *Delilah*, by *Touchstone* out of *Plot*, by *Pantaloon*.

'J. Sturgeon × his mark.

'Witness to the mark of J. Sturgeon:

(Signed) 'Henry Chandler

'(Head-lad to Mr. Wm. Day).

This declaration I forwarded to Messrs. Weatherby, and had the mare returned in my name in 'Studbook No. 12,' p. 106. She foaled a colt, by *Delight*, in 1872, and was put to my own horse *Camerino*. I confess I am perplexed to say what was Mr. Simpson's design in the matter, or how he proposed to reap any benefit from it; and it is perhaps better to ascribe the whole business to the perversity of an aimless eccentricity.

I may say in conclusion that in his own house he was extremely hospitable, always in good spirits and full of humour. I can call to mind some pleasant evenings spent at Diss with him and his family.

Shooting in Norfolk is proverbially good, and his was no exception to the general rule. I shot with him several years, mostly having excellent sport. A party of six guns, including his son and an old gentleman, neither of them very expert in the use of the deadly weapon, we bagged three hundred pheasants, besides hares and rabbits and a woodcock or two. I once killed on the farm which he kept in hand for the use of his stud, twenty couple of wild ducks, and left off at three o'clock in the afternoon, not for the want of more to shoot at, but being satisfied with the number bagged.

He cared little for what he eat or drank, so that the meats were overcooked in order to provide gravy for the dumplings, which were delicious. He carved his own joints; but even so, so rapidly did he eat

that he invariably finished long before anyone else at the table. Indeed, he is said to have died from eating suddenly too hearty a meal—a more charitable and more likely cause of death than that to which, with little authority, his end has been by some attributed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TRIALS.

Trials at Woodyates and Shipton, and performances in the race of the following: *Allbrook*, *Hobbie Noble*, *Weatherbound*, *Catch 'em Alive*, *Sultan*, and *Foxhall*—*Foxhall's* wonderful victory—Compared with *Tristan* and *Iroquois*—Need of a 'stayer' in the Cambridgeshire—Value of trials—Story of the fraud as to weight in *Catch 'em Alive's* year—Jockeys in trials—Jockeys and 'stable-boys' in the saddle contrasted—Instances and their teaching.

Few of my readers, I hope, and still fewer of those who are interested in the turf, will grudge me a little space to set down some account of trials which took place at Woodyates and Shipton with several remarkable horses. For I think the study of the results and a comparison of them with those of other trials, the details of which have already been given, will be interesting as showing that mostly the race has proved the correctness of the trial, but yet that, however well, in trying, you may put horses together, unexpected difficulties will often arise and not unfrequently frustrate the best laid plans. The trials which I propose to consider with this end in view, are those

of horses engaged for the Cambridgeshire Stakes in six different years; and are the more important because whilst in four instances the individual horse tried won, in the other two our expectations of victory were proved to have been held with at least fair warrant.

I will give them without respect to chronological order. The first I shall take is the trial of *Allbrook*, the only horse that was beat of the five that I trained for the race. The following were the horses and weights in the trial:

Allbrook, 5 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	1
Our Mary Ann, 5 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb. . .	2
Cedric the Saxon, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb. . .	3
Ely Dorado, 4 yrs., 6 st.	4

Distance 1 mile and 240 yards. Won by two lengths; two lengths and six lengths separating the other two. This would certainly make *Allbrook* 2 st. 3 or 4 lb. better than *Our Mary Ann*, who had run third for the Chester Cup that year, carrying 7 st. 5 lb., and won it in 1870; and 3 st. better than *Ely Dorado*, which horse we had borrowed of Mr. Cartwright to try with, and won the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate the day before the event with 7 st. 1 lb., beating thirteen others. After this race it looked, in turf parlance, a good thing for *Allbrook*, for it was like putting *Ely Dorado* in as a four-year-old at 3 st. 9 lb., and *Our Mary Ann* as a five-year-old at 4 st. 4 lb. And the race itself confirmed this estimate in every particular; for though our horse was beat a head by

Sabinus, running a dead-heat with *Sterling* for the second place, he ought to have won very easily, having at least a stone in hand at the finish, but was badly ridden.

Hobbie Noble's trial has been fully described in the chapter headed 'A Trial for Mr. Merry.' I may say briefly here that it made him 21 lb. better than *Joe Miller*, a horse that had won that year the Chester Cup and the Emperor's Vase at Ascot, beating all the best horses of the day at weight for age. And as this was equivalent to putting *Joe Miller* in the Cambridgeshire at 6 st. 5 lb., nothing could be better than *Hobbie Noble's* chance on paper; and indeed he ought to have won, as I have shown, but, like *Allbrook*, he got beat, just, as it were, to prove the glorious uncertainties of racing. I have shown how this disappointment came about, and it will be remembered that I did not train this horse, but merely tried him, and tried him satisfactorily, for the race.

Weatherbound's trial was to all appearance, if anything, better than the two just given. For she could and did beat *Dulcibella* at even weights, and *Dulcibella* had just won the Cesarewitch easier than it was ever won before or has been since. Moreover she showed she could give 2 st. to *Sutherland*, the winner of the Royal Stakes, and second to *Cape Flyaway* for the Doncaster Stakes, and beating *St. Albans*, the winner of the St. Leger, at 10 lb. If the running of the latter were correct, it would go to show that to

have beat *Weatherbound* in the Cambridgeshire he would have had to be put in at 5 st. But this, of course, is absurd, and the fact accounted for, we must suppose, in *St. Albans* being out of form on the Friday, thus proving the correctness of Mr. Chifney's remark that 'horses cannot be made to keep their form from one day to another.' Still it was 'public running.'

In 1863 another of mine, *Catch 'em Alive*, won as a four-year-old, carrying 7 st., and beating thirty-two others. To the dispute as to his carrying the proper weight and the fortunate termination of it, I will refer later. I will only say that in his trial he had shown himself as good as *Johnny Armstrong* at even weights, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ st. better than *Muezzin*. For the purposes of comparison we find *Johnny Armstrong* on the same day, and in the race immediately preceding the Cambridgeshire, winning the Rowley Mile Plate, beating *Croagh Patrick*, *Caller Ou*, and five others. *Caller Ou* had that year won seventeen races, including the Northumberland Plate, carrying 8 st. 8 lb., beating fourteen others. Now this was equivalent to putting *Caller Ou* in the Cambridgeshire at 6 st. 10 lb., and *Johnny Armstrong* at 7 st. or thereabouts, or with some 2 st. less on them than they would have carried had they been entered. This made *Catch 'em Alive's* chance on paper a moral, if not an actual certainty. Yet he, like *Weatherbound*, only won by a head; though like her from an accountable reason—losing so much at the start, and

neither being able to catch the other horses until the last few strides.

In 1855 *Sultan*, as a three-year-old, carrying 7 st. 6 lb., won the race very easily. He had been tried with *Nabob* two and a quarter miles at 10 lb. and beat him, and it was thought that the Cesarewitch as well as the Cambridgeshire would fall to him. But in the long race he appears, for some reason or other, to have tired after passing the Bushes, when he had the best of everything in the race, but was soon after beat easily. This I could never understand, for he had speed and was tried to stay. He was backed for both races before the first was run, but being beat in the Cesarewitch, was driven to extreme odds in the other. To show that the Cesarewitch was wrong, I may mention that in it *Crown Pigeon* beat him at 2 st. at least one hundred yards; and in the Cambridgeshire, at 1 lb. less, *Sultan* beat his former victor as far. This I think requires no further demonstration.

The last of the giants comes *Foxhall*, who, as a three-year-old, won the race in 1881, with the crushing impost of 9 st., the heaviest weight that was ever carried to victory in it by any three-year-old mare or gelding. *Foxhall* was only tried once whilst I had him, when he showed himself a really good horse, giving *Don Fulano* 7 lb. and two others a lot more weight, and beating them all a mile and a quarter with the greatest ease—*Don Fulano* by

two lengths, and the rest by two hundred yards. Mr. Bathgate, Mr. Keene's representative, and myself thought, from this, that he would win the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, the race for which he was specially tried. In it, as it turned out, *Foxhall* gave *Don Fulano* 7 lb., and apparently a 21 lb. beating; and the latter looked a stone better than *Ishmael*, who was thought, from his running second to *Scobell* in the Great Foal Stakes on the Tuesday before, beating *Cameliard*, *Thebais* and *Bal Gal*, to be almost certain to win; though the French division thought *Maskelyne*, who was said to be much improved, would beat them both. *Foxhall's* hollow victory here made him look like winning the Cesarewitch, which he did; and the way in which he in this race beat *Chippendale* and others, made me think well of his chance for the Cambridgeshire.

In the latter race he met the very best field that ever ran for it or any other handicap. To show this, I need only remark that he gave *Lucy Glitters* (who had just run third in the St. Leger, being only beat a length and three-quarters from *Iroquois*) 2½ st., *Tristan* 19 lb., *Corrie Roy* 37 lb.: these the next year were about the two best four-year-olds in England. Moreover he gave *Wallenstein* and *Piræus*, two fairly good four-year-olds, 29 and 35 lb. respectively; and *Etona II.* 44 lb., a horse that had won a Welter Handicap with 9 st. 4 lb. on him, and having winners of several races behind him. Besides, in

the thirty-one horses that ran in the Cambridgeshire that year, were *Bend Or* (winner of the Derby in 1880), *Peter*, *Petronell*, *Scobell*, and many other of our fastest horses. *Foxhall* evidently was thus 16 or 18 lb. better than *Iroquois*, winner of that year's Derby and St. Leger. For *Bend Or* in the Cambridgeshire gave *Foxhall* 8 lb. for the year, and received more than that beating; and to *Scobell*, *Foxhall* gave 15 lb. and 5 or 7 lb. beating. *Bend Or* gave *Iroquois* 14 lb. in the Champion Stakes, and *Scobell* met him at even weights, and both defeated him easily.

I have said nothing about *Tristan's* performance on this occasion; but I may refer to it, for many people have said that he was unlucky in being beat, and that *Foxhall* was fortunate in winning. But this opinion is entirely fallacious. To see this we have only to look at *Tristan's* running with *Scobell* when the latter beat him at even weights easily; and as I have before shown that *Foxhall* was at least 19 to 20 lb. better than *Scobell*, it follows that he must have been that much better than *Tristan*, and therefore that the best horse won, and without the assistance of luck, which at times is very useful and welcome to us all when it comes.

It has always been my contention, that to win a Cambridgeshire you must have an animal that can stay, and well too; though this is just the contrary to the generally received opinion. The 'old school' used

to back the horses that in the Cesarewitch were leading through the Ditch-gap, which is about the same distance as the Cambridgeshire. But later experience shows pretty clearly the fallacy of such an opinion; for now the winner of the last great handicap of the year is usually found amongst those horses that are well up at the Bushes, if he is not actually the winner of the preceding race—as in the case of *Rosebery* and *Foxhall*, and with *Plaisanterie* last year; and a little reflection will show why this is so. The first race is run over, perhaps, the easiest two-mile-and-a-quarter course in England. For, after starting, the horses have but one little incline to ascend until they come to 'Choke Jade' before passing the Ditch, and the rest of the way is downhill, except at the rise out of the Abingdon Mile Bottom to the finish. But with the Cambridgeshire it is very different, it being run over the most severe course—one mile and a distance—in this country; and taking place as it always does later in the autumn, when it is wet and heavy going, and with a lot of little boys as riders, which makes it additionally difficult to 'get over,' as from the severity of the pace one-half of them are hopelessly beaten before two-thirds of the race have been run. *Hobbie Noble* and *Allbrook* were not good stayers, and, though much the best horses on the day through the mud, and badly ridden as they were, lost the race from the lack of staying qualities. *Mary* lost it in *Sultan's* year from the same cause, or from not being properly

trained; whereas *Catch 'em Alive* and *Weatherbound* won it entirely from sheer gameness, both being apparently quite beat past hope half a mile from home. Again, *Foxhall* struggled for victory as for life with the most indomitable pluck until the goal was reached, receiving an ovation, of which the American nation may well be proud, in recognition of his unsurpassed 'gameness.'

I think I have said sufficient to show that you must have a stayer if you want successfully to compete in a race so difficult to win as the Cambridgeshire is. And, moreover, to prove the result of the respective trials as shown—all the six horses had a most excellent chance for the race on the six different occasions in which they took part in it; for four of them won it, and the other two were only just beat, and then through circumstances which, in a sense, were accidental. The evidence gathered from the facts before us goes largely to supplement what I have insisted upon in my previous work—the reliance to be placed upon trials when properly conducted.

I now propose to give a detailed account of what took place in the Cambridgeshire Stakes when *Catch 'em Alive* won; as we all know that, after winning, he was objected to for not carrying, as was alleged, his proper weight. I suppose the excitement caused over this race was never equalled over any other that took place at Newmarket—certainly not over any that I can remember. To show how madly some of

the partisans of *Merry Hart* acted, it will only be necessary to say that when Adams left the scales without drawing the weight, one of them rushed furiously over to the ring and laid £1,000 to £10 on *Merry Hart* getting the stakes. But others, better informed, advocated the claim of the winner. In the interval between the race and the decision, a few days after, a good deal of betting took place. Sir Joseph Hawley bore up with unabated zeal till the last in support of *Merry Hart* conjointly with his noble owner; whilst I believe the Admiral thought from the first that, in justice, the winner was entitled to the race. There was no doubt that the decision was, as considered at the time, a fair one. In fact, it could not be viewed in any other light.

Existing accounts of this curious affair, though accurate enough, are hardly so complete as the interest attaching to it can fairly claim that they should be. I will, therefore, venture to give my version of it.

The scandal arose from the fact that some one had fixed some lead under one of the scales—for there were two scales, one at the lower, and one at the top, stand. It was pretty well known at the time, and is now, who the offender was. A light-weight jockey who rode in the race had wasted very hard, in the hope that he would reduce himself to the exact weight. Unfortunately, on scaling privately early in the morning, he found himself 2 lb. over the weight he had to ride, and fearing, I imagine, that he might be taken off, he

kept the secret to himself. Before the jockeys were weighed out for the race, he went to the clerk of the scales, the late Mr. Manning, then engaged at the lower stand weighing jockeys for some other race, and said:

'I have left my light saddle in the top stand; please let me have the key to get it, as I have to ride in the next race.'

As there was nothing unusual in the request, the key was handed to him, and the opportunity thus afforded him of fixing, unobserved, the lead to the bottom of the scales without exciting suspicion, as he soon returned and gave the key back to its proper custodian. Clearly to understand the circumstances, I should state that though the jockeys were allowed to 'weigh out' before the race at either of the scales, they could only 'weigh in' after the race at the top stand. The jockey knew that if he carried more than 2 lb. overweight without declaring it, he would, if he won, be disqualified, and that by the plan he adopted he was quite certain to be the right weight. But I suppose it never occurred to his imaginative mind that others carrying the right weight being weighed at the lower stand, would prove that he carried the wrong weight when weighing in at the top stand. If he had thought of this, and had had the opportunity of making both scales alike, he would have escaped detection; for in that case all the horses would have simply carried 2 lb. over the

weight assigned them. There is no doubt that several jockeys did weigh out at the top stand, and without knowing it rode 2 lb. overweight; and if one of them had won, and the fact of carrying this overweight had been discovered, he would have been disqualified. The culprit, when his turn came, of course passed satisfactorily, having weighed out and in at the top stand. But Sam Adams, the rider of *Catch 'em Alive*, one of those who had 'weighed out' at the lower stand, was the first to try the scales in 'weighing in' at the top stand, and he could not draw the weight.

Admiral Rous was sent for by the clerk, and after many ineffectual attempts to draw the weight, Adams was told to leave the scales—on the face of it a virtual disqualification. Then James Grimshaw, the rider of *Summerside*, the third horse, tried and failed to draw his weight, though he protested that he drew it very well at the lower stand. I told the Admiral that I was sure Adams weighed the proper weight 'out.' Of this I was positive; for he rode in an exercise saddle without any saddle-cloth, and so could neither from design nor accident have lost any weight, as I saddled and unsaddled the horse myself, and I asked that he might be allowed to weigh there again. But the Admiral would not permit it.

'No,' he said; 'though for convenience' sake there are two places to weigh out at, there is but one that you can weigh in at after the race.'

Feeling certain there was a mistake, I at once, without asking permission, took the weights out of the scale to see if they balanced, and finding they did not, called the Admiral's attention to the fact.

'Here is the mistake, sir,' I said, and first put on 1 lb., which did not turn the beam, and then another 1 lb., which just balanced it, the Admiral and Lord Westmorland, the one coolly and the other anxiously, looking on all the time. I then turned up the scale, and discovered and pointed out the three pieces of lead fixed to the bottom. They were at once removed, the clerk affirming that 'they were not there this morning;' and the scales then balanced to a nicety.

I have always thought it was a great mistake on the part of the Admiral, when the fraud was discovered, not to have required the riders of the first three horses to get into the properly adjusted scales, to see if they could draw their respective weights, and not more than 2 lb. over. Had he done so, the difficulty would have been settled on the spot, and the result have been in the detection of the jockey who had tampered with the scales, and the disqualification of his horse. I believe only three jockeys weighed in; one did and two did not draw the weight. This is an impartial and correct account of what took place on the occasion.

I think I shall not be committing a breach of faith

if I say the winner, though running in my name, was the property of Mr. Gerard Sturt (now Lord Alington), who had but a few days before the race purchased Sir William Codrington's interest in him. Mr. Sturt was not at the meeting, and I represented his interest in the affair, and, I hope, to his satisfaction; for on the happy termination of the case he very kindly gave me an excellent gold watch and chain, in token of his esteem, with an appropriate inscription, a gift which I accepted with thanks and greatly value to this day.

As in this chapter my reminiscences have taken the form of recording my experiences in the technical matter of trials, I may, perhaps, be forgiven if I am induced to say a word on another subject, intimately connected with my profession, which has often given me food for rumination. I have previously condemned, with all the severity at my command, the evil practice of employing light-weight boys, not only utterly incompetent, but also physically incapacitated, and calling them 'jockeys.' But I would here say a word of deserved praise of experienced men, who, under the name of 'stable boys' or 'lads,' often do good service in the saddle. I do not use the term in any way in a disparaging sense, or to give offence to eminent jockeys, who, to their credit, have once been 'stable-boys,' and have risen to their present rank; but using the term to distinguish between the experienced horsemen who do stable-duties, and the

crack riders of the day. I think a word may in fairness be said for and against both.

It may be bold to say so, but I believe I am correct in my view, that jockeys are more often than not the cause of the mistakes that are made in trials. Ludicrous as it may appear, it is a fact that many of them try to add to their reputation by winning trials! To do so, they will sacrifice everything; will take advantage, if possible, of the boys that ride with them; and even jealously try to outride each other, thus making the trial a farce. In this and other respects stable-boys have an advantage. They are usually on horses they are accustomed to, thoroughly know the course, and are always sure to make a good pace; which cannot be said for all jockeys, if left to themselves. And for these reasons, I may confidently say more mistakes are made in trials by jockeys than by stable-boys.

As to the race itself, if stable-boys can and do ride trials to the trainer's satisfaction, what reason can be assigned for their not riding in races equally well? It is a singular fact that boys were employed in riding all the six trials before mentioned, and that three out of the four winners were ridden by stable-lads, and only one out of the other three horses won in the hands of a jockey. What did the following stable-boys do—for Maidment and J. Parsons at the time could scarcely be called by any other name, having only shortly before left my stables? The

former won the Derby on *Cremorne*, and again on *Kisber*, besides the Ascot Cup, the Oaks, One Thousand, and many other good races; and J. Parsons won the Derby on anything but a first-class horse, *Caractacus*, having ridden in public a few times before, beating *The Marquis* with Ashmall up, and thirty-two other jockeys, the most fashionable of the day, on many good horses. If crack jockeys are, as is supposed, so infinitely superior to stable-boys, why on these occasions, and many others, did they not show it by winning? or wherein consists their overwhelming talent? Some of the closest and best ridden races that I remember to have seen, have been ridden by stable-boys. S. Adams, for instance, won the Cambridgeshire by a head on *Catch 'em Alive*, beating thirty-nine others; and again won it on *Lozenge*, after running a dead-heat with *Wolsey*. He also won the Metropolitan on *Joco* by a head, when the next three were so close together that the judge could not separate them. Did not J. Adams ride *Elcho* also in the Metropolitan with the consummate skill of an artist when he defeated *Caractacus* by a head, and *Asteroid* a neck, ridden by that accomplished jockey, Wells, then in his prime? Or who ever rode a better race than he did on *Weatherbound* for the Cambridgeshire, when in the last stride he won by a head? I have seen many other stable-boys ride equally well, and could refer to hundreds of such instances; but shall only allude to one more in

a rather remarkable race. This took place at Brighton, when E. Bird, who had never ridden in public before, although he had occasionally ridden in my trials, was up on the worst favourite out of fourteen runners, and after an exciting and most interesting finish, won by a head, beating one of the most accomplished jockeys of the day in a very masterly style—a performance the excellence of which was this once, for a wonder, recognised by the public !

To say that races are not sometimes lost by over-anxiety on the part of the lad to 'get home,' would be an extravagant assertion ; yet in candour their best friends will, I am sure, readily admit that, on scientific principles, jockeys often lose races by lying 'out of their ground' in the early part, or by coming at a critical instant just too late at the finish, after a wonderful display of horsemanship. The effect is powerfully thrilling and most admirable, but still unsatisfactory to all but themselves and the mob. I do not say for a moment that jockeys do not ride good races also, and many of them—just as, viewing the matter as I do, I do not believe for a moment that it is any reflection on their ability to be on occasion beaten by the others, who are, as I have said, experienced riders. Still there is the fact that they are often so beaten by stable-boys, and I draw attention to it. And I think it will be conceded that jockeys are not always infallible, or make the most of

their horses by superior jockeyship, or stable-boys always to be condemned for want of skill when they lose against more fashionable men; but that both at times ride well, and both at times ride badly.

In conclusion, I may point to the fact that *Hermit*, *Cossack*, and *Cotherstone* were all beat as two-year-olds with first-class men up. The last of the three was not placed in the Criterion, but the next year, 1843, won the Derby, and ran second to *Nutwith* in the St. Leger, making about 3 st. improvement on his two-year-old form. *Cossack* was beat as a two-year-old, and yet the next year, 1847, won the Derby, and ran second to *Van Tromp* for the St. Leger. *Hermit*, who was beat at Newmarket and Epsom as a two-year-old, won the Derby in 1867, and ran second to *Achievement* for the St. Leger. It will be noticed, as a coincidence, that all these three good horses and Derby winners ran second in the St. Leger, and lost the first race for which they started. After such in-and-out running in the hands of eminent jockeys, and the accurate results, such as those which I have described, obtained with stable-boys up, who shall confidently say that the one class of rider is more to be relied upon than the other?

CHAPTER XXIV.

'PROMISED LAND' AND 'DULCIBELLA.'

Happy Land—Purchase of *Promised Land* and joint ownership with Mr. Robinson—How entered—Initial disappointment—Improvement—Backed for the Derby—Beats and is beat by *North Lincoln*—Two Thousand trial and race—Receives forfeit from *Musjid*—How I lost the Derby—The candid friend again—My 'emaciated' condition—Horne Tooke and 'Old Smith's bullocks'—Incidents in the Derby—My confidence unabated—A stereotyped answer—Wins the Goodwood Cup—Beat in the St. Leger.

Despised *Dulcibella*—Trial of *Killigrew*—Helping a friend—*Dulcibella's* trials—Mr. Copperthwaite's belief in *Beris*—Public view of *Sutherland's* chance—The Cesarewitch—My dun pony second—*Killigrew's* running—A grateful jockey—*Dulcibella's* subsequent doings.

I HAVE mentioned how I disposed of *Promised Land* to Lord William Powlett, and received *Dulcibella* in part payment, or as I regard it, as being 'thrown in' in the deal. I may now relate how I became possessed of the former, or rather of my share in him, and something of the performance of both horses whilst under my care. I owned both of them jointly with my friend Mr. Thomas Robinson, of High Wycombe, Bucks, whose house I used often to visit

to look over his stud as well as enjoy his society. I had bought of him as a yearling *Glee Singer*, by *Pyrrhus the First* out of *Glee*, and he had won a race or two for me, or I should say for Lord Ribblesdale, to whom I sold him. The following year I bought his half-brother, afterwards well named *Happy Land*, by *Jericho* out of *Glee*, for £300, which I also sold to Lord Ribblesdale, after he had been tried, for £1,000 and half of his winnings ; and he won for his lordship at Salisbury the two best two-year-old stakes the following week, and so re-couped him the outlay for the purchase in bets alone on that occasion. He won many other races, and finished the year by carrying off the Criterion, beating nineteen others, the largest field I ever saw run for it, being the only one penalized for former victories. In short, he won as a two and three-year-old, in stakes alone, £2,585.

Before this I had not been able to resist the temptation to go and see his own brother, notwithstanding that the prohibitory price of £1,000 was asked for him. On reaching Mr. Robinson's, after a hearty luncheon we went to see the horse, *Promised Land*, as he was afterwards called, and I thought him the best yearling I ever saw, except *Grosvenor* and *Surplice*. I offered Mr. Robinson £700 for him, then and there.

'I would rather,' he replied, 'you should take him home and train him for me than I would take one shilling less than my price.'

I told him his faults, in my opinion ; which were

that he turned his toes out and was narrow in his hips, and I thought £700 a lot of money for one shaped as he was. However, on my offering him £500 for the half of him we clinched the bargain—and a good one, as it afterwards turned out, for us both. I was to have the whole management of him, as usual. Being such a good-looking horse and so well bred, I engaged him rather heavily, putting him, as a two-year-old, in the New Stakes at Ascot, Findon at Goodwood, and the Criterion Stakes ; and in the following year in the Two Thousand and the Derby, and at Goodwood, and in the St. Leger, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes ; and the next year in the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each. He passed the winter well, and when Mr. Robinson came to see him in the spring he thought he had grown and improved. Soon after I tried him, when, as I thought, he was fit, at 14 lb. with *Happy Land*. It was a high trial ; but from what I had seen of his going at exercise I thought he would win. *Bevis* and *Nimrod* were in at a stone under him. The result was *Happy Land* won easily, the other three close together, *Promised Land* being just second-best. This greatly astonished and disappointed me ; but I would always rather know the worst of things than flatter myself into thinking that a horse is better than in reality he is. I don't think that that day he would have beat *Happy Land*, T.Y.C., at 2 st., and I gave up all hopes of his ever doing very much good.

Still, in the common course of things, he was kept well to work with the rest of the horses, and galloped most days; until later on, when I was again struck with the manner of his going, and thought, 'Surely this horse is improved;' and though it was but a gallop, I could not help thinking of it for days after. However, time wore on, and I purposely gave him another good gallop with horses in form, and those that I thought would not deceive me. In the result I found that I had a good horse, and that what I had seen before in his early gallops was correct. A few days after I tried him over again at a stone with *Happy Land*, and he (*Promised Land*) won by a neck, *Nimrod* third, two lengths off at 18 lb. under him, and *Bevis* at 21 lb. half a length from *Nimrod*, three-quarters of a mile.

Feeling sure that *Promised Land* had speed as well as endurance, I sent and backed him for the Derby at once, before he ran in the New Stakes at Ascot, where I intended him to make his first appearance in public. But on his journey there, he met with an accident and hurt his hock; and though it was not to all appearance of much consequence, I would not run him, but kept him for Goodwood. Here in the Findon Stakes he met the best two-year-old in England at 5 lb., and but for Wells, his jockey, making too sure of his winning, my horse would have been beat. The race itself and the result is soon told. *North Lincoln* took a decided lead immediately after starting, and Wells

looked round to the other jockeys and said, 'Good-bye,' and increased his lead many lengths more, till nearing the distance, when *Promised Land*, who had been lying second all the way, began to creep up, passed him at the stand, and won cleverly, the rest all being beat a long way. It was a heavy betting race, as *North Lincoln* had won all his races before with the greatest ease, and I did not think anything could beat mine; so we won a good stake, and also had backed him heavily for the Derby at long odds. He had only one more engagement that year in the Criterion, when the two met again at even weights; and Wells, this time riding a waiting race, just won, *The Land* being second. I may here point to a rather curious coincidence. The two horses met but twice as two-year-olds, and each beat the other; and again as three-year-olds they met the same number of times with a like result.

North Lincoln was not in the Derby, for which race and the Two Thousand *Promised Land* became a strong winter favourite. He did well through the winter, and in the following spring was tried a mile as follows:

Promised Land, 3 yrs., 8st. 7 lb.	1
Schism, 3 yrs., 7 st. 12 lb.	2
Nimrod, 3 yrs., 7 st. 3 lb.	3
Bevis, 3 yrs., 6 st. 7 lb.	4

All stable-lads riding; won by a length cleverly, two lengths and a neck separating the others. As *Bevis*

had just won the Northamptonshire Stakes, and *Schism* soon after won the Longleat Stakes at Salisbury by five lengths, and *Nimrod* the Biennial at York, it will be seen that, at the time, all the three trial horses were in good form. As to the Two Thousand itself, as is well known, *Promised Land* won it in a canter; although the horses he met were a very moderate lot, *Cynricus* being second. I may mention here, as it is perhaps not generally known, that the largest winner on the event was Sir Robert Peel; and it was said, at the time, that he very generously rewarded the man who held his horse for him for a few minutes, whilst he went in to see the winner, with a five-pound note.

It was at this meeting that Sir Joseph Hawley, being anxious to match *Musjid* against *Promised Land*, proposed a match a mile and a half for £5,000 a side, all the money. To this I would not agree; but I said I would run him for £2,000 a side, £500 forfeit, the two middle miles in the October Meeting, and on these terms the match was made. Just before the time arrived for running, Sir Joseph came to me and wished to compromise the matter and have the match declared 'off.' But I said:

'No, sir; my horse is very well, and I mean to run or receive the forfeit.'

On which he paid me. I may add that this is the only match I ever made; it being always my opinion that match-making is a mistake, and that it is very

much better to run for more of other people's money and less of your own.

So much for the Two Thousand. As for the race for the Derby, of which so much was said at the time, and not all truthfully, I have a little to tell. My brother Alfred was engaged to ride *Trumpeter*, and as I could not get anyone else that I cared about, I was obliged to ride *Promised Land* myself. And I say now, as I said then and have said ever since, that it was I that lost the Derby, and not the horse that did so. Nor is it any satisfaction to me that this great opportunity came to me, and was let pass by against my better judgment. Had I ridden the horse as I knew at the time he ought to have been ridden, I should, I believe, have scored the victory. But I was overruled, as people often are, by the opinions of others—opinions, no doubt, worthy of great consideration, being those, in my case, of my father and my brother John. The latter said: 'No horse could make running up the hill and win, and your horse must have good speed or he would not have won the Two Thousand so easily.' My father generally concurred in this, saying, 'that if *Nimrod* made a good pace up the hill and mine took it on from there, he will win.' My own idea had been to let *Promised Land* make the pace for himself from the start, and do the work to the finish ; and I am perfectly certain that it was his not doing so that lost him the race, and nothing else. *Nimrod* was 18 lb. worse than the

one he was started to make the running for, and, of course, could not go fast enough to make the pace good enough for him, or indeed for many others in it; and the race was virtually run but a mile after I took up the running, and kept the lead till near the winning-post, when the other, which had always been going faster than mine, came and just beat me for speed.

Of course, many reasons were forthcoming to show why *Promised Land* did not win. One very cogent and widely accepted, because so plausible and fair a one, was that I should have won less by my horse's winning the race than I did through his losing it. The foundation for this was as truthful as in the case of most similar assertions; inasmuch as I stood to win £22,000 if he had won, and by the actual result of the race I lost £100. Another grand theory was that I had ridden him to death, and taken too wide a sweep at the turn; whilst others declared I had not made use enough of him in the early part of the race. I had to, and did, reduce myself very much to get to the weight; and lots of people thought I was too weak to assist the horse, or scarcely even to sit on him, and that nothing but that beat him.

I have already had to relate how a stranger on one occasion took upon himself to explain to the company in a railway carriage how a certain jockey—who happened to be one of those present, but of course unknown to him—had fallen, or nearly fallen, off his horse in the principal race of the day at the meeting

from which the party was returning; and how he had neatly turned the matter off by saying he had not seen that race himself, but had only heard of the incident from some one else, and that 'it showed how recklessly people will talk.' I had a very similar experience myself on this occasion. A few days after the race, I was standing on the platform at the Basingstoke Station, by the side of the late Mr. Henry Figes, when a gentlemanly-looking man came up to him and said:

'Well, I suppose you saw the Derby?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'The jockey who rode *Promised Land*,' continued the other, 'lost the race. He could not sit on his horse, poor fellow, from wasting so hard. He had to be carried from off his horse into the weighing-room to the scales.'

On being told that I was the attenuated horseman in question, he too, in his turn, was ready with his excuse. For in this case again, he said 'he had only heard so, and really knew nothing of the matter, being no racing-man himself.'

This incident, like the other, not only shows how tales get abroad, but points the moral that no one should speak disrespectfully of another unless he knows the company he is in, or at least is sure of the absolute exactness of the facts he puts forward. I am reminded by it of an old but, I believe, a true story of a certain adventure which happened to Horne

Tooke. When on his way from Devonshire to London on an electioneering expedition he was riding in the inside of the mail with three other passengers, apparently strangers. One of them presently accosted one of the others in these words:

'Do you happen to know Horne Tooke?

'No,' said the other.

'I am glad to hear it,' he said, pursuing the thread of his discourse; 'for he is one of the greatest scoundrels alive. There is nothing he will not do to carry his point.'

At this moment the coach drew up at a wayside inn to change horses, and Horne Tooke seized the opportunity to get out and ask the guard if he could tell him who the person who had thus freely maligned him might be.

'Tell me,' he said, 'do you know who that old fat man is sitting opposite me facing the horses?'

'Oh yes, sir,' was the reply; 'it's old Smith, the lawyer of Exeter, who is going up to London to vote against Horne Tooke.'

'Oh, indeed; thanks, guard—thanks.'

After taking his seat, and the journey was resumed, Horne Tooke immediately addressed the gentleman to whom Smith had been speaking, and said:

'Do you happen to know, sir, a person by the name of Smith, a pettifogging lawyer, who hails from Exeter? He is a fat, low-bred looking fellow, and an awful scoundrel!'

At this Smith's temper was uncontrollable, and he replied in a sweltering rage:

'I am Smith!'

'And I,' said the other, 'am Horne Tooke!'

Strange to say, they afterwards became friendly, and it is said that Smith voted for instead of against the other.

There is at present a family living in Devonshire, which I have very little doubt are descendants of this very Smith, because they are noted for their swagger and ability to steer clear of the truth in what they affirm; insomuch so that it is of a certain member of this family that it has been so neatly observed that he 'was never known to speak the truth except once by accident.' One of them—a man I knew well—was a butcher not far from Exeter, if he did not once keep a shop in that city. For many years his bullocks were always better than those of the preceding season, and naturally, in the course of time, they attained a very high state of perfection indeed; until at last it passed into a proverb, and when anyone told a thumper more palpably outrageous than usual, it was sufficiently understood when it was said, 'That's like old Smith's bullocks.' I should add that afterwards the butcher turned his attention to horses, which in his hands (and mouth) became equally noted as being of the same wonderful improving character; like the monster elephant that the showman assures his audience grows half an inch a day, and never

attains his full height, and that there are not weights enough or scales sufficiently large to ascertain his stupendous weight, which is thought to be little less than that of the whole earth itself. Yet it is hoped that the Automaton Weighing Machine, lately in the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington, will soon be able to solve the difficulty.

But I must not stray into the paths of fiction. To return to my subject—the question of my condition when riding the Derby—I may say that in spite of the alleged want of strength either to guide or ride the horse, I was well enough to ride *Schism* in the Oaks two days afterwards, and at the same weight; but as she was not a favourite, and no one lost their money over her, nothing was particularly noticed of my extreme weakness on that occasion. The race for the Derby is one that will long be remembered, the following being the order at the finish:

Musjid	(Wells)	1
Marionette	(S. Rogers)	2
Trumpeter	(A. Day)	3
Promised Land . . .	(W. Day)	4

won by half a length, a neck between the other two. On returning from the paddocks to weigh in, the boy who had to look after my horse assured me that I had won, as my number was up. The number was up, but as I knew I had not won, I felt no disappointment when it was taken down. The race was also curious for the fact that three brothers had the

second, third, and fourth in it, and that two of them rode horses that were placed. Moreover, in it, two horses, *Marionette* and *Ticket of Leave*, ran in the same colours—black, white sleeves and cap—which was the cause of the latter being placed second, whereas he was really last. It was *Marionette* that ran into the second place, where the stewards placed him after hearing the evidence of the judge, who as it turned out had really made no mistake, having placed the right colour, though it happened to be on the wrong horse. I should add that my brother Alfred on returning home received notice that unless he at once got rid of all interest he might have in *Marionette*, he would not be allowed to ride; and he forthwith disposed of his share in the horse to his partner, Mr. Johnstone. I mention this just to show the different way of speaking to jockeys then and now; though I have nothing to say against so authoritative an edict. On the contrary, I think that if it were oftener put in force with jockeys who in our day hold the position that he did in his, good results would follow.

In spite of his defeat in the Derby, so confident was I that nothing could beat my horse a distance of ground, that I sent word to Alfred to say I wished him to ride him in the Goodwood Cup as light as he could, which I knew would be 8 st., or 7 lb. extra. This I did not mind, as he would win easily enough with that weight, and as I said, 'You will certainly ride him 5 lb. better than a boy, and

virtually we shall only be giving 2 lb. away.' But he replied, 'No; if you get beat, your friends and everyone will blame you for putting me up.' Under these circumstances I had to trust the horse to the hands of a boy—little Bray—who, as it turned out, rode him to orders; which Alfred, or indeed any other first-class jockey, may not have as faithfully carried out, thinking it injudicious to have done so with the extra weight. I was very confident, as I have stated, and I said to my father and my brother John:

'We all lost on him at Epsom. Now let us get it back here.'

But John would not back him.

'He could not stay a mile and a half in the Derby,' he argued, 'and how can he be made to stay two miles and a half here?'

'It's the only thing he can do in this,' I replied; but repeating what I had often said before. However, he would not be convinced, and was the only one of the Day family who did not win a good stake on the event.

On the day of the race, just before the start, Mr. R. Ten Broeck, the American sportsman, came up to me and said:

'Your horse will win, Mr. Day, if he can stay the course.'

'It's the only thing he can do,' was my now stereotyped reply.

'Well,' he rejoined, 'we shall see. I am going to

make running with *Woodburn* for *Prioress* as well as he can go, all the way.'

'Yes,' I said; 'and so am I with *Schism;* so there will be no doubt about the pace.'

Immediately after, Mr. George Payne, who had backed *Promised Land* for a large stake, came up and said:

'Well, William, do you think you will win?'

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'as he stays so well, and as he will go as well as he can go all the way.'

Mr. Payne laughed approvingly as he answered:

'Well, William, you are a bold man.' Mr. Robinson, my partner, who came up at the moment, said in his hearty way that he thought so too.

It was one of the best run races I think I ever remember to have seen. *Woodburn* was to have made running for *Prioress*, but could not go fast enough, and *Schism* did it for *Promised Land;* and when she was tired a mile from home, he took the lead, coming up the hill nearly a hundred yards first, and cantered in an easy winner by six lengths, which might have been increased to sixty, or even double or treble that number; *Newcastle* second, and *Prioress* a bad third. Here he (*Promised Land*) beat *Marionette*, who beat him before at Epsom, and everything else in the race, eleven in all, a mile from home; which is an additional and overwhelming proof that he would have won the Derby had it only been a good pace instead of a bad one.

As for the trophy which Mr. Robinson and I thus

jointly won, I may mention that Lord Lonsdale had allowed Mr. Robinson to send his mares to *Jericho*, not only free of cost, but without charging him anything for their keep. And when *Promised Land*, whose sire was *Jericho*, won the Goodwood Cup, my partner gave me £150 for my share of the trophy, and gracefully presented it to his lordship; and it was, I believe, added to the heirlooms at Lowther Castle, and is now in the possession of the present Earl. I record the event as reflecting credit on two generous spirits.

The next event was, of course, the St. Leger. The horse did very well between Goodwood and Doncaster, but he ran untried—a bad practice. I had no bets either on or against him until he was saddled on the morning of the race; and then, solely at the instigation of my brother John, I laid John Ingram £700 to £400 on him, and we shared the bet with Mr. Hayter in equal parts. But for this I should probably have heard that I won more by his losing than I should have done by his winning the St. Leger. I could not account for his running so badly, being beat a long way. Indeed, he never appeared to be able comfortably to keep his place. Had he been tried, that would have been the cause of it in many people's eyes; but in my opinion he wanted a little more work. I say this because he did more on his return from Doncaster before Newmarket, where he ran well; for though beat by *North*

Lincoln half a length in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes across the flat, I think he never ran better. He won the following year the only three races that he ran for whilst with me—one being the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each—and was sold to Lord William Powlett, as I have described; and though he ran several times, strange to say never won a race afterwards. I sold him, as I have said, because I did not think he had improved as a four-year-old, and the selling an exposed horse for so large a sum (£2,350) was the right thing to do.

This brings me to our joint ownership of *Dulcibella*, taken in exchange from Lord William—an animal I then valued, never having seen her, as horse-dealers do 'a chopper,' to use a technical term, at nothing. On telling Mr. Robinson at Epsom, next day, what I had done, he wished me to keep the mare myself, saying he did not want to have anything to do with her. But as Lord William had valued her at £400, I explained that it was only fair and right that he should take his share in her; and when he saw it in this light he unhesitatingly took the half of her at £200. And yet this despised mare, selected by Lord William as the one of his stud to be got rid of, bought by myself without being seen, and merely as the means to have what I viewed as a good bargain clinched, and a share in which my partner would only take with reluctance, within five months wins the Cesarewitch easier than it had ever been won before, or has been since!

As many curious and interesting circumstances were connected with *Dulcibella's* trials and races, I may venture to give a brief record of some of the particulars. I ran her a mile at Epsom the day after I took possession of her, and she was beaten as easily as she had been in her former races, and had all the appearance of being a bad mare. I took her home and tried her with my two-year-olds—and they were not good for much—three-quarters of a mile, even weights, and she was again beat. But some time after I found she could stay, and I ran her in public three-quarters of a mile, when she was not placed.

We now come to the Cesarewitch, and the trials for that race of both *Dulcibella* and *Killigrew*.

What Admiral Rous could have seen in Mr. Bennett, (or 'Jack' as he was usually called to distinguish him from Dalby or Farmer Bennett), to sell him a horse like *Killigrew*, good enough to win a Cesarewitch, was to me always inexplicable; and I thought then, as I believe now, that he got rid of him because he thought he was bad, like *Weathergage*. But Bennett thought or said otherwise. He came to me about *Killigrew* before I knew very much of *Dulcibella*, and asked me if I would try his horse, and let him have my jockey, James Adams, to ride, as he was sure to have a good chance. To this I agreed, and thus it was that J. Adams came to ride for him instead of riding *Dulcibella*, as he otherwise would have done. He then backed him for a lot of money; in fact he

had on him more than he wanted, believing that, if nothing else, he was sure to have good hedging when the weights appeared. Soon after, he brought the horse for the trial. He had only his son with him, in order that no one at my place should know what the horse was. We tried the next day, and the following is the result:

Bevis, 4 yrs., 6 st.	1
Schism, 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb.	2
Killigrew, 4 yrs., 6 st. 12 lb. . . .	3

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third. From this I was certain the horse would have no chance to beat *Dulcibella*, knowing then more of her than I had known a few weeks before; though, at the time, her name was not mentioned in connection with the race.

I think I never saw a man so 'cut up' or so thoroughly beat as Bennett was after the trial. He hung down his head like a carter's whip. He said it would be impossible for him to meet his engagements if he could not hedge his money, or did not win. But I did not take this despairing view of the matter.

'If you will only keep your own counsel,' I said, 'you may do anything; and I will do all I can to assist you out of a difficulty, which, after all, may be more seeming than real.'

Bennett accounted for the defeat of his horse by alleging that 'the pace was not fast enough.' But I tried to convince him this was not so, as I

pointed out that his horse tired, and that 'the faster they went the farther he must have been beaten.' But he still thought or said otherwise, showing how true it is that

> 'A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still.'

As it turned out, fortunately the trial had no prejudicial effect on the horse's position in the market; showing that Bennett, true to his own cause, had kept his own counsel, and that my boys also had held their tongues—but probably because, not knowing anything, they had nothing to tell. When *Dulcibella* was introduced into the market, Bennett became alarmed, and expressed a hope that 'I would not drive his out of the betting.' I assured him, as I had said before, that I would do all I could for him; and *Killigrew* remained a good firm favourite to the finish, enabling him to hedge all his money; and as he won £1,000 of me on *Dulcibella*, he must have had a good race of it after all—showing that by forbearance and management, it is quite possible to serve conflicting interests; for we were both good winners on this event.

The first of two other trials which took place gave the following result:

Dulcibella, 3 yrs., 7 st.	1
Schism, 4 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb.	2
Bevis, 4 yrs., 6 st.	3
Sutherland, 3 yrs., 5 st. 10 lb. . . .	4

Won easily by two lengths; four lengths between second and third, and two lengths between the third and fourth; two and a quarter miles. The pace was good from start to finish, except at the bend, round which they went in Indian file, *Schism* leading, when they were steadied. But on entering the straight they drew up side by side and raced the last mile, the winner always having the best of her opponents, and *Sutherland* tiring the last quarter of a mile.

The running was true enough, but I did not wish everyone to be quite so wise as myself; so when the horses pulled up, I said to the boys:

'You have all ridden very well; but I could see, looking on, that *Schism* has not done her best, or she would have won. I am sorry,' I added, 'but it can't be helped.' And then, turning to the boy who rode her, I asked him point-blank: 'Did you not find her stop just coming up the hill?'

'Yes,' he said promptly.

And this was true enough, but from a different cause to what he imagined; and my object in a little mystifying the matter was gained.

In order to be as certain as possible of my mare's real chance, in the next trial I borrowed of Mr. Copperthwaite his old mare *Twilight*. She had just run second in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster, with a large and good field behind her; and I therefore could rely on her form to show me if *Bevis* and *Schism* had speed enough to be trustworthy trial

tackle. I knew they could stay. He lent me the mare unconditionally. Subsequently, however, to my very considerable annoyance, as upsetting all my plans, he said he would like to see the trial, and rather than not have the mare, I consented. I adopted, however, altered tactics; for in order to be sure of *Twilight's* form, in case she beat the other two, I put *Bevis* in a stone lighter than otherwise I should have done. We tried a mile and three-quarters, the course *Sutherland* had run at Doncaster so well just before, and they finished in the following order:

Bevis, 4 yrs., 5 st. 5 lb.	1
Schism, 4 yrs., 8 st.	2
Twilight, 4 yrs., 8 st. 7 lb. . . .	3
Sutherland, 3 yrs., 6 st.	4

Won by ten lengths, half a length, and a neck. At this result I thought Mr. Copperthwaite would have gone frantic with excitement. He jumped, he shouted in his Irish brogue some incoherent words. He raised his clasped hands on high, and waved his hat in the air in the same idiotic manner. Then he came quietly and whispered in my ear, 'The Cesarewitch is over.'

Throughout this time I had been utterly at a loss to make out what it was that so excited him. But now the truth dawned upon me, and I at once fell in with his humour and my own views, and said most earnestly, and in the greatest confidence:

'You won't divulge it, I am sure.'

'Why,' he replied, 'surely you can trust me?'

'Most certainly,' I answered, 'or I would not have tried the horses before you.'

As we walked back to the carriage together, I again broached the subject, which indeed was discussed in a most serious mood.

'We have not,' I said, 'a shilling on him' (meaning *Bevis*), 'but this may be soon done; and what would you like to stand on him, if I don't find anything that can beat him? or on that, if I do?'

'Ten pounds,' he replied, 'and Mr. Murphy will take a hundred.'

I said it should be done, and shortly afterwards he left for town. Taking up the paper two days later, I saw the following: '*Bevis* was introduced into the Cesarewitch betting at 100 to 1, but soon became a warm favourite, and left off at 30 to 1. This was evidently a stable commission.' Now from what has gone before, no one will for a moment suppose that either I or the stable had backed him, or that anyone else but Mr. Copperthwaite himself had done so; whilst everyone must be quite sure that the headlong manner in which he had been unceremoniously introduced into the list of quotations, would only be equalled by the hasty method of his disappearance from it.

From this time *Dulcibella* gradually crept up in the market. She was tried again, and I found her as good as *Schism* at even weights, or two stone better than *Sutherland*, which I regarded as one of the best

things I had ever seen. I need not perhaps say, that after *Sutherland* had run at Doncaster, everyone there said he could not have lost the Cesarewitch if only he had been entered in it; and, in short, I could only satisfy these commentators by confessing that I had made 'a deplorable mistake.' In the race itself, which we now come to, nothing, I may say, could have stayed better than *Dulcibella* did. After saddling and cantering her, I saw Bennett, and asked him where *Killigrew* was; and being told that he was at the post, and that 'Jim' (J. Adams) had his orders as agreed, I suggested that we should go together and impress them upon him. When we got to the post, I addressed myself to Jim, and said:

'Mr. Bennett wants you to take hold of your old horse's head and come as well with him as you can directly you are off;' and turning to Bennett, I inquired, 'This is so, is it not?' to which he replied: 'Oh yes, certainly.' And we parted. By doing this I was sure that *Killigrew* would be ridden to the best advantage in the opinion of his master and jockey, who both believed in his staying powers; and, for all I knew, he might have been fitter to run then than he was when I tried him. But I knew he would likewise be assisting my mare. My orders to Allen Sadler were to lie two lengths off *Killigrew* till he got to the Ditch, and then come as well as he could the rest of the way. *Killigrew* was first through the Ditch-gap, and *Dulcibella* next; and a long way before

reaching the Bushes she was two or three hundred yards first, and all the rest beat, *Killigrew* being third or fourth. Here I was stationed on a little dun-coloured pony, about twelve hands high, but very fast; and I rode up by the side of the mare, and told the boy to hold her tight, riding right in before the other horses, causing quite a sensation, as I afterwards heard, on the stand, where many people thought that I must have been run over by the ruck coming behind. But their kindly feelings were relieved when they saw me pull out of the track and pass the winning-post with the horses in front. Judge Clark the next day facetiously told me that 'he had placed me second.'

Of course, in riding in with the leading horses, I had committed a terrible offence. Martin Starling, the clerk of the course, was very much annoyed, and threatened to have me up before the stewards, as I had made myself liable to a penalty of £5. But it all ended in smoke. I should mention that, at the Doncaster St. Leger just preceding, I had happened to be standing near the gate as the winner, *St. Albans*, entered the weighing enclosure, when he lashed out and broke the small-bone of my arm. At the Cesarewitch my arm was still in splints, and consequently when riding as I have described, I was wearing an Inverness-cape, and this became inflated like one of Coxwell's monster balloons. This will give a good idea as to the distance *Dulcibella* must have been from the

rest of the horses; for I started galloping with her from the Bushes.

As to *Killigrew's* performance in the race, at the Bushes he lay well up with the ruck, but tired going down the hill, just as he did in his trial. Had he waited nicely, I think, with *Dulcibella* out, he might have won. But he had not every chance, I fear. For one thing, he was trained, I believe, by Bennett's son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen in delicate health, who had just commenced business by training a few of his father's horses, and that was not in his favour. Indeed, I have very little doubt that he was second best in the race; and but for me the Admiral would have had the mortification of getting rid of another trumpery selling-plater out of his string, that afterwards won the Cesarewitch. I may mention, that but for Sir Joseph Hawley the mare would have had 5 st. 9 lb. on her, the weight the Admiral fixed; but this he altered at Sir Joseph's request, very unfairly, to 6 st. 11 lb. at the last minute. 'But out of evil comes good.' If she had had the lighter weight on, we should certainly not have been able to back her on the favourable terms which we succeeded in getting. Moreover, a lighter boy might have lost the race for us; and this not at all an unlikely result—for, as my readers know, this is one of the disappointments I most fear, having had myself such bitter experience of the result of having a child and not a man on a horse.

We gave Allen Sadler £300 for riding the race. It was an acceptable gift to him, and he highly appreciated our generosity. I suppose that were such a sum offered on such an occasion to a jockey to-day, it would be contemptuously returned with some such elegant observation as, 'Perhaps, sir, you may be more in want of it than I am.'

I have related how we became possessed of *Dulcibella*, and it only now remains to say how we sold her, and the reason for doing so. *Dulcibella*, like *Promised Land*, was sold because I did not think she was, at the difference of age, so good as a four-year-old as she had been at three. She was sold for £1,500 under the following circumstances. She was in the Ascot Cup, and Lord Stamford asked me, on the first day of the race, if I would sell her. I asked £1,500, which, however, his lordship said was too much; but added that he would give £1,200, and £300 more the first time she won. I accepted the offer, and we got the sum first asked, as she won the Queen's Plate at the same meeting, after being beat for the Cup. She ran afterwards in ten or twelve races, and as a six-year-old won the Great Yorkshire Stakes at Doncaster; but was beat subsequently and retired from the turf, never having been so good as she was as a three-year-old in October. Mr. Robinson and myself realized by her, in about fourteen months, £2,705 by winning the Cesarewitch and her sale. She won us, besides, nearly twenty times this

amount in bets; and indirectly in other ways, such as her services in trying *Weatherbound* for the Cambridgeshire, our winnings by her could have fallen little short of £50,000. I remember the amount to have been this or more; for when Mr. Robinson was on one occasion reminded of it, the old gentleman made use of one of his characteristic phrases:

'Thank you, my lord,' he said; 'what will you take at the bar after that?

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. THOMAS ROBINSON.

Glee, by *Touchstone*—*Young Trumpeter* and horses jointly owned —Sale of *Conductor*—Characteristics—A luncheon at High Wycombe—As a story-teller—Examples: 'The farmer and his wife': 'British brandy'—A levee at Newmarket; Mr. Robinson in the chair—'The changeable foxhound puppy'—An octogenarian breaking a colt—A tremendous jump—Perilous coachmanship—Energy in old age—'A bright beacon for imitation'—Conclusion.

In this, my last chapter, I with great pleasure set myself to record some reminiscences of that estimable gentleman and sincere friend, my partner in the two horses whose performances have just been described. Mr. Thomas Robinson, I have already said, lived at High Wycombe, Bucks. He was an extremely amusing old gentleman, and knew more droll stories than anyone else I ever met with, which he told with admirable effect. He kept a few brood-mares, and either sold or trained their produce. By good luck or judgment he happened to possess one in herself a fortune—*Glee*, by *Touchstone* out of *Harmony*, by *Reveller*. His mares and foals never looked in good

condition, but no man could or did do his yearlings better, and very few ever looked so well. Indeed, in my pretty frequent visits to him, I learned several valuable things in connection with both breeding and racing.

I had many dealings with him, and specially in purchasing the horses in which we had a joint interest. No man could have behaved in a fairer or more pleasant way than he did to me, or have placed more confidence in everything that I did. He usually stood a pony, or at most fifty pounds, when we backed anything of our own, except, of course, in a big event, when he would invest a little more. After *Dulcibella's* Cesarewitch we had a few other good-looking horses together. *Bugler*, by *Young Trumpeter*, was the best. In 1872 he won the Blankney and Brownley Nursery Stakes at Lincoln, carrying in the latter 14 lb. extra, and beating *Chandos* and several others. He also won the Carnival Nursery at Shrewsbury, and afterwards ran there third to *Queen's Proctor*, 7 st. 2 lb., and Lord Wilton's colt by *Beadsman* out of *Sandal*, 7 st. 6 lb., our horse carrying 9 st. 12 lb. In this race he looked all over a winner, till he tired the last few strides in the wet ground. Mr. Fitz Oldaker, after this, offered us £2,000 for him. But we did not sell, and this was a mistake; for although he won us two or three little races in the spring of the following year, we then sold him for much less. *Little Tom*, out of *Margaret*,

so named because of his immense size, was a good horse as a two-year-old; but, like most of the *Young Trumpeters*, was bad tempered. He ran as a three-year-old in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire unplaced, with 5 st. 10 lb. on him in each race, and won a stake between the two races, carrying 8 st. 5 lb., evidently showing that no boy could ride him.

Conductor was a grand horse, and looked as good again as he really was; for he was but moderate. I ran him only once in the Trial Stakes at Ascot, winner to be sold for £1,000, which he won by a length, beating *Thunder*, second, and seven others beat a long way, and was claimed by Mr. Vyner. After the race, Mr. Vyner said to me:

'I lost £2,000 on *Thunder* by laying that sum to £1,000 on him, and I consider I get it back by claiming yours at £1,000, for he must be very cheap at £3,000.'

'We do not think him very good,' I told him in reply; 'or we should not have run him in a race, winners to be sold.'

He was taken to Newmarket, and was found to be a bad horse; and though he ran many times afterwards, he never won a race again.

Young Trumpeter, I should say, was a well-bred horse, being by *Trumpeter* out of *Eugenie*, by *Surplice* out of *Clementina*, by *Venison* out of *Cobweb*, and a good stallion. Unfortunately he died from inflammation of the lungs, a young horse, and before he had

time to distinguish himself very much at the stud. Here Mr. Robinson sustained a great loss, and he was equally unlucky in losing his valuable mare, *Glee*, heavy in foal to *Jericho*. She fell over a bridge in his paddock, and killed herself, in the summer of 1856.

I have mentioned that I went to High Wycombe to look at the wonderfully promising brother of *Happy Land;* and a brief account of my reception on that occasion will, I think, give some idea of the personality of my worthy entertainer. He always had plenty of water-cress to give us to eat, if nothing else, according to his own account. But I generally found abundance of substantial concomitants in the shape of beef and mutton, and something better to drink, at least in the opinion of most of us, than the water, pellucid as it was, in which the dainty cresses grew. On my arrival, the old gentleman looked robust as usual, and in reply to my inquiries said :

'I am hearty as a buck, but can't jump so high;' and then insisted that we should do ample justice to a hearty luncheon. This was his rule : he would show you no horses until the meal, which was by no means a formality, was got through. 'They look so much bigger and better,' he would say, 'after a little something to eat and a glass or two of my old black-strap, a story and a glass of toddy, just to enliven our spirits.'

These pleasant conditions were duly fulfilled on

this occasion, not omitting the story; which, so far as I remember, ran something to the following effect, though, in reproducing it, it must, I fear, lose much of the point it gained in the manner of its relation by our host.

'Not long before you arrived,' so he began, 'a strange and laughable thing happened not far from this place. A farmer and his wife had spent a jovial evening at a friend's house, and had consented, after several pressing invitations, to have "just a parting glass." They then left as they came, the good dame being first firmly seated on the pillion, a customary mode of riding in early days. In crossing a stream they had to go through, the horse stopped to drink, and from some unaccountable or unexplained accident the lady lost her equilibrium, and was precipitated into the water below without the knowledge of her consort. On his arrival at home, on being asked where his good wife was, he pointed over his shoulder to the vacant seat; but she was not there. Search was immediately made, and they found her in the brook up to her neck in the refreshing element. On being asked to come out, she replied: "No more, no more, thank 'ee, neither hot nor cold;" and she was with difficulty rescued from her perilous position.'

Another story, I call to mind, was told immediately on our return to the carriage, after *Dulcibella's* victory in the Cesarewitch; when, being all in good

spirits, we drank to the mare's good health, and Mr. Robinson told us how his friend Mr. Joseph Rogers liked brandy, but to please him it must be foreign. Once seeing a Boniface standing by the door of his own wayside inn, Rogers walked up to him:

'Landlord, have you any good British brandy?' he inquired.

'Yes, sir,' was the prompt and cheerful answer.

'Then bring me a glass of beer,' Rogers gravely replied.

Mr. Robinson then related his own similar experience.

'I once,' he said, 'asked the barmaid at the White Lion for a glass of beer. It was not exactly to my taste, and she, seeing I made somewhat of a wry face over it, kindly inquired:

'"Don't you like it, sir? There is nothing in it but pure malt and hops."

'But,' said Mr. Robinson, 'I ventured to think differently, and said so:

'"Is there not a little water, don't you think?"

'"Lor, sir!" she replied, "I entirely forgot that."

'"No," I replied, "I'll be hanged if you did!"

'The fact is,' he said in conclusion, 'the wort from which it was brewed never worked, being, as the Irishman said, "not strong enough to play."'

In the evening of the same day, we held a small levee to receive the hearty congratulations of our

friends on our victory. The names of some who were then present I now forget, and many of them have passed away. I remember, however, that my excellent partner took the chair, as a matter of right rather than of courtesy, and kept us all alive throughout the evening with his good humour and wit. Tom Smith, too, was there; but not in the most exuberant spirits—for it appears he had won more money that day than he was afraid he should receive the next, through judiciously selecting a man to bet with in the front of the rooms whom he had never seen before, and not even having thought it worth while to ask his name. But he had not lost, and that was some comfort; and after a few glasses of grog—for he was not at all particular as to the number of them, if they were only hot and strong—he became mirthful, and sang us, 'With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly fly across the foaming main,' thinking, perhaps, that the man he had betted with might be going in the same direction. So effective in restoring his good spirits were a fresh cigar and a replenished glass, that he had even the audacity to call upon the chairman for a toast, only, however, to be told not to be in a hurry. For Mr. Robinson had no idea that the cart should be put before the horse; but preferred to open the business of the evening in his own way by pointing out, in a short simple speech, that we had gathered together for the purpose of enjoying ourselves, and proposing that the recalcitrants should be

'immediately expelled.' Then in due course came a demand for 'a story' from the chairman, a proposal received in every quarter of the room, already suffused with smoke and the rich odours of steaming grog, with shouts of approval. And of course the story followed; and I prefer to give it as nearly as I can remember in my old friend's own words:

'The story,' said the chairman, 'of the ubiquitous porcine quadruped, or the changeable foxhound puppy, is what I shall now relate. Frank Butler (we all know him) was fond of jokes, and was himself a good punster. He was also fond of shooting and hunting, and 'walked a puppy.' He rented a manor close by, and in company with his brother William and Sam Rogers had finished beating some turnips, and had retired to the leeward side of a corn-stack just made, for the purpose of having luncheon, the puppy following them, when they saw old Tom Brenty coming with a sack slung carelessly across his shoulders. He was about half-witted, or in provincial language "daft," and would do no regular work, but earned a scanty precarious living by going on errands. To him Frank said:

'"What have you got in the sack, Tommy?"

'To which he replied in his stammering way:

'"A so-o-o-sow pig for Mr. Barratt at the Grange."

'They gave him some lunch, and whilst Frank amused him, Sam and William managed to take the

pig out and put the foxhound puppy in the sack, and then emptied the luncheon-basket and put the sow pig into it, and sent Tommy delighted on his journey. Arrived at the Grange he met Mr. Barratt, who said:

'"Well, Tommy, what brings you here?"

'"I have brought you a—a—a—so-sow pig from Mr. Dobedee," was the rejoinder.

'"Oh, thanks!" he said; "that is just what I wanted. Bring her down to the sty."

'But when the sack was opened, out came a foxhound puppy, much to the annoyance of Mr. Barratt, who said:

'"I wanted a sow pig, and not a foxhound puppy. Take him back to Mr. Dobedee, and tell him so."

'And much to the annoyance of old Tommy, who declared he saw a sow pig put in the sack before he started, the hound was again put in the bag, and with him he retraced his steps to Mr. Dobedee's.

'Frank and his party had all this time been waiting for old Tommy's return. When he arrived William said to him:

'"It's very hot, Tommy; have a drop of something to drink and take a rest," which he was glad enough to do. And whilst he was refreshing himself the puppy was removed and the sow pig once more put in the sack, and Tommy was again off on his homeward journey; and Frank and his party commenced shooting again. Once more returned to Mr. Dobedee, his master, Tommy said to him:

'"Mr. Barratt wanted a so-o-o-sow pig, and not a foxhound puppy."

'"Well," replied Mr. Dobedee, "I sent him one."

'"No you didn't, sir; you sent him a foxhound puppy, and here he is," shooting him out, as he thought, in the kitchen.

'"There," said Mr. Dobedee, "I knew I sent him a sow pig. Have some dinner, Tommy, and take her back again."

'Tommy, staring with astonishment, replied: "Oh, no; she can be a sow pig when she likes and she can be a foxhound puppy when she likes," stuttering the while; nor would anything induce him to carry her back, though the distance was not far.

'Frank afterwards, on meeting Mr. Dobedee, told him the story, over which they had a good laugh, and so it ended.'

This was the chairman's story, and as such received, I need not say, with deafening applause. How shall I tell how he kept us alive afterwards—how he sang with great pathos his favourite, 'Auld Lang-syne;' how, in the absence of Harker, who, as he said, 'was engaged that night at a banquet with his Royal Highness the Duke of a town close by,' he gave 'All friends round St. Paul's,' and made the evening go, till it was clear from general appearances that, as our hunting friend old Carter would say, 'the pace was good, and that settles them'? Then

drawing his chronometer from his fob with but little less trouble than drawing a bucket from a well, he announced that it was eleven o'clock, and drinking to 'our next merry meeting,' and with regret that 'the best o' friends must part, as the dog said when he lost his tail,' dismissed the company home, to meet them next morning, himself as fresh as a daisy and with a joke on his lips, to the effect that he 'was dry, and that if he had only known it over-night he would then have taken enough to quench his insatiable thirst.'

I have naturally, perhaps, dwelt over the incidents of an evening which was a memorable one to both of us. The last time, I think, that I ever had the pleasure of seeing my old friend was at his own home, when he was about eighty-one years old. And at that age he had just mounted a colt which his stud-groom, Spriggs, himself a man of sixty, was engaged in breaking.

'The fact is,' said my veteran friend, 'Spriggs is getting too old for it, and is afraid of the colt, who is getting the mastery of him ; and unless I tackle him at once, he (the colt) will be ruined.'

However, after a bit he dismounted, and then told me how his man had come to be unnerved. It appeared that a two-year-old that I had sold to Spriggs a few weeks before, had run away with him from the top of a hill about a quarter of a mile off, coming back to the stables. Unfortunately the gates

were shut, and the filly charged them and got safely over, though hitting them very hard. This or something else unseated Spriggs, who fell into the muck-yard on the other side, without receiving any actual bodily injury; although the shock had been sufficient to upset his entire nervous system, with the result, as Mr. Robinson said, that he himself would have to finish breaking the colt—a pretty stiff undertaking for a man of his years.

Now, without exaggeration, I should say that the yard-gates were over six feet high. Not that such a height is anything very extraordinary in the way of a jump, as we are told Mr. Mytton cleared a gate seven feet high on his horse *Baronet*, in the presence of 'Nimrod,' the sporting writer of that day. Mr. Sadler, too, had a horse that jumped over a flight of hurdles stood up end-ways, which is nine feet. This he did to get from one paddock to the other, but he had no rider on him. But the jump was remarkable in the fact that probably the filly never saw a fence before, or rather never jumped over one, and that the man on her back was sixty years old or more.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Robinson told me of the story he had once heard of a precocious youth who was brought up to show his learning, by repeating the alphabet to the clergyman.

'Now, Tommy,' said his proud instructor, 'let the gentleman hear how nicely you can say your letters.'

A, B, C were got through without hesitation ; but D was a puzzler.

'Go on,' said the clergyman by way of encouragement ; 'you know it very well.'

'Oh yes, sir,' replies Tommy ; 'I knows un very well by sight, but I forget his name.'

Mr. Robinson was always a remarkably early riser. He was a moderate liver, although he occasionally enjoyed a glass with a friend whilst relating or hearing some humorous, but innocent, story ; for be it said his humour was never coarse. He was fond of driving, but a bad coachman, and rather delighted than otherwise in 'a spill,' and he had plenty of them. He drove me once or twice a short distance, and nearly upset me two or three times. He drove round the corners so fast that the gig was nicely balanced on one wheel for a considerable distance, and then fortunately settled on the other. And the next thing was, he just missed coming into contact (whilst going at a great pace) with a load of timber ; which, had it but have touched us, we must have been smashed. But he thought nothing of it ; and he rode just as wildly. No one would ever believe, to see him ride or drive, that he had been bred up with horses all his lifetime, and made them his special study.

He was a good shot, and walked well ; but whatever he might have been at running in his early days, this was not his forte at the age of seventy. For I remember that one day, when shooting with me at

Woodyates, he had winged a bird, and wishing to be his own retriever, dashed up the hill after it at terrific speed, but was soon distanced. When the bird rested, he got above it, 'gaping,' to use his own words, 'like a young rook.' He was then master of the situation, and soon bagged his game triumphantly and in good style. He drove at the age of eighty-three, within a few months of his death, seventy miles—which is no easy work even for a young man—and transacted business, reaching home in time to dress and dine with a party of friends at High Wycombe, returning about midnight, and the next morning was at his business again as if nothing had happened out of the common course of things. He was a good parent, a sincere friend, and an honest man. He lived in comfortable circumstances, and died in the eighty-third year of his age, leaving three children to lament his loss.

In conclusion, I must say that Mr. Robinson was a man amongst men, and will always be so cherished in my memory. Industrious and frugal, he made himself agreeably respected by his every action throughout a long and laborious life. In every respect, so far as his ability and means permitted, he carefully studied and relieved the wants of the necessitous, consoled the afflicted, and untiringly laboured disinterestedly for the good of all. Be this said to his memory. His was the true philosophy which should stand forth as a bright and alluring beacon

for the imitation and guidance of the present and succeeding generations. In such a life consists the great secret of true happiness; for in it is found the only pleasure that none can take away. To have the opportunity of writing in such a strain, weak though it be, falls to the lot of few, and to still fewer to have been blest with the privilege of knowing intimately a man of such an exemplary character; and with this poor tribute to his memory I may well bring my reminiscences to a close.

A last word may be expected from me in reference to some of the characters who have figured in these pages. Of that illustrious nobleman of world-wide fame, Lord George Bentinck, I have written in a strain different to that generally adopted by historians of the turf, who have been accustomed to speak of him euphemistically, simply because their knowledge of him was restricted to a few of the ostentatious actions which emanated from his love of appearing superlative in the eyes of the world. It may be thought I have written harshly; but I can only say that I have put great and constant restraint on my pen, in order to set forth no fact for which I have not the fullest authority, and to prevent the expression of my personal feeling with regard to an individual action—lest I should be thought prejudiced—and so leave the reader to form his own opinion from the bare recital of what really occurred. Yet when we

remember that as 'Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion,' so a nobleman's actions should be noble, and compare the turf career of Lord George with that, for instance, of the late Lord Durham, or of Sir Edward B. B. Baker—men who raced for the benefit of the community, and not for their individual pleasure or profit—we cannot but admit that Lord George was often moved by an unworthy spirit of intrigue to do things that were selfish, sordid, and even base, and which, taken in the best light, aimed only to fulfil a poor ambition to reign supreme over others. Take the varnish from the picture, and we find him not, as is the popular belief, and as he doubtless wished himself to be believed, 'affable, just, and generous,' but rather 'arrogant, self-seeking, and mean.'

The honoured names of Lords Palmerston and Lynedoch, and other racing-men of their stamp, will live in the esteem of rising generations, when those of such men as Lord George, Hill and Gully, will be lost in oblivion. Nor must we forget the good done to racing by the creditable part played in it by such men as Mr. Parker, and men of his class ; whilst the less that is said the better, of such foolish gentlemen as Mr. Starkey and others, who ruin themselves and discredit the national sport, no one knows how.

The portions that treat of trials have, I know, necessarily a technical character, which may hardly fit them to appear as reminiscences ; but that they are so in the strictest sense cannot be doubted. And

they should, I think, have an interest of their own for all who take a practical interest in the turf; whilst they will serve to supplement what has already appeared on this subject in 'The Racehorse in Training,' to which the present is intended, in a sense, as a companion volume. The comparison which I have ventured to draw between the old and the new schools of trainers and jockeys will, I apprehend, be commended or condemned according to the view taken of it; but its intention will not be readily mistaken by any reader.

I have found it no easy task to delineate the various idiosyncrasies of many dissimilar characters, as exhibited at different times and places. If therefore I have only outlined them, I trust it may prove sufficient for the purpose intended. But I may say that all I have written has been written, to the best of my knowledge and ability, in the true interests of racing; and whilst I have endeavoured neither unjustly to censure nor unseemly to praise one character or the other, I have been careful that every important fact put forward shall be capable of ample corroboration, if needed. We are told that 'The task of an author is either to teach truth that is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them.' And we also know that

> 'Of old, those met reward that could excel,
> And such were praised that but endeavoured well.'

However laudable my aim, I have no expectation to excel, but shall be glad to find that my 'reminiscences' meet, at the hands of a generous public, that reward which is the meed of one who, in saying what he has to say, has done his best.

THE END.

BILLING & SONS, PRINTERS GUILDFORD.

FIFTH EDITION.

THE RACEHORSE IN TRAINING,

BY WILLIAM DAY.

Opinions of the 'Times,' and other Daily and Sporting Papers.

We have diligently perused this novel work with great pleasure; and in recording our verdict in its favour we shall give a few brief extracts from the leading daily papers and other journals: the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Daily Telegraph* all loudly applaud it, whilst numerous other papers deal their praises with unsparing hands.

We regret we shall not have space enough to notice more than some of the most striking points in a book replete with common sense, and abounding in literary acumen, and certainly the best work on a diversified subject we ever remember to have seen.

The *Sporting Life* commences its review thus:—'We may premise our notice of this new work by saying that we deem it one of the best and most exhaustive on a subject most difficult to handle ever launched on the ocean of public criticism;' and after a lengthy review concludes its remarks with the following:—'Successes of the Woodyates Stable, and of low-priced yearlings, are most interesting chapters. Experiences of trials, evils of the light-weight scale, and a host of other matters make us loath to leave the volume: but space compels, and while we heartily congratulate Mr. William Day on the production of a book which cannot fail to be regarded as a standard work in Turf Literature, we at the same time feel sure that if merit meets its proper reward, success for "The Racehorse in Training" is certain.'

The *Sporting Times* writes (on the same day as the above, being the two first reviews that appeared), 'If ever there was a man in a position to speak with authority on matters appertaining to the Turf, that man is William Day. This is a volume that we took up not for the purpose of reviewing, but with the conviction that we should find every word of it of value, and that to read it was a duty. We laid it down, satisfied that we knew more of racing than when we took it up.' Then, after devoting nearly two columns to the subject, it concludes its remarks with the subjoined complimentary passage:—'Of the more scientific matters touched upon by the author we do not speak. In the way of incident our remarks convey only a very slight notion of the wealth of this volume. We look upon the book as one of the most valuable ever contributed to Turf Literature. To those who are interested in training it is instructive; and to that larger section who love the gossip of racing, it is entertaining.' We shall next notice the *Sportsman*, the only daily of its class. After praising Mr. William Day, it says:—'Turning, however, to the contents of the volume we find the author, as a preliminary, briefly setting forth the items upon which he purposes to descant. Mr. Day, however, is happiest when, having treated upon the various ailments to which horses are subject, and prescribed the most approved mode of treatment, he goes on to speak of the horse's condition.' Then the reviewer appropriately concludes as follows:—'It has evidently been written by a deep-thinking and conscientious man, and we earnestly hope that his aspirations may be realized, and that his handsomely bound and altogether worthy volume may effect a deal of good.' In this manner our contemporaries express their admiration for the various portions of this work; but to our minds there is nothing more valuable or interesting in the whole book than the chapters on the morality of the turf, and the treatment of the horse. We look on the author here as a moral philosopher discussing ethics, and admire his fearless declamation against the social evil, which is not more severe than needed; nor can every line of it be too strongly recommended to the careful consideration of those empowered to suppress it. The management of the horse in health and sickness is so comprehensive and clear, that to everyone keeping hack, carriage horse, or hunter, it is an invaluable treasure.

Of the daily papers the *Times* remarks in a long and able article:—'We can say, at least without hearing counter-arguments, that Mr. Day is a plausible advocate for his systems, and that he has illustrated them with apposite and entertaining anecdotes, which invariably and triumphantly vindicate their success: and it would be difficult for anybody interested in stable management to read his volume carefully without getting valuable hints.' Again: 'Mr. Day has not only written a useful book, but one that in its simple and straightforward style does no little credit to its literary ability.'

From the review in the *Standard* of nearly two columns we select the following passages:—'As one reads we are surprised at the immense amount of information upon every subject connected with racing which is condensed within the compass of a single volume, the whole arranged with a clearness and conciseness which would do credit to the most practised writer. It is another proof of the fact that the more thoroughly a man knows his subject, the more briefly he can explain it. Mr. Day, with his long and varied experience, is never in doubt. He is thoroughly convinced as to the best way of doing a thing, and is always able to illustrate his dictum by a few striking examples, which are worth pages of argument.'

We shall close our quotations from the daily papers with an extract from the *Daily Telegraph*, which says:—'Modest in its aims, unambitious in its style, concise and free from prolixity in its language, written, too, in plain, unadorned, and intelligible English, the book may lay claim with justice that, of its kind, it has no superior in the wide diversified field of so-called literature which owes its inspiration, or at least its origin, to horse-racing. . . . . Be this, however, as it may, no competent reader can deny that William Day has written one of the most fearless, searching, authoritative, and interesting works that has ever appeared upon an inexhaustible subject, and we trust that he may be rewarded, as he deserves, by living to see its passage through many successive editions.'

Reviews of County Papers.

To these many flattering extracts we may remark that the book is full of information and suggestive matter; the whole being related in a plain, though powerful, refined, and effective style, without the loquacity and jargon which too often spoil otherwise readable and useful works. We unhesitatingly proclaim Mr. William Day's remarkable book one of great excellence, unique, interesting, and valuable, which to appreciate thoroughly must be read. With a passage or two taken from the *Field* we shall conclude our notice of the book under consideration. Of all the weekly papers perhaps the *Field* has the most able and complete article, and is more lavish with its praise than any of its numerous contemporaries, and we may add with justice. 'Many books,' it remarks, 'upon racing and sporting subjects are reviewed in these columns, but it is with no ordinary pleasure that we pronounce "The Racehorse in Training" to be a work of exceptional merit.' It adds: 'Few books of equal authority

have, indeed, ever been written upon horse-racing, and it is but an inadequate description of this work to say that it will take its place for all time among the classics of the turf. The demand for it will be such as to carry it beyond a doubt into many editions, for it will be read by the next generation, and by many generations which are yet to come, with an interest scarcely inferior to that exhibited by readers who are either the contemporaries of its author or the sons of his contemporaries;' and concludes by saying: 'To do exhaustive justice to one of the most unmasking, searching, and fearless expositions of the plague-spots infecting our chief national sport that have ever seen the light in print, would far exceed the limits accorded to us upon the present occasion; suffice it, in conclusion, for us to say that written in admirable and sinewy English, supported by a widely diversified and far-extending experience, and drawn from the stores of a comprehensive and retentive memory, William Day's "Racehorse in Training" has never been surpassed in wisdom and knowledge by any of its countless predecessors upon the same or upon cognate subjects; and that its publication in the present year is undoubtedly so significant and noteworthy an incident, that a lover of horse-racing, however long his life may be, is not likely to see it repeated in his time.'

This is a remarkable book, and we are fortified in the opinion by the unanimous verdict of the universal English Press. All the papers that have noticed it—from the omnipotent *Times* down to the modest penny 'local'—agree as to its merits. The *Times* asserts 'Mr. Day has not only written a useful book, but one that in its simple and straightforward style does no little credit to his literary ability.' The *Standard* announces 'the whole is arranged with a clearness and conciseness which would do credit to the most practised writer,' and declares itself 'surprised at the amount of information upon every subject connected with racing.' The *Daily Telegraph* says, 'William Day has written one of the most fearless, searching, authoritative, and interesting works that has ever appeared upon an inexhaustible subject.' The *Field* is stronger still, and commends it as never having been 'surpassed in wisdom and knowledge by its countless predecessors upon the same or cognate subjects.' The *Sporting Life* deems the book 'one of the best and most exhaustive on a subject most difficult to handle ever launched on the ocean of public criticism.' The *Sporting Times* regards the book 'as one of the most valuable ever contributed to Turf Literature;' and the *Sportsman* considers 'it has evidently been written by a deep-thinking and conscientious man.' We might adduce a host of other criticisms equally favourable and eulogistic from the 'small fry' of the Press, but probably the opinions we have quoted from the 'upper ten' amongst the newspapers will be considered ample proof in support of the dictum with which we started. With such a *consensus* of praise, therefore, we are justified in stating the work will be found a most valuable handbook to those initiated into the mysteries of training the 'noble animal;' but we will say even for those not gifted with horsey tendencies it possesses a rare amount of interest and entertainment. We to whom the *arcana* of the paddock is an occult science, and the jargon of the betting ring an unknown tongue, have perused with infinite zest the wealth of anecdote and illustration with which the book abounds, all being told in a simple yet racy style that shows the writer to be a *raconteur* of no small power. We presume the best test of the merits of a book is the hold it takes on the sympathies of the public; and if this be a true criterion we must perforce acknowledge that the 'Racehorse in Training' has gained a very enviable amount of popularity, as may be judged from the fact that it has already passed through three editions, and we believe it about to be launched on a fourth—nay more, we find our Continental neighbours have not been insensible to its attractions, for we are told it is now being translated into French and German. A book possessing such high credentials scarcely needs any other testimony of its excellence, and we may pretty confidently predict that it will take a permanent place among the standard works of Turf Literature. Mr. Day, backed by a thirty years' experience in the training and management of racehorses, is entitled to speak with authority, and yet he expresses his opinions with a modesty and absence of assumption that are highly commendable, though not always observable in writers who can boast a lifelong acquaintance and practice in the subjects with which they deal. He might be excused if he spoke *more magistri*, but he is never found asserting his opinion in an obtrusive manner; he has always the evidence of facts to back him up, and therefore his statements are entitled to the respect and attention they have received from all quarters. We presume the introductory chapters on the economy of the training stable will be considered of great, if not primary, importance to racing men, and certainly if anyone has a right to speak *ex cathedra* on such a subject it is the master of the Woodyates stables. We are obviously unable to give an opinion on the manner in which he has acquitted himself, but, borrowing the words of 'those who ought to know,' we may say in the words of *The Sporting Mirror*, 'The management of the horse in health and sickness is so comprehensive and clear that to everyone keeping a hack, carriage horse, or hunter it is an invaluable treasure.' Possibly to the general reader, if he have what may be called an historical cast of mind, the chapter on 'Racing Past and Present' will prove of the most interest; in our case it was so, and we have read with considerable relish that portion of the book which contrasts the racing of the last and earlier years of the present century with its aspect in the latter days. There has been a wonderful change in this as in everything else in the lapse of little more than a hundred years, and the *habitué* of the aristocratic 'meetings,' Ascot, Epsom, Derby, and Doncaster, will be disposed to smile when he reads of the little 'one-horse' affairs that took place in 1750, some thirty years anterior to the first Derby. The Author carries us pleasantly through all the phases of the development of the national sport up to the gigantic transactions which accompany the 'big' races of our time. These matters will, however, as we have said, be most taking with outsiders; but all men possessed of any right feeling will applaud the fearless manner in which, to use the language of the *Field*, he exposes 'the plague-spots infecting our chief national sport.' Mr. Day thinks the remedy for the evils of the present betting system would be to legalise it; and he very fairly asks, 'If transactions on the Stock Exchange are legal, why should it be otherwise with those on the turf?' And it is difficult to gainsay such a position. And we think his suggested reforms with regard to the management and arrangement of races should meet with the approval of all who sincerely wish to see our racecourses purified from the abuses and objections with which they are but too justly chargeable. The author is evidently in earnest as to his wish to 'cleanse the Augæan stable' of the load of impurities with which it is defiled; and if his suggestions secure the attention they deserve he will have the satisfaction of seeing our races relieved of much of the odium which at present rests upon them. At anyrate, he has made his mark on the literature of the turf, and we believe his work will be regarded as the text-book on racing matters for very many years. We do not think it is likely to be superseded by anything more 'fearless, searching, and authoritative' than itself, and we subscribe heartily to the opinion expressed by a contemporary—'That the work, as a whole, is a masterpiece of plain, sensible writing, a perfect mine of wealth to trainers and owners of horses, and, we may add, jockeys. To such we regard the volume as a trustworthy *vade-mecum* which this century, we predict, will not see surpassed.'—*Dorset County Chronicle*, February 1st, 1881.

THE RACEHORSE IN TRAINING, WITH HINTS ON RACING REFORM.'—LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL.